# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illust[illegible]ekly
Founded A° D[illegible]nj. Franklin

SEPTEMBER 7, 1912

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GOVERNMENT

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### Crisco Apple Fritters

1½ cupfuls sifted flour
1 tablespoonful sugar
2 teaspoonfuls baking powder
¾ teaspoonful salt
1 well beaten egg
1 cupful milk
1 tablespoonful melted Crisco
2 apples cut in ¼-inch slices

Sift dry ingredients into bowl; add milk to egg and stir liquid into the dry materials, beating thoroughly; add melted Crisco last. Cover slices of apples with batter, dip out by tablespoonfuls and drop in deep Crisco heated so that a crumb of bread will brown in 60 seconds. Cook 3 or 4 minutes. Drain and sprinkle with powdered sugar.

### Crisco Pie Crust

1 cupful flour
½ teaspoonful salt
5 level tablespoonfuls Crisco
2 tablespoonfuls ice water

This recipe for pie crust is excellent. The crust is uniformly flaky, tender and *digestible*.

Sift flour and salt together, chop in Crisco very fine and add water slowly. Handle lightly. Put the dough on a board, roll ⅛-inch thick, line pan and bake in a hot oven. Have all ingredients cold except Crisco, which should be warmed but not melted.

### Crisco White Layer Cake

1½ cupfuls sugar
½ cupful Crisco
⅔ cupful milk
Whites of 3 eggs
3 cupfuls flour
4½ teaspoonfuls baking powder
¼ teaspoonful salt
½ teaspoonful vanilla

Crisco is so much richer than butter and of such a beautiful cream white in color that this cake is exceptionally delicious and good looking.

Cream the Crisco, add sugar, and cream together. Sift dry ingredients and add alternately with milk. Add vanilla, and lastly, stiffly beaten whites of eggs. Beat mixture thoroughly. Grease layer cake tins with Crisco, pour in cake mixture, and bake in a moderate oven for 15 minutes.

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# THE RADICAL COAST

## Politics Along the Pacific Where They Hate Peace

By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

ILLUSTRATED BY HERBERT JOHNSON

THEY do not mull or mumble over their politics on the Pacific Coast, do not trim, palter or palaver over it. Either they are radical or they are conservative. There are few middle-of-the-roaders, few tight-wire walkers, and they are all derided. The Eastern art of dissembling does not obtain. Politics out there is a pursuit and a practice in which the weapon of offense and defense is the axe. No man who is not reasonably axe-proof and a good chopper himself has any business mixing in, and not many do.

One section of the people—a sizable section—is firmly convinced the Republic is tottering to its fall, and another section, and a much larger section, is certain the sun of political freedom and political equity is just rising and that those that are numbered in this section have their faces turned radiantly toward the morning. Opinion is sharply defined. Action is equally definite. If a man out there does not agree with another man on politics, each in the opinion of the other is a villain and a traitor to the state, and each is prepared to go into action at any time or place to prove his side of the contention. Consequently, among the many other joys of this region the joys of politics are not the least. There is always something on the screen that is stirring.

*The Pioneers*

Half a dozen years ago Oregon was held to be one of the most radical of the states, not only on the Pacific Coast but in the entire country. Now Oregon, though far advanced in the new idea, is calm and conservative when compared to the other two, Washington and California. Both Washington and California, for example, have woman suffrage and many other kinks of government Oregon has not yet adopted; but, taking them together, Washington, Oregon and California constitute the most consistently radical strip of political territory in the Union.

Wherefore Colonel Theodore Roosevelt and Governor Wilson are the two presidential candidates who are most in favor on the Coast. To be sure, Mr. Taft has many supporters, but the only men who can argue Mr. Taft into something better than a trailing position are the old-line Republicans, the standpatters, who have no doubt that all our institutions, including the Constitution, are going down for the third and last time, and that Chaos is imminent—Chaos with a large C—and wreck and ruin and disaster and destruction are close at hand.

It is labor lost to exhort these gloomy persons to cheer up. They can't cheer up. The main reason, of course, is that they have lost their grip on the political machinery; but that isn't the assigned reason. The assigned reason is that they are in deep but not dumb despair from purely patriotic forebodings of what is going to happen. Mostly what is going to happen—barring the result at the November elections—has happened; but they haven't fully grasped that fact yet. They mourn and refuse to be comforted, and they are preparing to adopt a masterly method of reprisal over these new forces that have arisen and driven them from power. If they are standpat Republicans this method will consist in rebuking Colonel Roosevelt and the Progressives by voting for Governor Wilson; if they are reactionary Democrats they will probably either not vote at all or else continue to vote as they have voted since 1896—with the exception of the year Judge Parker ran—for the conservative Republican candidate, who in the present case is none other than President Taft.

Meantime the progressive Republicans and the progressive Democrats, who form a large portion of each party, are yelling themselves black in the face for their respective standard-bearers, and the conservatives are confining themselves to predictions. These predictions are two in number, depending on the degree of standpattedness of the forecaster. The most favored prognostication is that before the November elections come the people will awaken to the grave dangers that beset them politically and will turn in and triumphantly return Mr. Taft as president, for the sake of the Nation and for—they hope—the sake of the prophets. The second prediction is that the Taft Republicans, determined to eliminate Mr. Roosevelt as a factor in the public life and the government of this country, will see to it Mr. Roosevelt is eliminated by voting in sufficient numbers for Governor Wilson to elect that aspirant to the White House, weeping the while over the sacrifice of Mr. Taft, but holding the good of the country paramount and considering Governor Wilson less of a menace than The Colonel.

After traveling over these three Coast states from end to end, immediately after the convention at Chicago which nominated Colonel Roosevelt as the National Progressive candidate, the conclusion I reached, based on inquiries from persons of all shades of opinion, was that at that time there was faint chance of Mr. Taft's carrying either Washington, Oregon or California. There is some strength to the argument of the old-line Republicans that there never has been a direct test of strength in the primaries as to the relative popularity of Roosevelt and Taft, because, it is pointed out, much more than one-half of the Republican vote in these states did not come out to such primaries as there were.

It is held that these stay-away Republicans, ranging in numbers from fifty to seventy per cent of the enrolled vote of the party, will, when election-time comes, rally to the support of Taft, and that he may be in much better case in November than he was when this was written. In other words, it is held that in the primaries and at convention-time Mr. Taft's political fortunes were at their lowest ebb, and if they do anything they must improve. Also it is held that these stay-at-home Republicans do not look with approval on recent political manifestations, and will come out in November for the old party, the old flag and the old leader.

Combined with this is resentment over what they call Colonel Roosevelt's wrecking of the Republican party. They overlook the fact that The Colonel did not wreck the party. The party wrecked itself, and the very new forms of government that exist in these states and elsewhere prove it, for whatever there is new in government here is the outcome of the revolt of the people against the methods and manners of the old party, is an attempt of the people to rid themselves of the very bonds which the

standpatters and their followers think must be tightened if the political integrity of the country and particularly of the Grand Old Party is to be preserved.

No man can tell to what extent this resentment will go or how much it will grow. Undoubtedly there are many Republicans who do not want to see the party die and who protest it is not dead. They think that by sacrificing Taft and voting for Wilson they can kill off Roosevelt and leave matters in such shape as will make it possible to elect a Republican in 1916. Party ties are strong with Republicans, especially with older Republicans. Not many of them are pleased with the prospect of voting for a Democrat for president, and for that reason many of them may elect to go down with the ship, if so be the ship is scheduled to go down. As a whole, though, the men who did not mix much in the primaries, who were not active either in behalf of Taft or of Roosevelt, are likely to wait a long time before deciding what to do. Many of them, if the Roosevelt movement continues to grow, will probably vote for Wilson as a direct method of killing off Roosevelt. That is a rather general decision at this time. On the other hand, Roosevelt is not without his admirers among the Democrats, and his supporters among the former Republicans—of whom there are many in this territory—are active and energetic. They are not so much impressed with the desirability of a new party as they are impressed with the desirability of Roosevelt.

That is the reason why here, as elsewhere, the coming campaign will take on a new aspect. It will be a struggle of one man, advocating certain incidents of government, but himself the dominant figure, against a certain set of incidents dominating another man, with Woodrow Wilson occupying the pleasant and likely-to-be-profitable position of prospective recipient of the favors of the plague-on-both-your-houses voters.

### The Home of Progressiveness

THE tariff will be Taft's main reliance along the Pacific Coast. The people are accustomed to protection out there, think they need it, and will hesitate a long time before they vote for any material change in existing tariff regulations. That is, this will be the attitude of the business element and the votes of the business element can control. However, this is largely offset by the radical tendency among the bulk of the voters, and even among the highly protected farmers, cattle-raisers, ranchers, sheepmen and producers of lumber and minerals. In the last analysis the tariff will be the backbone of the contention. The tariff will be the final motive for voting decision, but the decision will be influenced, so far as Roosevelt is concerned, by the dominating personality of that candidate, and, in the case of Mr. Taft, by the lack of personality of that candidate. Mr. Wilson and his tariff views will be considered mainly in the light of the balanced proposition whether these tariff beneficiaries can afford to take a chance with the Democrats and Wilson, the reward being the expected elimination of Theodore Roosevelt and the hoped-for return to what they call the safe-and-sane Republicanism of the former good old days.

It is true that Mr. Taft, when nominated, was at the lowest mark of his political fortunes, and that Mr. Wilson was probably at the highest mark of his when he was named at Baltimore and for a few weeks thereafter. There was little doubt, at the time this was written—early in August—that Wilson would carry Washington and Oregon and that it would be a hard battle between Wilson and Roosevelt in California, with Roosevelt likely to win. But election did not come in August. It comes in November. And whatever hope there is for Mr. Taft lies in the ultimate decision of the men who did not vote at the primaries. If the men who voted for Roosevelt in the primaries shift from their primary preference, it is likely they will, in most cases, not return to Taft, but go over to Wilson, for they are Progressives and are likely to remain so. It is the men who have not yet expressed a preference on whom Mr. Taft must rely for any added strength. Those who voted for him in the primaries may be depended on to vote for him in November, but they were outnumbered by the Roosevelt men; and unless Taft controls the stay-at-homes and can get the October contingent—the men who, a week or two before election, say, "Well, Taft has made a lot of mistakes and all that, but the country will be safer with him in the White House than with either of the others"—unless many men think this way and Taft can control these men, he will be a sorry third, particularly on the Pacific Coast.

It is a matter of no consequence whether Washington is referred to as a radical state or as a progressive state. Radical doesn't necessarily mean anarchistic, and can be used in a sense other than an offensive political one. The fact is that Washington is a radical state, and that it has a large and constantly growing socialistic element—that term "socialistic" being capable of other interpretations besides the one the old-line politicians usually choose to give it. Washington has a mixed population. It has shown radical tendencies ever since it was admitted, although it has almost always been Republican in its majorities. In a straight-out Democrat against Republican fight Washington has usually been Republican on national issues by about two to one. This year for the first time in a national election the women will have the right to vote. That will approximately increase the vote by seventy-five per cent, maybe not quite so much as that, but in that neighborhood. Therefore an entirely new political condition is found in Washington, for the vote of the women is practically an unknown quantity, so far as presidential alignment is concerned.

Washington legislation speaks for the progressive spirit of the state and indicates the radicalism of the bulk of its population, when the old ideas of government are considered. The state is strong on legislation that has for its object the regulation of the industrial and corporation affairs within its borders, but also has advanced ideas about the regulation of the lives of its citizens and the extension of their rights. In addition to woman suffrage Washington has a stringent marriage law, an eight-hour law applying to women workers, an eight-hour law for underground miners, a sixteen-hour law for railroad men, a law punishing parents who are responsible for juvenile delinquency as well as providing for the delinquents, a hotel-inspection law, a fruit-inspection law, a grain-inspection law, stringent and advanced health laws, and a series of election laws that will be effective as soon as they are sufficiently worked out and tested. It has advanced banking and financial laws, a system of taxation that is considered adequate and is particularly effective so far as railroads and other corporations are concerned, a direct primary, a public-service commission, a local-option law and a workman's-compensation law. At the coming election the people will vote on the adoption of the initiative and referendum in state matters. This already applies locally in various counties, as does the recall and the commission form of government in various places.

"The Richest Strike Yet!"

These statutes testify to the advanced ideas prevailing in Washington, and the people are even more radical in their ideas than their laws proclaim. So when it comes to a question of presidential preferences this year the surface indications favor either Roosevelt or Wilson. As elsewhere, the Taft men are relying on the fact that the old-time Republican majority was two to one, and are hoping that they will not lose enough, either in the switch to Roosevelt or in the Republican vote that goes to Wilson as a rebuke to Roosevelt, to defeat them. It is a slim hope, but it is the best they have. The Democrats, who have largely been voting in Republican primaries, are almost solidly lined up behind Wilson, and the struggle seems bound to be between Roosevelt and Wilson, with the chances of the one man about as good as those of the other.

The Roosevelt or Progressive Republicans, and such allies as they have from men of other shades of political belief, are split in two factions, but are likely to compose their differences now that Roosevelt is nominated. One branch of the Roosevelt party is made up largely of former Republicans and of some former Democrats, who are either candidates themselves, have friends who are candidates, or have future ambitions as to running for office. The other branch is made up of men who are simply Roosevelt men, for The Colonel, believers in his creed, and determined to defeat Taft whether they win with Roosevelt or not.

Naturally this division has caused much friction, for the men who are in the movement simply because they want office themselves are anxious to get all the advantages there are. Even the new Progressive party does not seem to have eliminated political selfishness as a human trait. It is held by one branch that it would be folly to run separate tickets—one Roosevelt and one Taft—all down the line, but that Roosevelt electors should be provided for and these Roosevelt candidates be given the chance to get all the votes they can for their own particular offices and not be restricted to this binding third-party designation. Some of the leaders in the Progressive movement say there is a statute that makes it imperative that a full ticket shall be nominated with the electoral ticket, and cite a supreme court decision to that effect.

The argument in Washington that a candidate for a minor office must not try to evade the responsibility of his support of Roosevelt and try to get other Republican party votes by being for Roosevelt for president and remaining a Republican in the broad party sense, otherwise, is interesting and is likely to have bearing elsewhere.

That argument, stripped of its statute references, is as follows: "One of the principal things the primary laws of Washington seek to accomplish is the preservation of the integrity of political parties. Each party receiving ten per cent of the total vote cast at a preceding general election is entitled to a separate primary ticket. The declaration of candidacy provides for the printing on the ballot of the name of the party to which the candidate belongs, and the candidate must declare he belongs to a certain party. Fifteen days before the September primary election day notices of the candidates who have filed must be given by the auditor, and the party designation of all except supreme and superior court judges must be given. The primary election ballots must be separate ballots. Each elector has the right to receive the ballot of the party with which he is registered, or for which he asks. If he is challenged he is required to make oath or affirmation that he intends to affiliate with the party he names in asking for his ballot, and intends to support its candidates generally. He must swear that he will not only support the party candidates, but that he will affiliate with that party."

### With Axes if Necessary

"WHEN a person files as a party candidate without the intention of supporting generally the party candidates of the party he designates as his party, or without intending to affiliate with that party, what right has he to have his name on the official ballot? The courts will surely prevent if timely application is made under the provisions of the statutes."

This construction of the law, it is apparent, will make a lot of trouble for the gentlemen who want to take advantage of the Roosevelt movement in Washington and elsewhere, and who also desire to get what support they can from the old-line Republicans. There are many persons in Washington—candidates for office and half-baked Progressives—who have earnestly desired to play both ends against the middle, but the militant Roosevelt men do not intend to allow their party to be used in this manner. They intend to have it a straight-out fight for Roosevelt against Taft and Wilson, and they are of the kind that will see the thing through—with axes if necessary.

The situation in Washington was much confused when this was written, but events were shaping themselves clearly enough to show that the hopes the old-line Republicans have of carrying the state for Taft rest on slender foundations, and are hopes rather than expectations. The eastern half of the state is more generally for Roosevelt, as against Taft, than the western half. This is due, in a measure, to the fact that the two biggest newspapers in Spokane are both ardent Roosevelt supporters. A good many of the Republican business men will vote for Wilson on the Roosevelt-rebuke theory, and a good many will not vote at all. Early in August the Republicans who said they intended to vote for Wilson were numerous and outspoken. They may change their minds. It is a long time, considered politically, between the first days of August and the first days of November, but when this was written the Eastern Washington sentiment was divided between Roosevelt and Wilson, with Roosevelt leading and Taft a bad third. The old-line Republican leaders over there said they even then saw signs of disintegration of the Roosevelt movement, and that they expected to squeak through with Taft; but they were merely whistling at the time to keep up their courage.

In the western end of the state, where Seattle and Tacoma are, Taft has more strength, and the old-line leaders say he will grow stronger as time progresses. They hold to the tenuous belief that, notwithstanding the great defection in the party to Roosevelt, the big majority the party has had in the past will outlast these assaults and

(Continued on Page 65)

# SUMMER RESOURCES

## By Fannie Hurst

ILLUSTRATED BY W. B. KING

AT SEVEN o'clock the Seaside Hotel struggled into full dress—ladies emerged from siestas and curl-papers, dowagers wormed into straight fronts and spread the spousal vestments of boiled shirt, U-shaped waistcoat *et al.* across the bed. Slim young men in the swelter of their inside two-fifty-a-day rooms carefully extracted their braided-at-the-seams trousers from beneath the mattresses and removed trees from patent-leather pumps.

At seven-thirty young girls fluttered in and out from the dining room like brilliant night moths, the straight-front dowagers, U-vested spouses and slim young men in braided trouser seams crowded about the desk for the influx of mail, and read their tailor and modiste duns with the rapt and misleading expression that suggested a love rune rather than a "Please remit." Interested mothers elbowed for the most desirable veranda rockers; the blather of voices, the emph-umph-umph of the three-nights-a-week orchestra and the remote pound of the ocean joined in united effort.

At eight o'clock Miss Myra Sternberger yawned in her wicker rocker and raised two round and bare-to-the-elbow arms high above her head.

"Gee!" she said. "This place is so slow it gets on my nerves—it does!"

Mrs. Blondheim, who carried toast away from the breakfast table concealed beneath a napkin for her daughter who remained abed until noon, paused in her Irish crochet, spread a lace wheel upon her ample knee and regarded it approvingly.

"What you got to kick about, Miss Sternberger—didn't I see you in the surf this morning with that shirtwaist drummer from Cincinnati?"

"Mr. Eckstein—oh, I been meetin' him down here in July for two years. He's a nice fellow an' makes a good living—but he ain't my style."

"Girls are too particular nowadays. Take my Bella—why, that girl's had chances you wouldn't believe! But she always says to me, she says: 'Mamma, I ain't goin' to marry till Mr. Right comes along.'"

"That's just the same way with me."

"My Bella's had chances—not one, but six. You can ask anybody who knows us in New York the chances that goil has had."

"I ain't in a hurry to take the first man that asks me neither."

Mrs. Blondheim wrapped the forefinger of her left hand with mercerized cotton thread and her needle flashed deftly.

"What about the little Baltimore fellow that went away yesterday? I seen he was keeping you pretty busy."

"Aw, Mrs. Blondheim, can't a girl have a good time with a fellow without gettin' serious?"

But she giggled in pleased self-consciousness and pushed her combs into place—Miss Sternberger wore her hair oval about her face like Mona Lisa; her cheeks were pink-tinted, like the lining of a conch-shell.

"My Bella always says a goil can't be too careful at these here summer resorts—that's why she ain't out every night like some of these goils. She won't go out with a young man till she knows he comes from nice people."

Miss Sternberger patted the back of her hand against her mouth and stifled a yawn.

"One thing I must say for my Bella—no matter where I take that goil, everybody says what a nice, retirin' goil she is!"

"Bella does retire rather early," agreed Miss Sternberger in tones drippingly sweet.

"I try to make her rest up in summer," pursued Mrs. Blondheim, unpunctured. "You goils wear yourselves out—nothin' but beaus, beaus all the time. There ain't a night in New York that my Bella ain't out with some young man. I always say to her: 'Bella, the theayters ought to give you a commission.'"

Miss Sternberger rocked.

"Where did you say you live in New York, Miss Sternberger?"

"West One Hundred and Eleventh Street."

"Oh, yes—are you related to the Morris Sternbergers in the boys' pants business?"

"I think—on my father's side."

"Honest now! Carrie Sternberger married my brother-in-law; and they're doin' grand too! He's built up a fine business there. Ain't this a small woild after all!"

"It is that," agreed Miss Sternberger; "why, last summer I was eatin' three meals a day next to my first cousin and didn't know it."

"Look!" said Mrs. Blondheim. "There's those made-up Rosenstein goils comin' out of the dining room. Look at the agony they put on, would you! I knew 'em when they were livin' over their hair store on Twenty-thoid Street. I wonder where my Bella is!"

"That's a stylish messaline the second one's got on, all right—I think them beaded tunics are swell."

"If it hadn't been for the false-hair craze old man Rosenstein wouldn't ——"

Mrs. Blondheim leaned forward in her chair; her little flowered-silk workbag dropped to the floor.

"There's Bella now! Honest, that Mr. Arnheim ain't left her once today, and he only got here this morning too! Such a fine young man, the clerk says; he's been abroad six months and just landed yesterday—and been with her all day. When I think of the chances that goil had—why, Marcus Finberg, who was down here last week, was crazy after her!"

"Did you say that fellow's name was Arnheim?"

"Yes—ain't you heard of the Arnheim models? He's a grand boy, the clerk says, and the swellest importer of ladies' wear in New York."

Miss Sternberger leaned forward in her chair.

"Is that Simon Arnheim?"

"Sure; he's the one that introduced the hobble skoit. My Bella was one of the foist to wear one. There ain't a fad that he don't go over to Europe and get. He made a fortune off the hobble skoit alone."

"Is that so?"

"Believe me, if he wasn't all right my Bella wouldn't let him hang on that way."

"I've heard of him."

"I wish you could see that Babette Dreyfous eying my Bella! She's just green because Bella's got him."

"Do you use the double stitch in your crochet, Mrs. Blondheim? That's a pretty pattern you're workin' on."

"Yes; I've just finished a set of doilies you'd pay twenty-five dollars for anywhere."

Miss Sternberger rose languidly to her feet.

"Well," she said, "I guess I'll take a stroll and go up to bed."

"Don't be so fidgety, Miss Sternberger; sit down by me and talk."

Miss Sternberger smiled.

"I'll see you later, Mrs. Blondheim; and don't forget that preparation I was tellin' you about—Sloand's Mosquito Skit. Just rub the bottle stopper over your pillow and see if it don't work."

She moved away with the dignity of an emperor moth, slim and supple-hipped in a tight-wrapped gown.

The Seaside Hotel lobby leaned forward in its chairs; young men moved their feet from the veranda rail and gazed after her; pleasantries fell in her pathway as roses before a queen.

A splay-mouthed youth, his face and neck sunburnt to a beefy red, tugged at her gold-colored scarf as she passed.

"Oh, you Myra!" he sang.

"Quit your kiddin', Izzy!" she parried back. "Who was that blonde I seen you with down at the beach this morning?" A voluptuous brunette in a rose-pink dress and diamonds dragged her down to the arm of her rocker.

"I got a trade-last for you, Myra."

"For me?"

"Yes."

"Give it to me, Clara."

"No, I said a trade—and a dandy too!" Clara replied teasingly.

"Who from—man?"

"Yes."

"Well, I got one for you too—Leon Eckstein says he thinks you're an awfully sweet girl and will make some man a grand wife."

Clara giggled and fingered the gold-fringe edging of Miss Sternberger's sleeve. She spoke slowly and stressed each word alike.

"Well, there's a fellow just got here from Paris yesterday—says you sure know how to dress and that you got a swell figure."

"Who said it?"

"Guess."

"I should know!"

"That fellow over there with Bella Blondheim—the one with the smooth face and grayish hair. I hear he's a swell New York fellow in the importin' business."

"How'd Bella grab him?"

"She's been holdin' on to him like a crawfish all day. She won't let anybody get near him—neither will her mother."

"Here comes Izzy over here after me! If there's one fellow I can't stand it's him."

Miss Sternberger moved away with her chin tilted at a sharp angle. At a turn in the veranda she came suddenly upon Miss Bella Blondheim and a sleek, well-dressed young man with grayish hair. Miss Blondheim's hand was hooked with a deadlock clutch to the arm of her companion.

Miss Sternberger threw herself before them like a melodrama queen flagging a train.

"Hello, Bella!" she said in a voice as low as a 'cello.

Miss Blondheim, who had once sold the greatest number of aprons at a charity bazar, turned cold eyes upon the intruder.

"Hello, Myra!" she said in cool tones of dismissal.

There was a pause; the color swept up and surged over Miss Blondheim's face.

"Are you finished with Love in a Cottage, Bella? I promised it to Mrs. Weiss when you're finished with it."

"Yes," said Bella. "I'll bring it down tonight."

There was another pause; the young man with the grayish hair coughed.

"Mr. Arnheim, let me introduce you to my friend, Miss Sternberger."

Miss Sternberger extended a highly groomed hand.

"Pleased to meet you," she said.

"Howdy-do, Miss Sternberger?" His arm squirmed partly free from the deadlock clutch. "Won't you join us?"

"Thanks," said Myra, smiling until an amazing quantity of small white teeth showed; "but I just stopped by to tell Bella that Mrs. Blondheim was asking for her."

There was a third pause.

"Won't you come along, Mr. Arnheim? Mamma's always so worried about me; and I'd like for you to meet mamma," said Bella anxiously.

With a heroic jerk Mr. Arnheim managed to free himself entirely.

"Thanks," he said; "but I think I'll stay out here and have a smoke."

Miss Blondheim's lips drooped at the corners. She entered the bright, gabbling lobby, threading her way to her mother's stronghold. The maternal glance that greeted her was cold and withering.

"I knew if I couldn't hold her she'd get him away. That's why I didn't go and play lotto with the ladies."

"Well, I couldn't help it—could I? You're always nosin' after me so—anybody could say you want me and not be lyin'."

"That's the thanks I get for tryin' to do the right thing by my children. When I was your age I had more gumption in my little finger than you got in your whole hand! I'd like to see a little piece like her get ahead of me—no wonder you ain't got no luck!"

Miss Blondheim sat down wearily beside her mother.

"I wish I knew how she does it."

"Nerve! That's how. Ain't I been preachin' nerve to you since you could talk? You'd be married to Marcus Finberg now if you'd 'a' worked it right and listened to your mother."

"Aw, maw, lemme alone; I couldn't make him pop, could I? I don't see other girls' mothers always buttin' in."

Out in the cool of the veranda Miss Sternberger strolled over to the railing and leaned her back against a white wooden column. Her eyes, upslanting and full of languor, looked out over the toiling, moiling ocean. She was outlined as gently as a Corot.

"A penny for your thoughts, Miss Sternberger."

Mr. Arnheim, the glowing end of a newly lighted cigar in one corner of his mouth, peered his head over her shoulder.

"Oh, Mr. Arnheim, how you scared me!" Miss Sternberger placed the well-groomed left hand, with a seal ring on the third finger, upon the thread-lace bosom of her gown. "How you frightened me!"

"It's a nice night, Miss Sternberger—want to walk on the beach?"

"Don't mind if I do," she said.

They strolled the length of the veranda, down the steps to the boardwalk and the beach beyond.

Mrs. Blondheim rolled her crochet into a tight ball and stuck her needle upright.

"Come on, Bella; let's go to bed."

They trailed past the desk like birds with damp feathers.

"Send up some ice water to 318," said Miss Bella over the counter, her eyes straining meanwhile past the veranda to the beach below.

Without, a moon low and heavy and red came out from the horizon; it cast a copper-gold band across the water.

"Let's go down to the edge, kiddo."

Mr. Arnheim helped Miss Sternberger plow daintily through the sand.

"If I get sand in my shoes I'll blame you, Mr. Arnheim."

"Little slippers like yours can't hold much."

She giggled.

They seated themselves like small dunes on the white expanse of beach; he drew his knees up under his chin and nursed them.

In the eery light they might have been a fay and a faun in evening dress.

"Well," said Mr. Arnheim, exhaling loudly, "this is something like it."

"Ain't that a grand moon, though, Mr. Arnheim?"

"The moon ain't got a show when you're round, little one."

"I'll bet you say that to every girl you meet."

"Nix I do; but I know when a girl looks good to me."

"I wish I knew if you was jollying me or not."

He tossed his cigar into the surf that curled at their very feet, leaving a rim of foam and scum. The red end died with a fizz. Then he turned his dark eyes full upon her with a steady focus.

"If you knew me better you'd know that I ain't that sort of a fellow—when I say a thing I mean it."

His hand lay outstretched; she poured rivulets of white sand between the fingers. They watched the little mounds of sand which she patted into shape.

"I'll bet you're a New York girl."

"Why?"

"I can tell them every time—style and all."

"I'll bet you're a New York fellow too."

*Mr. Arnheim Raised Her High Over Each Rushing Breaker*

"Little New York is good enough for me. I've been over in Paris four months now; and, believe me, it looked good yesterday to see the old girlie holdin' her lamp over the harbor."

Miss Sternberger ran her hand over the smooth sheen of her dress; her gown was chaste, even stern, in its simplicity—the expensive simplicity that is artful rather than artless.

"That's a neat little model you're wearing."

"Aw, Mr. Arnheim, what do you know about clothes?"

Mr. Arnheim threw back his head and laughed long and loud.

"What do I know about clothes? I only been in the biz for eight years. What I don't know about ladies' wear ain't in the dictionary."

"Well," said Miss Sternberger, "that's so; I did hear you was in the business."

"I'm in the importin' line—I am. Why, girl, I've put through every fad that's taken hold in the last five years—brought them over myself too. I've dressed Broadway and Fifth Avenue in everything from rainy-day to harem skirts."

"Honest?"

"Sure; I've imported more good sellers than any dealer in New York. I got a new model now passin' customs that's to be a bigger hit than the sheath was. Say, when I brought over the hobble every house on the Avenue laughed in my face; and when I finally dumped a consignment on to one of them, the firm was scared stiff and wanted to countermand; but I had 'em and they couldn't jump me."

"Just think!"

"By Jove, it wasn't two weeks before that very model was the talk of New York and Lillian Russell was wearing one in the second act of her show; and when she wears a model it's as good as made."

"Gee!" she said. "I could just sit and listen to you talk and talk."

He hunched close.

"I sold the first dozen pannier dresses for a sum that would give you the blind staggers. I was just as scared as she was, too, but all you got to do with women is to get a few good-lookin' bell-sheep to lead and the others will follow fast."

She regarded him in the wan moonlight.

"If there's anything I admire," she said, "it's a smart man."

"Oh, I don't know," he said—"I've just got a little better judgment than the next fellow. Those things come natural—that's all. In my line a fellow's got to know human nature. If I'd sprung the hobble on the Avenue five years ago I'd gone broke on the gamble; but I sprung the idea on 'em at just the right time."

Her hand, long and slim, lay like a bit of carved ivory on the sand; he leaned forward and covered it with his.

"I want to see a great deal of you while I'm down here."

She did not reply, but drew her hand away with a shy diffidence.

"I'll bet I could show you some things that would warm you up all right. I'm going into New York with the swellest bunch of French novelties you ever seen. I've got a peach-colored Piquette model I've brought over that's going to be the talk of the town."

"A Piquette?"

He laughed delightedly.

"Sure! You never heard of it? Wait till you see 'em on show at the opening. It's got the new butterfly back; and, believe me, it wasn't no cinch to grab that pattern neither. I laid low in Berlin two months before I even got a smell at it."

"You talk just like a story book," she said.

He stretched himself full length on the sand and looked up into her face.

"I'll show you a thing or two when we get back to New York, little one."

"You ain't like most of the boys I know, Mr. Arnheim. You got something different about you."

"And you got a face like the kind you see painted on fans—on the order of a Japanese dame. I got some swell Japanese imports too."

"Everybody says that about me; I take after paw."

"Say, little one, I want your telephone number when I get back to New York."

"I'll be pleased to have you call me up, Mr. Arnheim."

"Will I call you up? Well, rather!"

"I know some nice girls I'll introduce you to."

He looked at her insinuatingly.

"I know one nice girl—and that's enough," he said.

"Aw, Mr. Arnheim, of all the jolliers I ever knew you got 'em beat." She rose to her feet like a gold-colored phœnix from a mound of white sand. "When I meet a fellow I like I don't want him to tell me nothin' but the truth."

"That's just the way with me—when I meet a girl that looks good I want to treat her white, and I want her to do the same by me."

They strolled along the edge of the beach. Once the foaming surf threatened to lap over her slippers; he caught her deftly and raised her high above the swirl.

"Oh," she cried a little breathlessly, "ain't you strong!" Then she laughed in a high-pitched voice.

They dallied until the moon hardened from a soft, low ball to a high, yellow disk and the night damp seeped into their clothes. Miss Sternberger's yellow scarf lay like a limp rag on her shoulders.

"You're a perfect thirty-six, ain't you, little one?"

"That's what they say when I try on ready-mades," she replied, with sweet reticence.

"Gee!" he said. "Wouldn't I like you in some of my models! Maybe if you ain't no snitch I'll show you the colored plates some day."

"I ain't no snitch," she said—her voice was like a far-away echo.

They climbed the wooden steps to their hotel like glorified children who had been caught in a silver weft of enchantment.

The lobby was semi-dark; they asked for their keys in whispers and exchanged good-nights in long-drawn undertones.

"Until tomorrow, little one."

"Until tomorrow."

She entered the elevator with a smile on her lips and in her eyes. They regarded each other through the iron framework until she shot from sight.

At breakfast next morning Mrs. Blondheim drew up before her "small steak, French-fried potatoes, jelly omelet, buttered toast, buckwheat cakes and coffee."

"Well, of all the nerve!" she exclaimed to her vis-à-vis, Mrs. Epstein. "If there ain't Myra Sternberger eatin' breakfast with that Mr. Arnheim!"

Mrs. Epstein opened a steaming muffin, inserted a lump of butter and pressed the halves together.

"I said to my husband last night," she remarked, "'I'm glad we ain't got no daughters'—till they're married off and all, it ain't no fun. With my Louie now, it's different. When he came out of the military school my husband put him in business, and now I ain't got no worry."

"My Bella ain't never given me a day's worry neither. I ain't in no hurry to marry her off. She always says to me: 'Mamma,' she says, 'I ain't in no hurry to marry till Mr. Right comes along.'"

"My Louie is coming down today or tomorrow on his vacation if he can get away from business. Louie's a good boy—if I do say so myself."

"I don't want to talk—but I often say what my Bella gets when she marries is enough to give any young man a fine start in a good business."

"I must have my Louie meet Miss Bella. The notes and letters Louie gets from girls you wouldn't believe; he don't pay no attention to 'em—he's an awful mamma-boy, Mrs. Blondheim."

"That'll be grand for them to meet," said Mrs. Blondheim; "but my Bella's had proposals you wouldn't believe! Just take that Simon Arnheim over there—he only met

her yesterday; and do you think he would leave her side all day? No, siree. Honest, it makes me mad sometimes. A grand young man comes along and Bella introduces him to everyone, but she won't have nothin' to do with him."

"Try some of this liver and onions, Mrs. Blondheim; it's delicious."

Mrs. Blondheim partook and nibbled between her front teeth.

"I got a grand recipe for *süss und sauer* liver. When we're at home my Bella always says: 'Mamma, let's have some liver and *gedämftes Fleisch* for lunch.'"

"Do you soak your liver first?" inquired Mrs. Epstein. "My Louie won't eat nothin' *süss und sauer*. It makes me so mad. I got to cook different for every one in my family. Louie won't eat this and his father won't eat that!"

"I'll give you the recipe when I give you the one for the noodles. Bella says it's the best she ever ate. My husband gets so mad when I go down in the kitchen—me with two grand girls and a washerwoman two days a week! But the girls can't cook to suit me."

"Excuse me, too, from American cooking."

Mrs. Blondheim's interest and gaze wandered down the dining hall.

"I wish you'd look at that Sternberger girl actin' up! Ain't it disgusting?"

"Please pass the salt, Mrs. Blondheim; that's the trouble with hotel cooking—they don't season. At home we like plenty of it too. I season and season, and then at the table my husband has to have more."

"She wouldn't have met him at all if it hadn't been for Bella," pursued Mrs. Blondheim.

The object of Mrs. Blondheim's solicitude, fresh as spring in crisp white linen, turned her long eyes upon Mr. Arnheim.

"You ought to feel flattered, Mr. Arnheim, that I let you come over to my table."

Mr. Arnheim regarded her through a mist of fragrant coffee steam.

"You betcher life I feel flattered. I'd get up earlier than this to have breakfast with a little queen."

"Ain't you ever goin' to quit jollying?"

He leaned across the table.

"That ain't a bad linen model you're wearin'—it's domestic goods too. Where'd you get it?"

"At Lipman's."

"I sold them a consignment last year; but, say, if you want to see real classy white goods you ought to see some ratine cutaways I'm bringin' over. I've got a model I'm goin' to call the Phœbe Snow. It's the niftiest thing for early fall you ever saw."

"Ratine?"

"You never heard of it? That's where I get my work in—it's the new lines, the novelty stuff, that gets the money."

"Are you goin' in the surf this morning, Mr. Arnheim?"

"I'm going where you go, little one." He dropped two lumps of sugar into her coffee cup. "Sweets to the sweet," he said.

"Silly!"—but she giggled under her breath.

They pushed back their chairs and strolled down the aisle between the tables. She smiled brightly to her right and left.

"Good morning, Mrs. Blondheim; is it warm enough for you?"

"Good morning," replied Mrs. Blondheim, stabbing a bit of omelet with vindictive fork.

Mrs. Epstein looked after the pair with warming eyes.

"She is a stylish dresser—ain't she?"

"I wish you'd see the white linen my Bella's got. It's got sixteen yards of Cluny lace in the waist alone—and such Cluny too! I paid a dollar and a half a yard wholesale."

"Just look at this waist I'm wearing, Mrs. Blondheim. You wouldn't think I paid three and a half for the lace, would you?"

"Oh, yes; I can always tell good stuff when I see it, and I always say it pays best in the end," said Mrs. Blondheim, feeling the heavy lace edge of Mrs. Epstein's sleeve between discriminating thumb and forefinger.

Suddenly Mrs. Epstein's eyes widened; she rose to her feet, drawing a corner of the tablecloth awry.

"If it ain't my Louie!"

Mr. Louis Epstein, a faithful replica of his mother, with close black hair that curled on his head like the nap of a Persian lamb, imprinted a large, moist kiss upon the maternal lips.

"Hello, maw! Didn't you expect me?"

"Not till the ten o'clock train, Louie. How's papa?"

"He's fine. I left him billing thom goods to Thpokane."

"How's business, Louie?"

"Not tho bad, but pa can't get away yet for a week. The fall goods ain't all out yet."

"Ain't it awful, the way that man is all for business, Mrs. Blondheim? This is my son Louie."

"Well, well, Mr. Epstein—I've heard a lot about you. I want you to meet my daughter Bella—you ought to make friends."

"Yeth'm," said Mr. Epstein.

Out on the clean-washed beach the sun glinted on the water and sent points of light dancing on the wavelets like bits of glass. Children in blue rompers burrowed and jangled their painted spades and pails; nursemaids planted umbrellas in the sand and watched their charges romp; parasols flashed past like gay-colored meteors.

In the white-capped surf bathers bobbed and shouted, and all along the shoreline the tide ran gently up the beach and down again, leaving a smooth, damp stretch of sand which soughed and sucked beneath the steps of the bathers.

Far out, where the waters were highest and the white-caps maddest, Mr. Arnheim held Miss Sternberger about her slim waist and raised her high over each rushing breaker. They caught the swells and lay back against the heavy tow, letting the wavelets lap up to their chins.

Mr. Arnheim, with little rivulets running down his cheeks, shook the water out of his grayish hair and looked at her with salt-bitten, red-rimmed eyes.

"Gee!" he wheezed. "You're a spunky little devil! Excuse me from the beach-walkers; I like 'em when they're game like you."

She danced about like an Amphitrite.

"Who would be afraid of the water with a dandy swimmer like you?"

"This ain't nothin'," said Mr. Arnheim. "You ought to see me in still water. Up at Ottawa Lake last summer I was the talk of the place."

They emerged from the water, dripping and heavy-footed. She wrung out her brief little skirts and stamped her feet on the sand. Mr. Arnheim hopped on one foot and then on the other, holding his head aslant. Then they stretched out on the white, sun-baked beach. Miss Sternberger loosened her hair and it showered about her.

"Gee! Ain't you got a swell bunch of hair!"

She shook and fluffed it.

"You ought to seen it before I had typhoid. I could sit on it then."

"Gee! That Phœbe Snow model that I got in mind for Lillian Russell would make you look like a queen, with that hair of yourn!"

She buried his arm in the sand and patted the mound.

"Now," she said, "I got you, and you can't do anything without asking me."

"You got me anyway," he said with an expressive glance.

"Yes," she purred, "that's what you say now; but when you get back to New York you'll forget all about the little girl you met down at the shore."

"That's all you know about me. I don't take up with every girl."

"I'm glad you don't," she said.

"But I'll bet you got a different fellow for every day when you're in New York."

"Nothing like that," she said; "but, anyway, there's always room for one more."

Two young men without hats passed. Miss Sternberger called out her greeting.

"Hello, Manny! Wasn't the water grand? What? Well, you tell Leo he don't know nothing. No, we don't want to have our pictures taken! Mr. Arnheim, I want to introduce you to Mr. Landauer, a neckwear man out of Baltimore, and Mr. Manny Sinai—also neckwear, but out of New York."

They posed, with the white sunlight in their eyes.

"I hope we won't break the camera," said Arnheim.

The remark was greeted with laughter. The little machine clicked, the newcomers departed and then Miss Sternberger and Mr. Arnheim turned to each other again.

"You ain't tired, are you—Myra?"

"No—Simon"—she danced to her feet and tossed the hair back from her face—"I ain't tired."

They walked down the beach toward the bathhouse, humming softly to themselves.

"I'll be out in ten minutes," she said, pausing at the door of her locker.

"Me too," he said.

When they met again they were regroomed and full of verve. She was as cool as a rose. They laughed at their crinkly fingertips—wrinkled by the water like parchment; and his neck, where it rose above the soft high collar, was branded by the sun a flaming red.

"Gee!" she cried. "Ain't you sunburned!"

"I always tan red," he said.

"And me—I always tan tan."

They exchanged these pithy and inspired bits of autobiography in warm, intimate tones. At their hotel steps she sighed with a delicious weariness.

"I wish I could do everything for you, little one—even walk upstairs."

"I ain't tired, Simon; only—only—— Oh, I don't know."

"Little one," he said softly.

In the lobby Miss Bella Blondheim leaned an elbow on the clerk's desk and talked to a stout young man with a gold-mounted elk's tooth on his watchfob and black hair that curled close to his head.

They made a group of four for a moment, Miss Blondheim regarding the arrivals with bright, triumphant eyes.

"My friend, Mr. Louie Epstein," she said.

The men shook hands.

"Related to the Epstein & Son Millinery Company, Broadway and Spring?"

"Thertainly am; I happen to be the thon myself." Mr. Epstein always spoke with a pronounced lisp.

"Was you in the surf this morning, Bella? It was grand!"

"No, Myra," replied her friend. "Mr. Epstein and me took a trip to Ocean View."

"You missed the water this morning. It was fine and dandy!" volunteered Mr. Arnheim.

"Me and Mr. Epstein are going this afternoon—ain't we?"

"We thertainly are," agreed Mr. Epstein, regarding Miss Blondheim with small, admiring eyes.

Miss Sternberger edged away. "Pleased to have met you, Mr. Epstein." Mr. Arnheim edged with her and they moved on their way toward the dining room.

Mrs. Blondheim from her point of vantage—the wicker rocker—leaned toward her sister-in-law.

"Look, Hanna—that's Louie Epstein, of the Epstein & Son Millinery Company, with Bella. He's a grand boy. I meet his mother at Doctor Bergenthal's lecture every Saturday morning. Epstein & Son have got a grand business, and Bella could do a whole lot worse."

(Continued on Page 60)

"Lillian Russell is Going to Wear It in the Second Act of Her New Play"

# ADVENTURES IN BUSINESS

## The Contractor Who Dared—By Edward Mott Woolley

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. MITCHELL

MY FIRST job of contracting was the excavation for a henhouse up in Vermont. My father wished to locate the structure on a site near the hay-barn, so one morning at four o'clock he got me by the collar and marched me down there.

"'Pat,' said he, 'I want yez to git a pick and spade and dig out that knoll; the Milligan hinhouse niver can be built on a slant the loikes o' that! I'll give yez the contract, me boy, for siventy-foive cints.'

"You see I make no secret of my ancestry. My father, Michael Milligan, had as fine a brogue as you'd wish to hear. He was a sharp old Irishman, too, and he broke up several contractors who built barns and ditches and such things for him. He was smarter than they were, and in the latter years of his life there was hardly a contractor in his vicinity who dared take a job from him. His reputation for getting the best of a bargain was awesome. The only way to stand any chance at all with my father was to get down to actual quantities and prices, cut out the guesswork, and hustle; but this was what our local contractors seemed unable to do.

"Now seventy-five cents looked rather big to me in those days, for I was only sixteen years old; but I didn't like the looks of that knoll. So I told my dad that I'd dig it out for a dollar. You see, the old man had a shrewd habit of paying us boys a few bits of stray coin for the work we did on the farm, but he always fixed the price himself. This was the first time I'd ever got up nerve to make a bid.

"I rather expected to get a tanning for my temerity, but, instead, dad asked me how I figured the job at a dollar.

"'Well,' said I, 'it's a good big knoll, pop; I reckon it'll take me all day to shovel it out. I guess it's a dollar job all right—and maybe I ought to get a dollar and a quarter.'

"My father made some picturesque remarks, but came up to the dollar. Well, sir, I struck rock on that job and worked five days and a quarter before I got the henhouse site graded. I demanded more money, but dad only laughed and paid me the dollar. 'Yez wanted the contract,' said he, 'and yez made the price.'

"True enough! I had made the price—guessed it. If I'd opened a few test pits first I'd have been willing to let the job go to my brother Tim.

"That job, however, was a good many years ago. I never guess a job today, though I know many a contractor who does a vast amount of guessing in one way or another. That's one trouble with contracting—but not the only trouble. There are so many troubles that I hesitate to tell you about them. During the first few years of my contracting career I had little but worry and losses, and I came near giving up the business and going back to the farm. The only reason I didn't was because I knew dad so well I was sure he'd get me into more of those henhouse jobs. You see, I hadn't learned the secret of contracting.

"Well, Sir, I Struck Rock and Worked Five Days and a Quarter Before I Got the Henhouse Site Graded"

"I've heard old and unsuccessful contractors advise young men never to go into the business, because of its precarious and unprofitable nature. Well, I'm worth a few millions today, and I made it all on contracts—except what came from increase in real-estate values. I cannot consistently advise men against entering this field, but I can and do advise some men not to enter it. To be successful in this line of business a man needs two underlying qualifications. What they are I mean to show you from my own history.

"When I was twenty I left home and went West; there wasn't any money working for dad. I spent one summer in Chicago, where I worked as a laborer, teamster and hostler. I was without a trade or calling and my outlook on life was as primitive as a mule's idea of a charging hopper. My education hadn't got much beyond the Vermont barefoot stage. Still, I was ambitious and Chicago did not appeal to me. I believed myself capable of better things than working on street jobs or currying horses. I tried to get on the police force, but my political pull had an uphill haul in it and never got to the top. My last Chicago job was handling paving blocks. The contractor failed in the middle of the work and I took a train that night for Montana.

"Men were in demand out there for railroad construction and I went to shoveling dirt. After a while I was shifted to a gang that was building camps, and at the end of a year I had a chance to take a little subcontract for putting up nineteen shacks, all the material being furnished by the general contractor. Some quality deep down within me prompted me to bid on that job. I can tell you in one word what that quality was—and it's the chief underlying factor in contracting success. It was nerve!"

### Four Hundred Dollars in a Hole

"THE business of the contractor is one in which new enterprises must succeed one another in rapid succession. The merchant or manufacturer usually repeats his procedures over and over, enlarging his scale from time to time, but not jumping from one thing to another; but the contractor must tackle new and unknown undertakings. To do this, he must have pure, unmitigated, daring nerve. I don't mean the rash and daredevil nerve we see in the gambler. Far from it! A contractor must have the nerve to tackle a thing because he knows how to carry it through. If a man hasn't those two qualifications—nerve and knowledge—he'd better stay out of the business. I'd like to draw a fine distinction, however, through this subject of knowledge. When I say a contractor must know how to carry a job through I don't mean necessarily that he must possess all the technical knowledge involved. It's executive ability he needs—he can hire the technical fellows. The woods are full of them, but few of them ever work for themselves because they lack executive ability; and, above all, they lack nerve. I remember one contractor who cleaned up twenty thousand dollars on a railroad job when he hardly knew a clamshell bucket from a diaphragm pump.

"It's knowing how to boss the technical chaps that counts biggest in contracting. I don't mean to put a premium on this calling or to discount its hazards—I know what they are—but I do say it is the most elastic business in the world. A man may be down today and on top tomorrow. There's no other business that offers such quick possibilities to the right man. It's a big, free, masterful calling. It's a man's business. The contractor is no mere slave of some other man's system. It's a business of quick turnovers, and I do not hesitate to say that it holds untold opportunities for the man of real nerve, based on capacity.

"I had the nerve to go after that first job, but not the capacity. I needed an advisory committee, for when the nineteen shacks were finished I found that I was four hundred dollars in the hole for labor. You see, the shacks were a little different from any I had worked on before, and I had guessed on the difference in labor. I had not laid out the most economical methods of construction. I can build a house today and easily run the cost fifty per cent too high without any visible extravagance. On that shack job my methods of laying the bottom plates and the floor beams and framing the sides and the roofs cost me this unexpected loss of four hundred dollars—not taking account of my own time.

"When I Arrived at the Farm, Unannounced, There Was Quite a Bit of Excitement"

"The general contractor paid my men and took my note, and I went back on wages. Soon afterward I was made a foreman; and in a few months—having reduced my debt—I had the courage to take another subcontract. This time the job was some rubblework culverts. As contractors were not plentiful I was not required to put up a check or bond, and I was able to rent my equipment. Without any capital, I was practically in business for myself, commanding a plant worth several hundred dollars. I ought to have cleared a thousand dollars on the job; but, instead, I found at the finish that I had sunk six hundred.

"This loss was not due to the lack of skilled masons; that part of the job was done all right. The trouble lay in the bossing of the job—in the executive end. In all forms of contracting the item of transportation runs up debits that frequently turn success into disaster. If you want a simple demonstration try hauling dirt a mile in an ordinary dump-wagon of a cubic-yard-and-a-half capacity. Keep your detailed costs and then try a larger wagon, with an extra horse or two—rented, if necessary. I've often seen transportation costs cut squarely in two by planning.

"My loss on the culvert job lay chiefly in transporting sand, cement and the supplies for my little camps. By planning I could have bunched these deliveries. I could have worked pretty much on the principle of a crushed-stone contractor I know who harnesses gravity on a lot of his plant transportation. One trouble with most men—in all lines of business—is their failure to utilize gravity hauls in whatever they do.

"I was pretty mad over that six-hundred-dollar fizzle. I knew there was a way to make money at contracting, for I'd seen it done. And my nerve was right there with me—crude nerve though it was. I suppose it was born in me, inherited from old Michael Milligan, of Vermont.

"There was a tenderfoot out there from Boston, with quite a bit of money; and he had a notion of going into contracting. He'd been in some contractors' pool back East and had cleaned up pretty well. It's easy to make money by crooked combines, but I don't call that contracting. Besides, sooner or later, you're pretty sure to get singed. I've kept pools off my profile. However, I went in with this Boston dude, and through the splendid planning of the general contractor my partner and I put through a section of grading at a profit of four thousand dollars apiece.

"Then I went back to visit my parents and show dad my wad. I stopped off in Chicago and bought a plug hat, and when I arrived at the farm, unannounced, there was quite a bit of excitement.

"It happened that some roadwork was to be let in our township, and I decided to clean up some extras while making my visit. It was a rock job in places and I hadn't sense enough to employ men who were experts at that sort of thing. We drilled twice as many holes as were necessary, and used heaps of explosives. Then the handling of the blasted material ate up money amazingly, because nobody knew how to do it properly. Finally one of my men set off a blast under a farmer's team, killing both horses and interfering for some little time with the hearing of the farmer himself.

"By this time I hankered for Montana again; so I assigned the contract, gave Tim my silk hat—he was still on the farm—and said goodby to Vermont. In St. Paul I chanced to meet a contractor who advised me to go to New Mexico, where a lot of small railroad contracts were going begging. I had just enough money to get to Albuquerque. Meanwhile I had telegraphed to my former Montana partner, who was in San Francisco, and he met me in New Mexico. We had done so well before that he was willing now to go into this new work. We secured a grading job of considerable size, got our plant and dropped all our capital within six months. You see, conditions were quite different down in New Mexico. In contracting you've got to start fresh on every job. The cost figures you've kept on one job will not fit another.

This is why you often hear contractors say that keeping detailed costs isn't worth while. This, however, is fallacious reasoning and has led to more failures than anything else. It isn't so much the actual figures that should descend from one job to another—it's the methods of getting those figures. If you have an underlying scheme or philosophy of finding your cost units you're not apt to go far wrong.

"We had no such scheme. We had no science of short hauls. We did not select our camps and bases of supplies with skilled foresight, nor did we properly classify the material to be handled. Our equipment was wholly inadequate. I see contractors all about me today who pay as little attention to these things as we did then. They are not confined to railroad construction, but may be found in the building field, in dredging, in manufacturing. Not long ago I saw a gang of laborers unwatering a cellar excavation by means of a chain of buckets—and half the water was spilled back into the hole. The contractor lost in this way during the season at least six times what a gasoline pump would have cost him.

"Well, my partner sued me for losing his money. He claimed that I was under obligation to furnish the experience, since he put in the cash. I settled the case out of court by promising to pay him back as soon as I made a strike. From today's viewpoint I wish to say that he was a bigger fool than I. These fool partnerships are infantile in their simplicity. A man who cannot judge another's capacity better than this partner judged mine should be in a feeble-minded asylum instead of in business."

### *The Art of Handling Men*

"I KEPT on in this way two or three years longer, making a little money now and then on some fortunate contract, but promptly sinking it in some other job. Like most small contractors, I had come to believe the business one of pure luck, subject to the unaccountable whims of chance or of Nature; but one day I got a revolutionary viewpoint on the business of contracting. I'll tell you how it happened.

"I was in Seattle, having recently finished a job out in the Cascades that had come near finishing me. In Seattle I had taken the first thing that offered the hope of a little money—a small contract for excavating a cellar up on the James Street hill. Down on Front Street one evening I chanced to meet an acquaintance named McGoorty, who had been operating a year or two previous as a railroad contractor in California. Now, to my astonishment, he told me he had a contract for building ten houses in Seattle.

"'You've sure got nerve,' said I, 'to tackle a job of that sort. Since when did you learn how to build houses? The last time I saw you I believe you were hauling dirt out of a borrow-pit.'

"McGoorty laughed. 'I got the dirt all placed,' said he; 'so I came up here for a change of scenery. I'll get back to dirt in the fall, I reckon; but houses do well for a rest.'

"'But where'd you learn to build 'em?' I insisted.

"'I never learned,' said McGoorty with a wink. 'I'll tell you how it is, Milligan: I don't know how to build houses myself, but I know how to boss the fellows that do know. That's the real insides of contracting.'

"Now I knew that McGoorty was a rich man and had made all his money in the contracting business. The incident set me thinking and I began to get mad. I could look back over my own career and see plainly enough that I'd been a mighty poor boss. McGoorty was an Irishman like myself, but I wasn't ready to concede that he was a smarter Irishman than I. If McGoorty could do it I could.

"Next day I hunted him up and suggested that a firm named McGoorty & Milligan ought to make a big hit; but he laughed at me—confound his red head! He didn't see any reason for hitching a Milligan to a McGoorty. Dennis McGoorty was pretty good by itself!

"Then I struck him for a job, so that I might learn how he did the bossing. The upshot of it was that I worked for him three years; and if I hadn't been aiming pretty high you can bet I'd never have stood for the way he bossed me about. The Milligans were never strong on being bossed. My old dad found that out, and his dad before him.

"Part of these three years I worked in Seattle, on the executive end of McGoorty's contracts up there. When he got back to the dirt—he liked that sort of thing best—I went with him and helped him put through some big railroad contracts in Wyoming and Idaho. In one season he cleaned up half a million dollars—and I got only two thousand of it and my chuck. McGoorty still laughed at the idea of a partnership; so I quit him. I was pretty good on the bossing part of it by this time. That's the secret, I repeat, that a contractor must learn. And don't make the mistake of believing the art of bossing to be a fine delivery in profane declamation. The skillful boss is the man who can plan the layout of a piece of work so that the cost units are pretty close to the bottom; he's the man who knows where to get the experts to do the fine work, and who isn't afraid to pay them all they are worth; he's the man who keeps the game moving, whose materials come on time, whose plant is equal to the demands upon it, whose men don't want to quit, and whose output is somewhere near what it ought to be.

"Once I knew a dredging contractor whose machine stood idle a week, with forty men loafing, because of some missing repair part for the lever room. I knew a sewer contractor who forgot to send out his trench braces and held up the job for two days. I knew a railroad contractor who piled up a loss of twenty thousand dollars on one job; and I figured out for his benefit that eight thousand dollars of this loss had accumulated in the form of switching delays on his dump-car hauling. These men were poor bosses, though all of them could swear a blue sulphur flame.

"An old acquaintance of mine, a building contractor, forgot to include in his bid the entire third story of a building. He got the contract. When he discovered his omission he was suddenly seized with appendicitis and offered that as an excuse for canceling his bid; but the court said he'd probably be in better health now that his appendix was out, and ordered him to go on with the job. Maybe you think this an extreme case, but let me tell you that two-thirds of the smaller contractors in the country today habitually forget to include things in their bids. A faulty memory in contracting costs the contractors millions of dollars annually. The skillful boss builds up a memory.

"I learned so many of McGoorty's tricks in bossing that I'd like to spend all day telling about them, but I can only give you some of them as I go along with my story. My first bid, after striking out once more for myself, was for building a courthouse in Oregon. It was a thirty-thousand-dollar job, and you may imagine, when I tell you that my capital was less than four thousand dollars, that quite a little nerve was required on my part. To accumulate even this amount had required close saving.

"Before submitting my bid, I took the plans up to Portland and called on a building engineer I knew there.

"'How much will you take,' said I, 'to figure the cost of putting up this courthouse?'

"'Five hundred dollars,' said he.

"This staggered me somewhat, but I got back my nerve. 'I'll pay you six hundred,' I told him, 'if you'll check up all your items and give me an accurate list of quantities and prices, and a detailed schedule of labor and all other factors. I'll not stand for any mere cubing of the job. I can do that myself.'"

"I Showed Him a Wad of Cash That Made His Jaw Hang Down"

### *Two Heads Better Than One*

"THEN I went to another engineer—a young chap who hadn't been long in the game. He was anxious for work and he came over quick when I offered him a hundred dollars to do exactly the thing I'd hired the first engineer to do. You see, I meant to let those two men work independently of each other. To this day I follow that plan—I seldom take one man's word for a thing.

"Well, sir, the figures of the first engineer were more than four thousand dollars under those of the second. The first one, you see, was an expert on planning and layout, and he reckoned every item from the viewpoint of the best management. I was afraid, at first, that he had made a mistake; but when I went over the figures with him I saw just how he had saved here and there. I paid him the six hundred, knowing full well he had given me more than my money's worth. I was pretty sure, too, that I'd get the job—and I did.

"But now the certified check required of me almost exhausted my capital at the start. I had no money for a plant and none to swing the job on. If those county officials had known my state they'd have cut me off quick.

"However, I knew what I was doing. I was no longer a fool Irishman; I'd cut my wisdom teeth. A contract of that sort was an asset not to be sneezed at. Of course I had risked seven hundred dollars on those two engineers; but, even if I'd lost the courthouse contract, the knowledge I had gained would have been worth far more to me than it cost. Up to that time I'd never had a better lesson in the art of planning and layout.

"I had just about money enough remaining to run down into Utah to see McGoorty. He was beginning a big railroad job there and was pretty busy. He was glad to see me and offered me a job before I had a chance to open my head. He was willing to pay me five thousand dollars a year and my keep if I'd jump in and help him do the bossing.

"I didn't want the job—I was out for myself. I believed I could make a hundred thousand dollars within two or three years. So I told McGoorty about my courthouse contract and asked him to finance it. In his shack we spent most of the night going over the thing and he was mightily pleased at the way I'd gone about it. He agreed to go in. I never yet knew a gilt-edged job that went begging for capital. The young contractor who knows what he's about is playing a tolerably safe game, whether he has money of his own or not. Why, that's how most of the big fellows now in the business got their original start. They had the nerve to go ahead and tackle big things. They dug up the money on the strength of their enterprise and courage. Even if they didn't know how to do the detailed work themselves they climbed up by bossing the technical experts—just as I bossed those two engineers.

*(Concluded on Page 41)*

# Billy Fortune and the Solemn Truth

"The Man Don't Live That Knows Any Facts About Women, Because There Ain't Any"

By WILLIAM R. LIGHTON

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK E. SCHOONOVER

DID you ever know a woman that could tell the solemn truth? No—nor you never will. It's right comical to watch 'em at it, circlin' round it, makin' quick little scared dabs at it and duckin' away again, and gettin' their minds all mussed up with it; but they never go to the middle of it, do they?—not right straight to the plumb middle. Why, sure they claim they do—they claim they've got a patent on it; but all the same they don't. Yes; I wouldn't wonder if they mean to sometimes—mebbe—if it's somethin' they don't care much about; but you let 'em get interested and they just can't cut it. Why do you reckon that is? I've got my own notions.

No—nor don't you ever try tellin' it to one of 'em—not the real, solemn truth. Not if you want to stay friends with her. Not on your life! I knew a man that tried it once—with me sort of helpin' him some on the side—and it pretty near ruined him.

He was a funny man. He didn't belong in Wyoming. I don't know where he'd come from. Back East somewhere. They said he hadn't been able to get along with his folks on account of him bein' so queer; so they'd give him what was comin' to him and run him out here and got him started in the sheep business. What makes 'em do it? But they do. If a man turns out kind of unreliable in his head back yonder they always figure that the sheep business ought to be the very thing to suit him, don't they? It ain't so. It takes a wizard of a wise man to run sheep and make 'em go; but you can't make 'em believe it. They've got a notion all a man has to do is to turn his sheep loose on the range and set round and listen to 'em blattin' till the wool gets ripe enough to pick, and then sell it and put the money in the bank—and that's all! Shucks! But, anyway, there he was.

I run into him over at Hartville one day when he was unloadin' a car of truck for his ranch. You could tell he was terrible new at it by the look of his junk. Books! He had tons and tons of 'em, marked on the boxes with big black letters. They didn't have nothin' to do with sheep, neither—I found that out; they was printed out in all these different languages—Dutch, and Jew, and Kuzoozoo, and suchlike. There must have been a million of 'em. And chairs! You'd have been surprised at the different chairs that man had—and tables, and beds, and willow hammocks, and cupboards, and the like of that. The news of him had got sort of circulated round. They said he'd fixed him one of these bingalows on his ranch, up on the side of a hill, and he was goin' to whirl in and change that part of Wyoming till it suited him. You know. There's hundreds of 'em have tried it. And there he was, fussin' round at the boys, nervous as an old hen with its head chopped off, tellin' 'em forty different things to do, with me settin' on my pony and watchin' him.

He got his eye on me after a bit and come over to me, quick and fretful, layin' his hand on my bridle and peerin' up at me through his glasses. Right young he was; younger than me—twenty-five or so; but it was the indoors kind of youngness, without any sunburn on it. He didn't run much to fat, neither, though you wouldn't call him lean exactly. A fair sort of a face he had. Earnest—ain't that what you call 'em? And knee pants, with a buckle, and leather leggins and a corduroy coat.

"Friend," says he to me, "do you want a job?"

Well, I did. I was lookin' for one, headed out toward Douglas; but I didn't feel exactly anxious, lookin' at him.

"Doin' what?" I says.

"Helping with this car of stuff first," he says, "and sheep afterward. Do you know anything about sheep?"

"Who—me?" says I. "If I don't I'd ought to. My mother's name was Mary. She was the one that had the little lamb. How much do you pay?"

The anxious look on his face seemed as if it kind of unpuckered some at that. You wouldn't say he laughed, but he looked as if he might if you'd give him a chance. He looked at me through his glasses a while and then he looked at me over 'em, and then back the other way.

"Do you know," he says, "I believe you're the man I want? I've been looking for you."

"Have you?" says I. "Well, now; ain't that funny? Because here I am. And that brings us right back, don't it? A man that finds just exactly what he wants had ought to be willin' to pay for it, oughtn't he? How much will you pay?"

He laughed this time right out.

"Listen," he says. "I've got about twelve thousand sheep over beyond Willow. They're strangers to me. I need a man who knows them. I wonder if you're that man."

"I wonder," says I. "The sheep is a curious animal. How much do you pay?"

"Forty dollars a month," says he, "if you're the man."

"Well, I'm him," I says, and I swung down out of my saddle and took hold.

It didn't take long to get on to him. He didn't care a hoot about sheep and he never would. You could tell that by the very look of him. The man don't live that can look at sheep through gold eyeglasses and make 'em out. His name was against him too—Frederick Albert Pruyn. That don't sound much like merinos, does it? By the end of the first day the boys was callin' him "Prunes," and then it was all off. He didn't even let on like he was goin' to care what become of his critters. I found that out long before the end of the first week, when he'd got himself settled on the front porch of his house, with one of his hammocks stretched out and a table beside it, and books and pipes and a bottle. That's where I found him when I come in from the range one noon.

"Say," I says to him, "what about dippin'?"

He laid his book down, open, across his stomach and laid there squintin' at me through his glasses.

"What?" says he. "Dipping? Dipping what, Mr. Fortune?"

"Dippin' what?" says I back. "Why, them sheep. Who bought that bunch for you anyway?"

"I don't know," says he. "Our solicitor, I presume. Why? Is there anything the matter with them?"

"Oh," says I, "your solicitor! I didn't know but it was your Sunday-school superintendent. No; there's nothin' the matter with 'em—only a few little things. Mange, for one. There's five thousand of 'em got it and the rest'll have it in a week or so. We've got to dip 'em and we've got to do it quick. What arrangements have we got?"

"Why, I don't know," says he. "If there's anything to be done, Mr. Fortune, do it, please. I prefer not to be troubled. Won't you come in to dinner?"

The dinner was just as funny as him. Soup, and little pink grubs out of a can, and crackers, and a sage-hen fixed up till you wouldn't know it. When we'd got through with it he rolled me over a cigar.

"Mr. Fortune," he says, "those sheep are in your hands. You do things to 'em. Don't mind me. Go ahead."

I set my elbows firmly up on the table and braced my chin on the palms of my hands and faced him.

"Say, look here," says I; "would you mind tellin' me what you're here for?"

He played that trick of droppin' his head and lookin' at me over his eyeglasses.

"Why," says he, "we're running a sheep ranch, ain't we?"

"Oh, are we?" says I. "I didn't know. And what are we doin' it for? Are we doin' it just for sport, or are we doin' it to make some money out of it? Can you tell me that?"

He made as if he was goin' to answer me and then he stopped a while, fussin' with the ashes on his cigar. What he said to me, after a bit, didn't seem to have much to do with sheep.

"Mr. Fortune," says he, "where are you spending your life—in a world that others make for you or in one you create for yourself?"

If he was goin' to act like that, what was the use? I just leaned back and stretched my legs under the table.

"Me?" says I. "This world? Why, anybody ought to see I made mine myself. Yes, indeedy! A nice world all full of little woolly baa-lambs and their mas, runnin' round over a mess of nice hills all covered with sagebrush and cactus, and me sleepin' on the ground and livin' out of tin cans, and seein' a woman about once every three months, and a good drink not much oftener. Certainly!"

His face was sober, but his eyes was twinklin' at me. He touched a dinky little bell settin' on the table and his nigger come in. I didn't tell you about that nigger. This Frederick lad had fetched the nigger with him to cook and wait on him. A real smooth nigger he was, with a white cap and a fussy little white coat.

"Thomas," says Frederick to him, "the gentleman is dry." And then, while we was waitin' for Thomas to produce the bottle, Frederick he took another look at me. "You are jesting with me, Mr. Fortune," says he. "That seems to be a habit in this country. Every one makes a jest of everything. Don't you ever look at anything seriously?"

I poured me a drink and set lookin' at the pretty color of it and the oily marks of the drops up against the sides of the glass.

"Oh, shucks!" I says. "There's lots of things you ain't found out yet, ain't there? Let me tell you: The solemnest man in this world is the man that makes a joke of it all. That's because he's found out it ain't worth bein' solemn about. And that makes him solemner than ever. And that's why he just keeps on jokin'. And the harder he jokes the melancholier he keeps on gettin'. Can't you see that?"

Frederick Albert had been studyin' me real close.

"Yes," says he; "just so. The trail of your argument is rather difficult to anticipate, Mr. Fortune, but it's easy to follow. Just so! And that is really the way you look at it?"

"Why, sure!" says I. "I mean, I guess so. I don't know. Do you? I got plumb done, a long while back, with tryin' to make out what's really so and what ain't. Whenever that bet comes up to me I just pass."

He settled back in his chair and turned round to the window, peerin' out at the rocks and the hills and the pines.

"Yes," says he, sort of absent-minded; "that's very true."

"What is?" says I. "Did I say somethin' true? If I did it was a mistake. I certainly never meant to."

He commenced drummin' with his fingers on the table, with his face all squinted up.

"Yes," says he again; "that's very true. But tell me: Isn't there anything at all you've proved out so that you can tie to it?"

I had to bring him back. I couldn't see the use. If I'd wanted to squander my time I'd a heap rather have been playin' mumbly-peg or somethin'. You never do get anywhere with arguin', do you?

"Why, yes," says I. "I'm tied to them sheep right now. What are we goin' to do with 'em?"

"Ah, yes -those sheep," he says. "Please do whatever is necessary to be done, Mr. Fortune, and I'll be perfectly satisfied."

If he wasn't goin' to care nothin' about sheep, there was somethin' else after a bit. You can guess what it was. She was the sister of that English lad that had the Spanish Diggin's range over the other side of Willow, and she'd been keepin' house for him ever since they'd hit the country a couple years before. The boys had got to like the Englishman fine, on account of him mixin' so friendly; but it hadn't been the same with the girl. No, there wasn't anything the matter with her, only she just hadn't ever found out how to belong. She wanted to, only she was too proper. She'd just got the notion that she was some kind of a stranger in the country and she didn't seem to have the knack of gettin' round it. It ain't everybody can do it.

I hadn't ever set eyes on her till one day after I'd got the dippin' tanks started, over back of the horse corral. I'd gone up to the house to ask Frederick Albert about some more cement or somethin'; and there he was, sound asleep in his hammock, with his mouth hangin' open and his feet in a couple of rough-lookin' old slippers, and his collar unbuttoned, and his hair all up on end, and the floor and table and chairs littered with his everlastin' books. He didn't wake up when I come.

"Oh, well, it don't matter," I says. "You know what he'd tell you to do anyway. Go on and do it." And so I went in the house to the telephone. When I come out the girl and her brother had rode up and tied their horses, and here they come up the porch steps.

Proper! Yes, sir; that's the very word for her. The slim-legged little bay mare she'd rode was proper, with its mane and tail clipped; and the new little side-saddle was proper. And the girl's dress was just perfectly proper—anybody could tell that. Dark green it was, fittin' up snug on her, with the trail of it held up in her little hand; and a funny little proper kind of a hat to match; and a proper little kind of a ridin' whip; and her pretty brown hair all smoothed up proper. No, sir; there wasn't a blessed thing the matter with her. She'd have been just as perfectly pretty as any girl you'd want to look at if it just hadn't been that she looked as if she didn't know for sure whether it was just exactly proper for her to be comin' round like that and makin' us a visit. She was hangin' back, holdin' on to the man's arm tight, with her brown eyes bashful and her face colorin' up with shyness.

It wasn't botherin' the man much though. He come up a-grinnin', with them big English front teeth shinin'. He was dressed up some too; but different clothes don't make a speck of difference in a lad like him. He had his hat pushed away back on his head and he was enjoyin' himself fine.

"Hello, Billy!" he sung out to me. "I heard you were here. You're looking bully! Say, this is my sister, Miss Hungerford. Mr. Fortune—Elizabeth. Billy's one of the landmarks round here; we all go by him."

She made as if she might shake hands with me if she'd been sure in her mind about it. You don't catch me missin' none of them kind of chances though. It was a little bit of a hand, in its smooth little bit of a glove—just right for holdin' on to; but her brother didn't give me near time enough for it.

"Billy," says he, "we've come to call on Mr. Pruyn. Is he round somewhere?"

Well, there he was, all right—layin' with his neck twisted sideways against the edge of the hammock, snorin' away like a young sawmill. You wouldn't hardly say he was right pretty to look at. Did you ever see a man that did amount to much for looks when he was sleepin'? The sight of him made the girl stop quick at the head of the steps; but the Hungerford lad let out a big, boomin' laugh.

"Hello, Pruyn!" he called out. "Wake up, man! Here's company come." And little old Frederick Albert commenced to sputter and choke and stretch himself, tryin' to get his eyes open.

"Yes! Yes!" says he. "What's the matter? What's happened?" And then he come awake with a jerk. "Saints above!" says he, and tried to get up so quick he flopped off his hammock on to the floor, all spraddled out. I never waited for the rest of it; I just went back to my tanks.

You'd have judged that the Pruyn boy wasn't just exactly suited with that way of gettin' acquainted with her by the way he behaved. It wasn't but the next afternoon till he sent the nigger for me, to fetch me over to the house. He was back in his bedroom and he had clothes scattered all over the place. There was clothes till you couldn't count 'em; and you'd have guessed by the look of him, standin' there in the middle of the floor, that he'd been meanin' mebbe to put some of 'em on—but he hadn't made much headway yet. He seemed all out of sorts, too, because he commenced to glare at me through his glasses.

"Mr. Fortune," says he, "this is a cursed country of yours!"

"Yes, sir," I says; "that's a true word. I reckon every blessed man in it has took a hand at cussin' it some one time or another. You'll be at it, too, pretty soon—sure."

He started right away, stampin' his stockin'-foot on the mattin', real impatient.

"Confound it, sir!" says he. It sounded right naughty, too, the way he said it. "Confound it, sir! I wish you'd be good enough to stop that idiotic habit of trifling with everything that's said to you, for just this once." He was cross, Frederick Albert was; but he was sorry for it right away. "I beg your pardon, Mr. Fortune," says he. "I lost my temper. But please be serious with me. I want you to advise me." He didn't say what about, though—not for a while; he just begun to muss up his hair with his hands, walkin' up and down the room. By-and-by he give a nervous little laugh.

"Mr. Fortune," says he, "I'm afraid I didn't make much of an impression on that young lady yesterday. Do you think so?"

"Impression?" says I. "Oh, I don't know. Different men has their different little ways with the women. I wouldn't wonder but she'd been right interested."

He give me another of his peevish little frowns, as if he was goin' to scold me again; but he didn't.

"This is what I want to know of you," he says: "I'm going over there for dinner this evening. How do you go in this country when you want to be informal?"

I guess I didn't get what he was drivin' at.

"Why, horseback mostly," I says.

"No, no!" says he. "I mean, how do you dress? What do you wear? Isn't there any custom among you?"

"Why, yes, there is," I says. "We mostly wear whatever we've got. I reckon you couldn't hardly do that, though—could you?—with all this layout. If I was you I'd just shut my eyes and put on the first things I could reach. That'd do fine."

It didn't help him much.

"My soul!" says he. "Isn't there any rule for doing anything at all out here?"

"Oh—rules!" says I. "Oh, certainly. There's millions of 'em—only nobody ever pays any attention to 'em. You just go right ahead and wear anything. It won't matter a mite."

He put on as much as three different suits of clothes and took 'em all off again before he got one that seemed to strike him as if it might do; and then it took him a quarter of an hour to find a collar that would fit his shirt and a necktie that suited him. He sure was one fussy man. When he'd got himself rigged out he was all of a tremble.

"I certainly do need a drink," says he; and when Thomas had dug it up he put a man's-sized one into him and dropped down in a big chair.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Fortune," he says again. "I was irritated. I was—well, to tell you the frank truth, I am particularly anxious not to make a spectacle of myself again in the eyes of that young lady. A very charming woman—don't you think? Uncommonly charming!"

It must have went off all right, because he come back plumb late and he was singin' when he rode by the bunk-house. He couldn't sing a lick, but he was makin' a real noble try for it. That's one of the signs that don't ever go back on you: You let a man go to see a girl and be monkeyin' with a tune when he comes away—and he's been suited! There was another sign too: He rode over again on Saturday, and on Sunday they come to our house and had their dinner; and then, away along after dark, when I was tryin' to get to sleep, I could hear 'em up on the porch takin' turns at it—Frederick Albert's nervous little voice that sounded like thin wires stretched tight, and the English lad's boomin' bass, and the girl comin' in every once in a while with her soft, proper little ripple of a laugh. I judged they was gettin' on real nice.

It didn't last that way though. One day in a week or so I found him back in his room, settin' in the middle of a thick cloud of pipe-smoke, away down deep in a bad, bad fit of the sulks. My, but he was cross!

"Say," I says to him, "we'd better be havin' some of the boys start work on that dam while the water's so low—hadn't we?"

He didn't let on like he heard me at all, except by the sign of buryin' himself deeper in his smoke. I stood in the middle of the floor and waited, till he give his slippers a rasp on the mattin'.

*"Saints Above!" Says He, and Tried to Get Up So Quick He Flopped Off His Hammock on to the Floor, All Spraddled Out*

"Well!" says he, with a nasty twang in his voice. "Why are you standing there? How many times have I got to say it over to you that I don't care a rip what you do round the place, so that you stop bothering me with it? Is that so hard to remember?"

Whee! Wasn't he saucy, though? It tickled me. Don't you enjoy seein' 'em have them little spells?

"Yes, sir," says I; "I'll tend to it. And I expect you don't mind which one of the hills we dig the rock out of, if we're careful not to spoil the looks of it?" He didn't say a word—just puff-puff-puff! "And I expect you'd like to have us put the dam in good while we're about it, and make them waste-ways like I showed you in the picture. And we might as well be runnin' the levels of the ditches, too, and stakin' 'em off—don't you guess? Have you got any arrangements about your alfalfa seed yet?"

He come up on his feet with a snort.

"For Heaven's sake!" says he. "Will you stop that? Get out of here and leave me alone!"

"Yes, sir," says I, real meek; and I started for the door. I was right anxious to go, for fear I couldn't hold in the grins; but I hadn't got out in the hall yet when he called to me.

"Oh, come back here!" he says. "Sit down." And then, after a little while: "Mr. Fortune," says he, "you have a rough sort of philosophy in your make-up. I want to talk to you, man to man. I shouldn't wonder if you know some things better than I do. No doubt you're a lot more practical. Tell me this: Do you know anything about woman?"

That's the way he pronounced it—woman! It sure does amuse me to hear 'em say it. You can always tell what's the matter with 'em when they say it that way.

"Woman?" says I. "Oh, gee-whiz! Yes!" Of course I didn't—the man don't live that knows any facts about woman, because there ain't any; but I wasn't goin' to show my ignorance and ruin the sport. "Oh, gee-whiz! Yes!" says I. "That's right where all my wiseness comes right to a point."

The queer little critter smudged his corner all up with smoke before he tried to go on; but by-and-by he waved a rift in it and glowered and frowned at me through it.

*You'd Have Guessed by the Look of Him That He'd Been Meanin' Mebbe to Put Some of 'Em On—But He Hadn't Made Much Headway Yet*

"I've never in my life had more than a mere nodding acquaintance with one of them," says he. "I don't know anything at all of their ways. I had an idea they were the most reasonable of creatures."

"Reasonable? Murder!" I says. "Whatever put the like of that into your head? Why, that's the proposition the very first man got bit on. That was years ago. Hadn't you heard about it? Have you been tryin' to reason with one of 'em?"

"But listen," says he. "This was no trifle. It wasn't merely a matter of argument or opinion. It was a serious difference on a point of plain truth."

"Oh—truth!" I says. "That's worse yet. If you ask me I wouldn't fool with it if I was you."

"Why not?" says he, real crisp, turning on me sudden.

"Life's too short," I says. "Besides, there's easier ways and ways they like better."

"What do you mean?" he snaps at me, impatient like. "Do you mean temporizing?"

"No, I don't," I says. "That's a mean word. I mean lyin' to 'em, the way they want you to lie. It's the only way they'll ever believe you. Yes, sir; I'm tellin' it to you straight: The only way you can ever have your own way with a woman is to give up to her ways in every blessed thing! The minute you start tellin' 'em the facts about the way things are—right then's when you get in bad. Can't you see the sense of that?"

He didn't seem to take to it much.

"You're merely making a joke of it as usual," says he. "You're ridiculing me!"

"I'm not doing any such a thing," says I. "I'm tellin' it to you just exactly the way it is."

"But why," says the little man, "should a woman prefer to believe that black is white or that white is black—deliberately, Mr. Fortune?"

"She don't," says I—"unless it's some man that starts to tellin' her the truth about it. Then she does."

"But why?" says he.

*(Continued on Page 56)*

# GETTING THE FRANCHISE

## The Story of a Street-Railroad President

*ILLUSTRATED BY F. B. MASTERS*

I WAS born to my business. The very blood of railroading runs in my veins. My father and my grandfather were in the business. My grandfather was a mason on the first railroad tunnel that was ever pierced through the rocky backbone of Manhattan Island, and for many years my father was a conductor on the —— Avenue Horse Railroad, in New York. When I was a boy I could keep in touch with the handiwork of each. We lived only a little way from Park Avenue and I had more than a passing interest in the —— Avenue Horse Railroad.

I was also born to poverty—not the squalid sort, but the kind that the college-settlement workers persist in calling middle-class; for my father had a decent, old-fashioned pride in keeping his family in a decent way. Not that his was an easy job or a well-paid one. For many years he was paid from a dollar and a quarter to a dollar and a half a day and his day's work was sixteen hours long. For fourteen years his work began at one minute after four o'clock in the morning, and for those fourteen years he made a record of always being on time. He never missed a day, even Sundays—save for a week or so when he was laid up with a sprained wrist; and in that week the horse-car company docked his pay. When he worked late at night my mother used to sit up so that she might awaken him and he would have plenty of time to trudge a dozen blocks down to Eighty-sixth Street and start with his car from the barns at sixty seconds after the stroke of four. Remember, that was a day in which there were no alarm clocks. I can see her now—God keep her honest, patient soul!—sitting there by the dying glow of the fire, her shawl tightly drawn round her thin shoulders, reading. She was a great reader, and while all of us slept she read—that my dad might not break his record at the barn.

Out of his pay—mind you, he was on the cash end of the car—the old gentleman financed his living; and by-and-by he bought a little piece of land up in Yorkville, near where his car ran. That piece of land is today the prize asset of my family fortunes. It is in a fashionable part of New York and the desk upon which these lines are being written stands upon that land. So much for my father's forethought—and not one whit less for my mother's. I can remember seeing her go over to Third Avenue day after day, so that she might intercept the truck-wagons that were toiling down toward Washington Market from Westchester way and buy potatoes at twenty-five cents a bushel. Last week my wife was paying a dollar and a quarter for the same amount of the same farm fruit. . . .

If I have lingered on my mother and my father it has been because I wanted you to understand how they were the making of me. It was their force, their love—even their poverty—that hardened me. Work! It was the very grindstone upon which I was sharpened for contact with the world. When I was eighteen my father said he would speak to the starter down at the barn about getting a job for me. I shook my head slowly at the suggestion, however. I could see a suspicion come into his eyes that he might have spent his time bringing up a loafer. I contradicted that.

"I'm not going on a car platform," I told him. "I'm willing to work as hard as any man, but I'm not going to follow your example and be a slave! I'm going to keep my boots blacked and my collar clean and sit at a desk."

At that the old gentleman fell to cursing, as was his prerogative—a right that had not been hindered by a proficiency attained in bringing his car through the crowded streets of downtown New York. I listened to him a while, then went downtown and got a desk job for myself with the —— Avenue Horse-Railroad Company.

I was born to my business. If I had not been I could not have stolen into the private office of James Daggett, the old president of that company, and forced a job out of him. How I did that I do not now recall. I remember there was some profanity—on his part, of course—some determination on my part, and finally orders to report to the horse-car line's attorney. When I told my old gentleman of my interview with his railroad's president, and its result, he threatened to give me a licking for lying to him.

I was in a new school and it was a hard school. I went to work in the crooked claim end of the crooked legal department of a crooked horse-car line. You cannot run a railroad through the crowded streets of a metropolitan city without piling up a great product of accident claims. We were no exception to that rule. We met with fakers ourselves, but we could point no finger of honest scorn at them, for we committed about everything short of grand larceny, arson and murder to avoid paying accident claims—and were rather successful after a fashion. We had internes in the hospitals on our lists, for they rode free on our cars, and we did not issue pass-cards just for fun. We had many policemen too. They drew nice fees

and dined on the company at the old Astor House. We knew our friends and we made few mistakes in choosing them.

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However, that was not railroading as I wanted to know it. So it was really a glad day for me when I found myself outside of the organization of the horse-car line. There had been a shake-up, and office politics—the great weakness of almost every railroad, large or small—was dictating every step of the reorganization. There was a new general counsel above me and he was a practical man. Before he had been at his new desk three days he sent an emissary to me. "You will have to come across!" said the emissary. Translated, that meant my pay would be raised five hundred dollars a year and I would give back to the new general counsel half of that amount. Those were the terms. I could accept them or walk out of the employ of the —— Avenue Horse-Railroad Company.

I hesitated. I was just married. My soul was slightly calloused and I was afraid to get fired just then, with that young girl hanging on my arm and looking at her husband as if he were a master of finance to make Wall Street tremble—if he really wished. But the horse-car business was rotten then in New York and my soul was not so calloused that it could not see that plainly. Then the thing was quickly settled for me. My mother died—quite unexpectedly. There was a last minute of saying goodby to an old friend; and in that minute she was giving me one parting thought.

"Larry," said she, "you're a good boy. Stay on the level!" After that I could not stay with the old road for any consideration.

So it was that I threw up my job with the horse railroad just as it was going into the hardest times of its history. The elevated railroads had just been built and New York was as pleased with them as a boy with a new pair of skates. People were saying that Central Park was going to amount to something after all; and the contractor of the Sixth Avenue line built a big sort of house-hotel facing it at Fifty-ninth Street that he called Apartments, never dreaming that he was giving birth to a new New York. There were five-cent hours and ten-cent hours, and an awful fight when the politicians up at Albany made the elevated roads carry folks at all hours for five cents. The elevated-railroad managers said they would be bankrupt within twelve months; but they did not know even the beginnings of the city transportation business in those days.

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Within forty-eight hours I had a new job. Big Jim Relligan, of our ward, had been watching me quietly—as Tammany politicians do watch the young men coming up within their bailiwicks. Relligan had almost broken on paving contracts after the Tweed smash. As a boy, he had taken the old boss' fancy. Before he was twenty-five he was a rich man. Even when the smash came and there was scarcely cellroom in the Tombs for Tweed's friends Relligan came through smiling, unscathed; but he was sick of New York. The nasty business of the new courthouse had unnerved him a bit, after all.

"You would like X——," he told me, mentioning the name of a great state, historic in associations but fairly pulsing with new life and industry. "There's opportunity there. Incidentally I have a job for you in X—— this very minute."

Relligan took good care of me. For more than twenty years I was his right-hand man, and I was still learning the transportation business, root and branch. It was a splendid post-graduate course and Relligan was no small shake as a faculty. We had taken over a little fly-by-night steam proposition when it was the traditional streak of rust across the face of half a dozen counties in two interior states and nearly ready for the sheriff, and we had made it pay its dividends in as pretty a fashion as any one might wish. So soon as the road was worth owning, however, the big A. & B. system came along and took it away from us by methods that are known to every railroader in the land. There was a little flurry in our securities—just as a stray bubble or two on a millpond's surface might indicate that fishes were fighting underneath, or a hungry pickerel was swallowing minnows—and we were no longer in existence. Relligan was swearing mad, with a two-million-dollar crimp in his bankroll; and we started for New York to raise ructions with Sam Kearney, the brains back of A. & B. Relligan went first into the banker's private office; but he was out after me in thirty minutes, with the old grin settled about his mouth. And Sam Kearney was saying:

"Why don't you get into this electric game before it is too late? I don't think much of the interurbans, but take any good husky city and it's worth while. See them turning the trick already in the big towns! Within ten years there won't be a city in the land without its railroads consolidated. Get into the game before it is too late!"

And that was a prelude to the fact that we went into it—Sam Kearney and Relligan and myself. Kearney put his credit back of us and we found the town—just a nice, unsuspecting American city that was going to have its first taste of big business. We took a night train out to Riverport—which will have to pass for the name.

*II*

RIVERPORT—a typical city of the Middle West—had just passed through what we used to call the fly-by-night period of trolley-building. On the south side of the river—its chief civic center—had been the first horse railroads. They had already been gathered together, cheaply and poorly electrified, and they were being poorly managed—that is, they were poorly managed in the sense that they were wastefully managed. No one had ever come from the seaboard to tell the Riverport Citizens' Railroad Company that dividends rested in the folks who hung on the straps in the cars—not in those who were snugly seated for a long ride. The Citizens' Railroad was running with horse-car brains. As it united the old horse-car lines, it introduced transfers—voluntarily. That was a tremendous mistake. When I think of the way free transfers were made popular across the land in the nineties it still makes me sick at heart. Some of the towns on the Atlantic seaboard actually bragged about the number of miles they would carry a man for a nickel—a dozen miles on a straight run; twenty and twenty-five miles with transfers.

The Citizens' Company and the unorganized properties on the north side of the river were all managed by local talent when we reached Riverport. It was impossible at the beginning to do business with the Citizens' bunch. They had the cream property of the town—and they knew it. They were waiting to take the north-side properties when they were ready—and we knew that. The north side of the river was still the laughing-stock of Riverport. The directors of the Citizens' were saying they would buy the north-side lines when they came to them in a receiver's sale. While they were talking we were buying. We gathered up everything that the Citizens' Company had left untouched; and, lest it should become alarmed, we turned the entire trick in thirty-six hours.

When we were done we had a choice junkheap—about one hundred and ten miles of battered track, three or four hundred cars equally battered and of every variety, and some assorted real estate of questionable value. It had cost us a little over eleven million dollars—for two of the companies had come rather high—and we capitalized at twenty millions, so as to get the thing into round figures. We began to issue bonds for the regeneration of our property.

So was born North Side Traction. I realized the fondest dream of my boyhood and became a railroad president, for Relligan did not move to Riverport, keeping his interest in the property through his holdings and his chairmanship of its board. Below me ranged an organization made up of the best men we had inherited with our properties. They ranked high in loyalty. We could pick up ability as we needed it.

We had hopes for the future. The South Side, because of its cramped geographical location, seemed to be nearing its limit of growth. Our cars monopolized the only highway bridge that crossed the broad river, and by grace of the Citizens' Company we were permitted to deliver our passengers at a stub-end terminal abutting Congress Street—the Broadway of Riverport—which I shall always remember as the very worst operating proposition I have ever seen. The North Side had its hopes, and they were ours. It had room to expand; and we let two or three clever real-estate men into our inner circle. We planned in an optimistic way for the development of our territory—and that was perhaps the best thing the poor old North Side Traction ever did.

"Poor old North Side?" you ask.

I shall not tell you here in detail of my troubles with that property during the first half-dozen years I lived in Riverport. It seemed as if the sheriff was always standing in the outer hall, and as I now look back upon it all I wonder how we escaped bankruptcy. It always seemed impending. There were many, many nights when I was awake thinking that it would collapse in the morning and the bankers of Wall Street would be pointing me out as a man who had tackled a big job and failed in it. It was my wife who held me to my task with that patient optimism of which she seemed to have an inexhaustible store.

"Remember you are a railroad president now!" she would tell me every time. I fancy she must have imagined a railroad president something hardly less than a king; but it was her loving fancy that kept me breasting the nasty currents, finding some resource in each of those bad times to keep off the hungry creditors of the logy corporation that we had launched.

We had creditors because we were forever spending money. Fashions in electrical equipment were changing faster than fashions change in women's hats, and we were forever ripping out perfectly good engines and generators so that we could effect operating economies. That sounded well when I was running over to New York and doing tall explaining to Relligan and to Sam Kearney; but it took a lot of real money, just as it took money to buy new rails and new cars, twenty-five and fifty at a time. All this time we were being cordially damned by the folks who rode in our cars. To make at least an even break and dodge the sheriff, we had to skimp the service. We showed the local talent in the Citizens' concern that the profit rested in hanging folks up on the straps. We cut down the service—and the North Side got up and yelled. We let it yell. We were not in business for our health. And after a little while the Citizens' Company was taking lessons from us.

Then—just as we were getting on our feet and giving our common stock a measly little two per cent—there came a panic year, and Riverport almost went to smash. The big mills shut down; the department stores cut down forces, and we lost our short-haul riders—the cream of the business. It made a big difference in our receipts and at a time when we could not afford to lose them. We were finishing our first modern power plant—an A-C station, with three twenty-five-hundred-kilowatt generators—and we were hard up for ready money. Sam Kearney could not help us. He was squeezed himself for the moment. We faced the music and cut the dividends off our common stock.

After that came a twelvemonth of recuperation and of wearisome explanations to our stockholders—and after that a morning when my wife came to me as I was shaving, kissed me on the forehead and told me our men had gone on strike. That was not news to me. I had known for weeks

*"Smash 'Em! Get in Under Their Slats! I'll Back You—If It Costs a Million!"*

they were organizing. Our wage-scales were low compared with other traction companies in large cities, and we knew it; but there were our common stockholders threatening to lynch me if I did not give them at least their two per cent back!

I determined to fight my men—and fight them I did to a finish—with the aid of the local police, a trained army of strikebreakers and the state militia. We won—that is, we won our points against the men. Nowadays I think we lost that strike, because we lost the final shreds of public sympathy that we then held; but we won our points and they were beaten—beaten and broken—their organization bankrupted and their own hopes crushed. We did not let them renew their organization. We put in our application blanks a clause which stated that in accepting employment with the North Side Traction Company a man accepted as a reasonable cause for instant discharge the fact of his joining any organization without the consent of the company. That settled them. When they signed their applications they also subscribed to that clause and we had them. However, to show that we took no risks, I made every tenth employee in our service a detective in the separate employ of our secret-service department. That worked. Every attempt that the men made thereafter to organize—and there were many of them, for our road was a fair mark for the walking delegates across the land—we nipped in the bud and heads went off as they did on a brisk day in the time of the French Revolution.

*III*

ALL these things were but a preface to the big battle in Riverport—the fight with the Citizens' Company for final control of the streets of that town which we were bound to have some day. From the beginning it had been apparent to us that eventually the two companies must merge. That has been the traction eventuality in every big city in the country. We were in no hurry. When we merged it was likely to mean free transfers between all the lines in Riverport, and we were already seeing that fundamental error of earlier days. Moreover, there was some reticence on the part of each company upon approaching the other in so delicate a matter. We were polite, but distant—that is, we were distant until the day the state legislature jammed through the measure for a second highway bridge, leading straight from the foot of Congress Street to the manufacturing district upon the north bank.

Congress Street, you remember, is the Broadway of Riverport, itself known as a one-street town. Sentiment for years had operated to keep Congress Street free from trolley tracks; but Riverport woke up one day to find that it had its own problems of congestion, just like Boston or New York or Chicago, or any other big town. For a decade it had been growing like a child in its teens. The North Side had justified each of our hopes. We used everybody—real-estate promoters, commercial bodies, banks and manufacturers—adroitly for the development of our territory, and North Side traction was beginning to be worth its oats; in fact, prosperity had increased our problems. Riverport bridge became a nightmare to every one of us. It was, in truth, the neck of a bottle and constantly subjected to tremendous strain. Sometimes in the busy December days, when we were hauling Christmas shoppers, we handled from two hundred and fifty to three hundred cars an hour over its single pair of tracks, and any street-railroad man can tell you what that meant to us.

Still, I think we should have worried along with it indefinitely if it had not been that we had still another fellow in our territory and if every blessed one of us had not been looking forward to the day when we were going to absorb him or else be lost ourselves in a swallowing process. That was the idea that recurred to us in Sam Kearney's office as Relligan and I sat there one day making explanations about the new situation which the plans for the Congress Street bridge had developed. We had been showing the old man how that one old bridge was beginning to bottle us up. I had photographs of the old spans in rush hours, and our traffic sheets, which were vastly more impressive than photographs; but before Kearney had fairly looked at any of these exhibits he took off his glasses and said:

"Raise hell with them!"

Relligan smiled and Kearney was hot. Kearney brought his fist down on the table. "Smash 'em!" he swore. "Get in under their slats! Send them into bankruptcy. I'll back you—if it costs a million!"

Then Relligan explained. The Citizens' Company was a pet vested interest of a great city—its banks, its trust estates, its money in every form. To smash the Citizens' Company would be to smash Riverport—it would mean civil war. And Kearney's brow slowly clouded.

"I've grown past the days of Donnybrook Fairs," said Relligan, "when smashing heads was my chief diversion in life. I've learned lessons. I've learned that it's better to have your enemy come to you on bended knee than to smash him. You're right, S. K.—we're going to consolidate; but Citizens is going to consolidate with North Side, not North Side with Citizens. They're going to come to us on bended knee, with their hats in their hands."

The frown slipped away from old S. K.'s face.

"I'm interested," he said. "Go straight ahead!"

"One of our young men has been earning his pay. He's found that the old legislative restriction against tracks in Congress Street expires next spring. Riverport seems to have forgotten that."

And again we were explaining the strategic importance of Congress Street to our biggest boss.

*IV*

AFTER all was said and done, however, Riverport took our big Congress Street plan quite coolly. It had not opposed the idea of trolley tracks on its chief thoroughfare. The conservative first families, who had laid the foundations of the city, were dying away and no longer controlled it. Old-flavored conservatism in the barouche was being driven out before modernism in the six-cylinder motor car—but Riverport had not fainted away at our beneficent plan. Even the reporters whom I summoned to my office, and to whom I explained its merits at great length, were not greatly impressed. The afternoon papers subordinated that really important piece of news to the details of a brewery strike and to the preparations for the fight at Reno. The morning papers did no better. Only one did me the courtesy of reproducing the maps I had handed out so freely; and another—the Morning Star—subordinated our scheme to an interview with Pete Arnold, the president of the Citizens' Company, in which he threatened to gridiron the entire North Side with the lines of his own traction company.

The fight was on and I felt that we had done ourselves no credit. Arnold was not garrulous; and when he talked Riverport knew he meant business. The day Arnold showed his hand I lunched with one of our directors—quiet little Drake Atkinson, of the Traders' Bank. I began to pour out my troubles to him. It seemed a comfort to have some one for confidences.

"What you need is a press agent," said the bank president.

"A press agent?" I demanded. "I thought that the theatrical business had about all the press ——"

"You're wrong," snapped Atkinson in peremptory fashion. "Everybody has a press agent. I've just the man in view for you—a distant relative of my wife. He's out of a job, I'm sure. He almost always is. You could get him. He's experienced. He's been with a big show and a three-ring circus; and ——"

I interrupted this time.

"Drake, this is no circus!" I said.

"It is going to be if you don't watch out," he said solemnly. "And we will all be doing a slide for life—without a net at the bottom."

. . . . . .

That night the Record cartooned me again. I should have been calloused by that time, for it was about the five-hundredth cartoon that had been printed of me since I had come to Riverport. This time it was different however; for this time I was seeking public favor—and making an awfully bad start toward it. That cartoon hit me squarely between the eyes, and yet it was not half so bad as some that had gone before. Still, it staggered me and I determined to give the Record my opinion of it.

As luck would have it, a Record man came into my office the next morning. Before he could slide a word out I was at him, saying:

"I wish you would tell your city editor that cartooning is all right at times, but there is a limit; and ——"

He interrupted me.

"A fool business," he said; "and we had no excuse at all for printing that."

I did not quite understand. I had not met many reporters who were willing to criticise their editors quite so freely as that.

"I will stop it," he added. "There will be no more of those cartoons, even if we have to change city editors to stop them."

Then he explained. He was from the business office, and he said the business office made and unmade city editors. He spoke like a man who meant business and dealt in no generalities.

"Well, what's the price?" I laughed at him.

He smiled in return and unfolded some blank sheets of ruled paper.

"North Side Traction will need a whole page in the Record's First Ward Industrial Supplement to show those people what it is going to do for Riverport. I'll make a special price to you for the page of five hundred dollars."

Five hundred dollars! That seemed a lot of money for one ad in just one newspaper, and I did not doubt but that the other papers would be after it. Still, the cartooning was bad business at that time and I agreed. The suave young man from the Record was nearly out of my office when I called him back.

"Why do you limit your special number to the First Ward?" I asked. "You know there are some other wards to Riverport."

He stood beside my desk again and looked straight into my eyes.

"There are seventeen wards in Riverport; before we are done we are going to have an industrial supplement for every one of them." He paused for an instant and I divined what was in his mind: "And you folks are coming across for a page in every one of them."

He left me figuring costs. The idea was appalling. As the door closed behind him I got Drake Atkinson on the telephone. "Send along that press agent!" I told him. "Wire him to come to Riverport on the next train!"

■

EVAN Durredge was his name and making plain folks famous his profession. He confessed that much to me the first time we met.

"It is easy enough to put it over for any one who is eighteen-carat big," he said gravely, "and they can generally handle their own cases fairly well; but when you get some dub from the south side of nowhere and try to put him on a pedestal as a bright and shining light, or else take up some bonehead who has not enough ingenuity to devise a slogan for a fourth-class post-office, and then make the members of ten thousand families quarrel for the morning paper so they can read his latest pearl of brilliancy—that is what stirs your professional ardor!"

I liked Durredge's enthusiasm—he was the sort of man who never grows out of boyhood; and then I liked the way he glorified his calling into a profession. You might have thought that he was a master surgeon bending low over some human frame and rescuing it from the great unknown to do its work among living men for a little longer time, or an attorney arranging to pilot some waterlogged financial craft through the perilous straits of bankruptcy into the broad seas of high finance once again.

I liked him. He held me hypnotized as he sang his own praises. Before I had recovered he had fixed his contract and his salary—upon his own terms. When he was gone I shuddered. He had contracted for himself at a bigger salary than I had ever paid an operating man—the very fiber of my organization. Still, I had every hope of the North Side's new press agent.

Did I say the North Side's press agent? I should have said the personal press agent of its president; for Durredge began writing his pieces, not about the company but about me. When I protested he laughed at me.

"I will make you famous and Kearney will double your pay," he said.

*Before I Had Recovered He Had Fixed His Contract and His Salary—Upon His Own Terms*

So it was that I came into attention in Riverport. I became known as the "valiant young man who had come out of New York in order that the most enterprising city of the Middle West might be freed from the tyranny of its traction trust." I believe he made me say something of the sort before one of the annual dinners of the many trade organizations with which Riverport was infested. He wrote my speeches. He did more—he made the papers print anecdotes and alleged bits of humor that he attributed to me—and which I had never seen. He ransacked joke books and forgotten biographies for material, while I did not even dare look at the papers any more.

"It is a fine sporting proposition," he afterward said—"even with the odds ten to six that some brick would call the turn on us by getting to the bottom of our game."

. . . . . .

It all went. P. T. Barnum was right. There is nothing so gullible as an American community; and the bigger it is, the more gullible it becomes. I became famous and more than famous—locally popular—under the guiding hands of Evan Durredge. Riverport began to forget the nasty things it had said of me. It credited me with being something of a wit and a good deal in earnest in my desire to help its rotten transportation situation. Mentally it followed the grooves that my press agent carved for it.

I became famous. I was invited to speak at dinners and before learned forums; and Durredge sat up late at night to make my remarks fit the reputation he had built for me. The papers printed my pictures as furnished by Durredge. I became nearly as famous as the new Public Utilities Commission that had been legislated into office to hold a club over my head.

The Public Utilities Commission was a rule of the game that we had not counted upon when we had gone to Riverport. There had been a state railroad board of some sort then, but it was a political hold-up and Relligan was capable of handling it at all stages of the game. Before election we gave jobs pretty freely to the two sets of bosses and they took care of us at the capital. We had some pretty fine motormen and conductors along in the fall before any important election; but it was worth while, even with our claim department howling for mercy and the shops working overtime for three months to get the equipment back in decent shape. Those bright boys from the Fourth Ward and the Sixth Ward could do the trick in a fortnight. If they saw a milk-wagon or a hearse in the same street they would bump it, even if they had to trot the cars off the rails to reach it.

After election day we always fired the whole crew and got along without them until nine or ten months had rolled round and the nation's welfare was again endangered by the possible success of the other party—whichever party that might be.

So it was that the old railroad board had not bothered us very much. Once, when young Agnew had come down from Chicago to take charge of our operating end, he worked it into his bright young head that he would increase the service out Franklin Avenue way. I told him to go slowly.

"You'd better see Clayton, the secretary of the Ninth Ward Board of Trade," I told him. "Let him have his organization pass a resolution hammering the dickens out of us, and we'll give them the new timetable grudgingly."

"I'll not get hold of Clayton," said Agnew. "We make this improvement ourselves and get the credit for doing the decent thing at the right time."

"No, no!" I exclaimed. "That's the way Clayton earns his salary. If he puts over a thing like that they may raise his salary; if he doesn't he may get fired. You don't understand the game."

"I guess I don't," said Agnew fiercely; "but I'm willing to do some experimenting with it. I'm sick of working for a concern that is always going round like a whipped cur and obeying orders when it's cuffed. Let's stand up—a decent corporation—and tell those Franklin Avenue folks they are going to have the decent done by them because they have given us a patronage that warrants the service increase."

He was young and impulsive, and I gave him a chance—not without misgivings. Within three days every misgiving was justified. We were in one of the prettiest messes we had ever known. Our announcement fell flat; we had played the rôle of whipped cur too long to make a shining hit in the part of benefactor. Clayton cut me on the street; Agnew was in despair. And I had received a personal letter from the head of the old railroad board, one of the cheeriest old pirates I have known:

> If you have any money to spend in improvement we will oversee that. Do you think we are here for our health? Next time give us the tip and we'll make an order. Otherwise, how would you like an order compelling you to vestibule your cars, summer equipment and all?

I understood. He also held his job by producing results. Only he could go through the form of the thing and still be the public's esteemed and reappointed servant. In our office—well, in our office things were different.

Of course his letter was blackmail; but we were at a disadvantage and we took our medicine. We ate humble pie; and by-and-by we had a little thrill of pleasure when the old gang walked out and a new gang walked in. The old gang were highbinders and the new one highbrows. They were a classy lot of boys, however, and they took hold of the railroad situation in our state like an encyclopedia staff preparing a snappy little two-hundred-thousand-word digest on the higher forms of mathematics. We were no longer a railroad—we were a theory, an interesting form of problem; and every philosopher from Locke and John Stuart Mill down was being consulted to solve us.

Within a month after that clever little staff of college degrees tackled us we were learning more about running a railroad than we had dreamed could be written in books. We rather enjoyed them. It was refreshing to meet theorists after the long line of "give-mes" or "hand-me-outs." The new bunch was honest, and we figured out that it could do us no particular harm. Evan Durredge said they would yet be handing us Congress Street on a silver platter. That was a pretty simile, but I had my doubts.

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Into my office walked one Major Brimmer, who announced himself as secretary of the Marlborough Citizens' Council—the whole South Side was as rich in civic organizations as a July field in dandelions, and they bloomed best out in the suburbs. Brimmer came to the point of his interview without hesitation.

"You need a public sentiment," said he—"something nice and rousing to put the South Side back of you on the Congress Street proposition. Of course you can line up your own territory; but the South Side—there's the rub. And without us you can do nothing."

I knew I was talking with a crook, but he was interesting and I let him go ahead.

"For five hundred dollars," he said a little later, "you can have a meeting in our new Odd Fellows' Hall in Marlborough—music, reporters, carefully edited speeches, unbridled enthusiasm for your Congress Street plan." He must have seen approval in my eye, for he went in deeper: "For a thousand dollars, a meeting in the Third Regiment Armory downtown—a bigger band, more reporters and more enthusiasm. In the Odd Fellows' Hall, at the first price, you get two or three aldermen—of course they don't count for much—a state senator and two members of the lower house, civic leaders who will talk as long as any one stays to hear them; but the armory meeting—there is the worth-while stunt!—a public protest against the Citizens' Company; the city treasurer, half a dozen state senators, and the dead ones expurgated from the platform." He moved closer—lowered his voice: "Two thousand dollars and I'll have the governor at the armory—and if I can't produce him you can keep the extra thousand."

I did not like the sound of that somehow. I thought Harkness was a square man, square-jawed, square-framed, square-hearted, who did things because he thought them right.

Brimmer had the quick intuition that a man must possess when he makes his success in a difficult and diplomatic calling. He saw that I was incredulous of his ability to produce the governor of our state.

"He won't know," he said. "I have men who can make him think that he cannot afford to miss the chance to address a big mass-meeting. We can take a risk. Harkness is not apt to go against the sentiment of the resolutions I will write myself, which will be read at the opening of the meeting."

I consented—sent Brimmer down to work out the details with Durredge. That evening my press agent rode across the bridge with me.

"Boss," said he finally, "I used to think some of my former achievements were some stunts; but now—after Brimmer—I'm a rank amateur. You don't know any nice little dub organization that needs a secretary, do you?—an alert young man who is willing to take a small salary and start at the bottom?"

. . . . . .

The next morning my press agent was back at me again, waving a publisher's pink contract in my face. There was blood in his eyes.

"You've disobeyed orders again!" he said accusingly. "You promised to send all the advertising men in to me—and here you've broken your word! Nine hundred dollars—and for a single page in the twiddle-twaddle edition of the brokendown Herald-Gazette! Boss, you're losing your wits!"

I found my apology. I thrust the blame upon one Arthur Jones, chief editor of the Herald-Gazette and a club acquaintance.

"Jones had me on the telephone and told me he was sending one of his young men over to me personally. He asked me one or two questions about the Congress Street situation, and I—I had reason to believe it was a reporter seeking an interview. After he came in I found him an advertising solicitor; but Jones is a good fellow—and that man said the Citizens was coming in for half a page and we could make them look like lame ducks."

My arguments were petering out under the accusing glance of Durredge.

"Nine hundred dollars—and their rate quoted in every advertising agency in this town—fifteen cents a line—three hundred lines to the column, seven columns to the page—twenty-one hundred lines—three hundred and fifteen dollars all told! Nine hundred dol—— Oh, boss, how could you!"

Before I could explain any more he interrupted, saying:

"Oh, I know! They told you they had to make it a round figure to include the drawing of a special design, cuts and the like—extras that are always included by first-class daily papers. The truth of it is that you get the corporation rate, which touches high levels with political advertising. And you transportation men think that you are clever!"

His accusing eye was upon me and I made a full confession. I told him that the Times—another of the journalistically

(Continued on Page 50)

*While All of Us Slept the Road—That My Dad Might Not Break His Record at the Barn*

# Some Funny Foreign Cures

## VANISHING FOOD FADS AND FOOLISH CULTS

By Woods Hutchinson, A. M., M. D.

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN R. NEILL

*The Traveling Dairies of the Town, Carrying Their Product on the Roof*

UNDER certain circumstances we seem really to enjoy making fools of ourselves. That is the bottom secret of success of many a system of medication and of all health cults. Anything that impresses the imagination, taken in an hourglass and followed up by large and long-continued doses of the greatest known remedy—time—will effect an astonishingly high percentage of cures. Nature does the work, but the bitter taste in the mouth gets the credit.

Any powerful impression that leaves us hungry, whether it be a big black pill, or starvation, or wading barefoot in the dew, is likely to do us good. This is particularly true of any kind of cure, no matter how "faddy," that includes life in the open air and something to take for the appetite which inevitably follows. The best and only permanent tonic is food.

Fasting is only half of the cure. It is the feasting that follows which does the business. The chief virtue of the jaw exercise of the chew-chew cult is that it gives us an appetite to go out and get some real food and bolt it whole. Consequently these fads have never had any wide or permanent popularity, since the only way to get any good out of them is to backslide and deny the faith. They have benefited their devotees on the same principle the immortal schoolboy declared in his essay—that pins have saved thousands of people's lives "by not swallowin' 'em!"

All the popular food fads and diet cures that have stood the test of time and have become standard occupations for professional invalids provide the antidote with the bane in the shape of some form of nourishment, however stringy or sawdusty or clabbery. Of course the article of diet must be unusual enough to give a little snap to the scheme and furnish the required impression; but if it be produced in the open air and consumed on the spot it is certain to score a fair percentage of cures.

### Those Back-to-Nature Wallowings

IT IS a curious fact that none of these food fads and diet cures is new; indeed, most of them are survivals from very primitive times and are steadily losing their hold on the popular mind. Some of them, like the raw-food fad and the no-salt diet, the sour-milk cure, the all-over sunbath and other back-to-Nature wallowings in the primitive, are in full blast on this side of the Atlantic. Others, like the grape cure, the whey cure and the goat's-milk and asses'-milk cures, are accepted by the older civilizations of Europe.

Alas! This is a faithless and unbelieving age, however, and even in the land of their birth these last picturesque little survivals of the primitive natural medicine of the field and the forest have fallen largely into decline and even decay. This is a pity in some respects, for they were set in charming, delightful pictures of green vineyard or emerald mountain meadow, with the valley below and the blue hills above, and the sunlight and fresh air of Heaven over all. What could be more cheerful and alluring from all points of view for the city-choked invalid or office-caged business man than to break out of his brick-and-mortar prison and live as the birds live—in the free air of the hills, upon the dew and the fruits of the field!

The fly in the ointment is that man is not a bird and cannot live upon a bird's rations except for a few most uncomfortable and soul-chastening days. Nor has he a gizzard, though, of course, in these days of the mind cure all that a man has to do is to think himself a bird and he is one—a sure bird! If a man could only be turned into a bird or a bunny he could get along splendidly for half a lifetime on these fruit-and-nuts, raw-food, vegetarian or other highly refined and exclusive patent-diet systems—these soul foods, so to speak; but, until he is so metamorphosed, there will be trouble after the first week—and generally after the first day.

The grape cure—*Traubenkur*—as it was originally practiced, was a particularly ideal and delightful form of return to the sweet simplicity of Nature. The invalid or near-invalid simply journeyed in the late summer or early fall up into the vineclad hills of his own country, or crossed the border to the sunnier slopes of a neighboring province, or, if his pocketbook were plump enough, hied him to the evergreen valleys nestling amid the snowpeaks of Switzerland. He took up his quarters in a peasant's cot or a country tavern, and sat or reclined out-of-doors all day in his chair under a grape arbor or upon some grassy bank overlooking a vineyard.

His sole food and drink were great clusters of golden-green, purplish or ruddy grapes, of which he devoured three, six and even eight pounds a day. Like the genius in Gulliver's Travels who was trying to make his fortune by bottling sunshine extracted from cucumbers, our grape-cure patient lived upon bottled sunshine and bathed in an ocean of it all day long as well. It was a wonderfully refreshing, soothing and gently purifying process. If the patient had been indulging in any bad food habits he was reformed at once, for he had neither appetite nor room inside for anything but the grapes. Did he need a general sluicing out of all his body sewers, he got it with neatness and dispatch. Had he any business worries or family troubles on his mind, he forgot them trying to find room for those six or eight pounds of grapes. Therefore the vineyards swarmed every fall with crowds of rheumatic and gouty and overfat and underexercised invalids, as well as those who thought they suffered from kidney disease or indigestion, picking and swallowing grapes as eagerly as so many blackbirds—though not half so gracefully.

But alas! Every silver cloud has a pewter back. Many an overburdened soul found that the fresh air of the hills, and the out-of-door life, and the sense of hollowness produced by the proper effect of the grapes, raised in him an appetite that *Wurst* alone could quell, and capped his two weeks of mortification of the flesh by ten days of glorious indulgence at the country tavern on the local sausage and the native beer, and went back fatter than ever.

Others who were of a supposedly rheumatic tendency found their aches and pains made worse by the acid of the grapes. Martyrs from dyspepsia found their agonies aggravated by the "harmless, natural remedy"; and sufferers of all sorts discovered by bitter experience that hard-to-believe but obstinately fundamental truth that any single food, outside of the great staples—bread, meat and milk—if lived upon too exclusively and for too long a period, becomes as nauseous and as hurtful as any drug.

The chief cause of the decay of the cult, however, was one less creditable to human nature—and this was plain bone-laziness. The sheer labor and effort of eating five or six pounds of grapes, whether you spit out the skins and seeds or chew them fine enough to be comfortably swallowed, is something positively appalling. Did you ever try to eat two pounds of grapes at a sitting? If not just make the experiment. Before the fifth attempt your jaws will ache, your mouth pucker, your tongue hang limp and fatigued, your stomach become sour; and you will loathe the memory of Noah who first invented vineyards and put grapes upon the human diet list.

Some labor-saving device, some short cut to the end, must be devised. And it was not long before that ancient and primitive utensil—the wine-vat—to be found in every vineyard, suggested a popular way out.

Nowadays, though many a score of health-seeking pilgrims still take up their staffs and journey out into the hills to take the grape cure in ancient and proper form, these are but a thin skirmish-line compared with the solid regiments who take it either in their rooms at home or in some crowded restaurant in one of the great health resorts, or *Bäder* where the grape cure is installed. Almost every self-respecting *Bad* in Central or Southern Europe nowadays has a grape-cure attachment, just as it has a Scotch douche or a mud bath, or an electric gymnastic apparatus which actively attacks you, instead of passively waiting to be used.

The modern grape cure consists simply of a cheap restaurant or stuffy shop, with a counter on which are displayed a few baskets of grapes, a small cider press and a row of glasses and mugs. To this giddy and alluring haunt the would-be grape-cure patient hies himself at a certain fixed hour each day, picks out his pound or two pounds of grapes from a crate, has the juice crushed out of them in the cider press while he waits, and then sits down and consumes the product in melancholy silence. No flowers, no birds, no golden sunshine or blue distances.

Not even the juice of the grape can conduce to hilarity under these circumstances. I have seldom seen anything more depressing and saddening, except mealtime at a vegetarian restaurant. The victims are obviously just worrying down their basinful of "dope" and wondering how under Heaven they are ever going to struggle through with it! Then they go out and hunt up some real food where nobody that knows them will see them eat it.

### In Nature's Own Drugstore

ASK the resort physicians who prescribe this denatured grape cure for such of their patients as have a fancy for it, as they would any other harmless fad of the *Bad*, and the best they can say for it is that it is useful in certain cases and does not do much harm. It is too weak for a medicine and too thin for a food. It relaxes the bowels and acts upon the kidneys, but if taken in sufficient quantities to produce either of these results it may produce irritation that would not follow small doses of the ordinary alkaline laxatives or diuretics, which can be swallowed with one-fifth of the effort and cost less than a tenth as much.

This is generally the attitude to which the medical profession is coming in regard to the use of fruits as medicines—so-called "Nature's laxatives," "Heaven-given diuretics." Though fruits, both fresh and cooked, are most valuable and wholesome elements in our diet, absolutely indispensable to perfect health, this is only within certain limits which are rather easily exceeded, and when combined with abundance of other and more substantial foods. As fuel-foods and power producers they are, of course, exceedingly weak and poor in proportion to their bulk.

*These Mountain Methuselahs Were Consuming Daily Large Quantities of a Milk Known as Yogurt*

The moment we begin to push them beyond the limits of our natural appetite for them, either with the idea of trying to use them as serious foods or to produce definite laxative or other medicinal effects, their sharp acids, sugars and pungent flavoring substances are likely to set up irritation either of the stomach and bowels, or kidneys, or skin, or nervous system—and sometimes of all these organs. Those taken as laxatives on account of the stimulating effect upon the bowels of their indigestible seeds and skins, such as figs and unseeded grapes, do not reach the seat of the trouble, as they act chiefly upon the lower bowel, leaving the real difficulty in the liver and blood untouched or even aggravated. One of the most famous and widely sold laxative fruit syrups was actually compelled to place on its label a confession that its title was merely a trade name covering a decoction of plain old-fashioned senna leaves, sugar and aromatics, with not one trace of the fruit whose name it bore.

Many dyspeptic, gouty and rheumatic individuals are made distinctly worse by an excessive amount of fruit in their diet, particularly of the more acid or the more pungent and highly flavored fruits, such as oranges,

strawberries, raspberries, peaches and bananas. Patients' mouths burn and become raw, their stomachs irritated, their joints painful and reddened, their neuralgia increased and any skin eruption they may have aggravated.

Oddly enough, this is particularly true of what appears to be the mildest and blandest of fruits—the banana—which is a most fruitful cause of chronic eczema and other eruptions of the skin in young children.

Another popular food cure which flourishes widely in Europe is the whey cure or milk cure. This is one of the simplest and most natural of all diet cures. The patient goes up into the hill pastures or the high Alpine meadows, lives in a herdsman's hut or farmhouse and drinks quarts of whey or fresh milk. The cure has two great and substantial advantages, which largely account for its persistent and little diminished popularity. It is carried out in the open air and usually in hilly or mountainous regions which, being too rough for agriculture, are given over to grazing and pasturing; and it is exceedingly cheap.

This is particularly true of the whey cure, as whey is practically a waste product in cheesemaking, only available for feeding hogs; and in many of the high mountain districts there are no hogs to feed it to and so the visitors get it. Even where the full milk is used it is, in the language of the English public houses, "drunk upon the premises," and goes direct from cow to consumer, without the intervention of the pestilent middleman; so that the price of a few cents a quart will give the herdsman a good profit, and the most tanklike of milk-drinkers can consume at most only two or three quarts a day.

Scattered all through the beautiful wooded hills of Germany and Austria, and particularly in the high, green summer pastures of the Swiss Alps, you will find the farmers and herdsmen preparing for the visit of the milk-drinkers just as farmers in this country prepare for summer boarders.

The necessary accommodations are delightful in their simplicity and inexpensive primitiveness—an extra châlet or cottage, with a tent or two for an overflow, containing no furniture except beds of the bunk variety.

There is no extra cooking required, for all the food is consumed raw. There are no pots, pans and kettles to wash, as the milk is drunk from tumblers; and knives, forks and plates are not required. There is no expense for hauling in supplies or worry about storing them and keeping them fresh, for everything that goes on the table is produced upon the premises and comes in fresh every day.

The surplus milk is of course turned into either cheese or butter. The proceeds from all the whey that is drunk is clear profit, and two-thirds of the price of the milk is the same. There is little temptation to adulterate the food, for milk is almost as cheap as water. Indeed, even in American country districts the farmer or actual producer often gets only ten or twelve cents a gallon for milk that retails in the nearest town at six or eight cents a quart.

### *Bugs That Have Seen Better Days*

THE milk supply must be fresh, because you can go and see it extracted if you like; and, provided the cows or goats are free from disease, as they usually are in the hill regions, its purity and wholesomeness are above suspicion. Indeed, all things taken together, it is hard to imagine a simpler, more wholesome and less expensive way to get a long rest for both your stomach and yourself, with a summer vacation thrown in, than taking the milk cure.

One such establishment I visited in the Bernese Oberland may serve for an example: The plant consisted of a good-sized double châlet containing dining room, buttery, men's dormitory and manager's bedroom, with a smaller châlet about a hundred yards down the mountainside for the women guests. Everything was as plain and primitive as a lumber camp, but spotlessly clean.

*Our Grape-Cure Patient Lived Upon Bottled Sunshine*

The menu had just four articles upon it—milk, bread, butter and cheese. Three of these were produced by the proprietor's herd of goats and cows; so perhaps it should be said there were five things upon the bill of fare, as a choice was offered between cow's milk and goat's milk. The bread was baked in the nearest village oven and brought up fresh three times a week. It was good, sound white bread, with a most appetizing appearance and odor, of the kind known locally as gray—that is, with most of the coarser bran and part of the middlings sifted out of it.

The milk and butter were both excellent and, of course, perfectly fresh; and the cheese was a good quality of the ordinary Swiss or Gruyère. The patients were given all they could drink and eat of these staples, subject only to the advice of the proprietor, who was dietist and cure-director in one, and the friendly suggestions of the pretty mountain maid, who was the Lady High-Everything-Else of the establishment.

The entire charge for food, shelter, expert advice and good company was the crushing sum of two francs, or forty cents, a day! The scenery alone, which was the crowning glory of the place, was worth twice that small amount!

The châlet nestled six thousand feet in the air, in a little grassy trough carved out of the shoulder of the old gray mountain by a sparkling streamlet, from which it drew its water supply. The house was just at timber-line, with the Alps—which are high mountain meadows above the tree-line, not mountains, as popularly supposed—rising in swift, green slopes behind it and the fir woods clustered at its feet. The meadows swept up to the base of the great gray crags, and the crags rose to the sky-line. Circling across its front, cut off by the gulflike valley between, stretched a glittering rampart of snowpeaks with their glaciers, their gray rocks and their green forests—a bewildering panorama of beauty!

*The Most Tanklike of Milk-Drinkers Can Consume at Most Only Two or Three Quarts a Day*

Think of being able to buy life in such a place for two-eighty a week! No wonder the milk cure is popular!

Two other forms of the milk cure were also born in the mountains. One of them—the famous sour-milk cure of Metchnikoff—has spread from its home in the Balkans and the Caucasus all over the civilized world. The other—the goat's-milk cure—has remained restricted chiefly to the land of its birth, in Central and Southern Europe, and the Spanish colonies of tropical America. Both of these, however, have this feature in common: they have obtained a surprisingly wide vogue and popularity upon a very slender basis of actual merit.

The real thing that gave the start to the reputation of goat's milk was probably the horns and the facial expression of the animal, which clearly related it to the satyrs and gods of the underworld, and hence made it Big Medicine. The starting-point of the wonderful vogue of the sour-milk cure and the worldwide fame of the Bulgarian bacillus was the ignorance and credulity of the census-takers of the Balkan states. Briefly, its rise was as follows:

The great Metchnikoff, whose brilliant studies of the phagocytes and the part they played in the production of old age had rendered him deservedly famous, was beginning to regard the fermentations and putrefactions produced by bacteria in the lower part of the foodtube—known as the colon or large bowel—as one of the hastening causes of old age. Just at this time he happened to spend a vacation in the Caucasus Mountains, and there discovered a surprisingly large number of apparent centenarians—venerable old patriarchs who said they were over a hundred and looked the part, and who had induced the census-takers to enroll them at their own valuation. He thought there must be a reason for this extraordinary crop of Oldest Inhabitants.

*The Victims are Obviously Just Worrying Down Their Bestuful of "Dope"*

Investigation soon showed that these mountain Methuselahs were consuming daily large quantities of a specially soured milk known as *yogurt*. Milk was a well-known preventive of intestinal putrefaction. The secret was discovered! Sour milk was the real fountain of perpetual youth—the elixir vitæ. The Bulgarian bacillus was the friendly little bug which had so long been sought to protect humanity against the assaults of his disease-producing brethren.

Never was a remedy more enthusiastically welcomed or more widely acclaimed. We all yearn to make our lives as long as possible—no matter how little they may have amounted to thus far; and for a few months the Bulgarian bacillus was the most famous, most talked-of and extensively swallowed bacterium ever known on the planet. Little boxes, containing colonies of him, sat beside the saltcellar on every table; every soda fountain spouted him and every victim of nervous prosperity gushed over him. Every bug has his day, and his made him the busiest little bug on earth.

Different breeds of him were imported and improved varieties were bred with care. The breeders of the rival strains almost came to blows over them. They filled the advertising columns with their recriminations and their claims that their particular strain would add more years to your life—in a shorter time—than any other in captivity.

But! The Bulgarian bacillus bubble collapsed almost as swiftly as it blew up. The first prick that started the gas leaking out of it was the discovery that he could not be colonized in the human colon, as the resident bacteria ate him up promptly; and so he had to be introduced "fresh and fresh" every day, as the Hindus say, which was a great deal of trouble and something fearful to contemplate if you were going to live to be a hundred.

### *Seven Devils in Place of One*

THE second leak in the bubble was the fact that plain sweet milk would produce all the antifermentative effects in the human colon that could be produced by the most scientifically soured variety. The third was that, as both sweet and sour milk had formed part of the diet of something like three-fourths of the inhabitants of Europe for the last fifty thousand years, they ought all to have acquired the habit of living to a hundred by this time if there were any special longevity virtue in it! The fourth was the fact that, after the sour-milk diet had been carried on for a certain time, other kinds of bacteria found their way into the colon and set up new kinds of putrefaction even more deadly than before; so that the luckless patient was possessed of seven devils in place of one, like the epileptic in Holy Writ.

Finally the high rate of centenarians in the Balkan states and the Caucasus was found to fall in line with the general rule that the more ignorant and illiterate a country, the greater is its dearth of written or printed records of births and the larger the crop of alleged centenarians it produces.

The goat's-milk cure still survives in moderate vogue, largely for the reason that it is cheap and easily accessible; and it seems likely to continue to flourish on the same grounds.

One of the quaintest and most amusing sights that strike the visitor to an Italian or Pyrenean town is the herds of black and brown goats which jog familiarly along the sidewalks of even the busiest streets and thread their way through the narrowest alleys of the poorer quarters. These are the traveling dairies of the town, carrying their product alive and on the hoof. At every corner they are hailed by customers bearing bottles or cups, which they can see filled from Nature's own source while the goat-herd's boy rounds up the goats and halts them until ready to go on in search of another customer. Then, with a jingle of bells and clatter of tiny hoofs, the comical cavalcade sweeps on down the street.

During the day the goats graze on the mountains within a few miles of the town; in the afternoon they are driven in for the evening milk route; at night they are luxuriously housed in a cellar or an apartment on the ground floor of some palace, or even in the rear bedroom of a suite of three apartments—the middle one of which is occupied as sleeping-quarters by the owner and his family, while the front one is utilized as a shop! Goats are astonishingly

(Concluded on Page 49)

# BLACK AND WHITE

By Irvin S. Cobb

ILLUSTRATED BY H. T. DUNN

"An' Don't Furgit de Grand Firemorks Display"

OVER night, it almost seems, a town will undergo radical and startling changes. The transition covers a period of years really; but to those who have lived in the midst of it the realization comes sometimes with the abruptness of a physical shock, and the returning prodigal finds himself lost among surroundings which by rights should wear shapes as familiar as the back of his own hand. It is as though an elderly person of settled habits and a confirmed manner of life had suddenly fared forth in new and amazing apparel—as though he had swapped his crutch for a niblick and his clay pipe for a gold-tipped cigarette.

It was so with our town. From the snoreful profundities of a Rip van Winkle sleep it woke one morning to find itself made over; whether for better or worse I will not presume to say—but, nevertheless, made over. Before this the natural boundary to the north had been a gravel bluff that chopped off sharply above a shallow flat sloping away to the willows and the river beyond. Now this saucer-expanse was dotted over with mounds of made ground rising like pimples in a sunken cheek, and spreading like a red-brick rash across the face of it was a tin-roofed, flat-topped irritation of structures—a cotton mill, a brewery and a small packing plant dominating a clutter of lesser industries. Above these, on the edge of the hollow, the old warehouse still stood; but the warehouse had lost its character though keeping its outward shape. Fifty years it had resounded to a skirmish-fire clamor of many hammers as the negro hands knocked the hoops off the hogsheads and the auctioneer bellowed for his bids, where now brisk young women, standing in rows, pasted labels and drove corks into bottles of Doctor Bozeman's Infallible Cough Cure. Nothing remained to tell the past glories of the old days, except that in wet weather a faint smell of tobacco would steam out of the cracks in the floor, and on the rotted rafters overhead, lettered in the sprawling chirography of some dead-and-gone shipping clerk, were the names and the dates and the times of record-breaking steamboat runs—Idlewild, Louisville to Memphis, so many hours and so many minutes; Pat Cleburne, Nashville to Paducah, so many hours and so many minutes.

Nobody ever entered up the records of steamboat runs any more—there weren't any to be entered up. Where once wide sidewheelers and long, limber sternwheelers had lain three-deep at the wharf was only a thin and unimpressive fleet of small fry—harbor tugs and a ferry or two, and shabby little steamers plying precariously in the short local trades. Along the bank ran the tracks of the railroad that had taken away the river business, and the switch engines tooted derisively as if crowing over a vanquished and a vanished rival while they shoved the box cars back and forth. Erecting themselves on high trestles like straddle-bugs, two more railroads had come in across the bottom to a common junction point, and still another was reliably reported to be on its way. Wherefore the Daily Evening News frequently referred to itself as "the leading paper of the future gateway of the New South." It also took the Associated Press dispatches, and carried a column devoted to the activities of the Woman's Club.

So it went. There was a Board of Trade, with two hundred names of members; half of them at least were new names, and the president was a spry newcomer from Ohio. A Republican mayor had actually been elected—and that, if you knew the early politics of our town, was the most revolutionary thing of all. Apartment houses—regular flat buildings with elevator service and all that—shoved their aggressive stone and brick faces up to the pavement line of a street where, before, old white houses, with green shutters and fluted porch pillars, had snuggled back among hackberries and maples like a row of broody old hens under a hedge. The churches had caught the spirit too; there were new churches to replace the old ones. Only that stronghold of the ultraconservatives, the Independent Presbyterian, stood fast on its original site; and even the Independent Presbyterian had felt the quickening finger of progress. Under its gray-pillared front were set ornate stone steps, like new false teeth in the mouth of a stern old maid; and the new stained-glass memorial windows on each side were as paste earrings for her ancient virginal ears. The spinster had traded her blue stockings for doctrinal half hose of a livelier pattern, and these were the outward symbols of the change.

But there was one institution among us that remained as it was—the Eighth of August, 'Mancipation Day, celebrated not only by all the black portion of our population—thirty-six per cent by the last census—but also by the darkies from all the lesser tributary towns for seventy-five miles round. It was not their own emancipation they really celebrated—Lincoln's Proclamation, I believe, was issued on an autumn morning, but autumn is no fit time for the holidaying of a race to whom heat means comfort—and the more heat the greater the comfort. So, away back, a selection had been made of the anniversary of the freeing of the slaves in Haiti, or San Domingo, or somewhere; and, indeed, it was a most happy selection. By the Eighth of August the watermelons are at their juiciest and ripest; the frying-size pullet of the spring has attained just the rightful proportions for filling one skillet all by itself; and the sun may be reliably counted on to offer up a satisfactory temperature of anywhere from ninety to one hundred and two in the shade. Once it went to one hundred and four, and a pleasant time was had by all.

Right after one Eighth the celebrants began laying by their savings against the coming of the next Eighth. It was Christmas, Thanksgiving and the Fourth of July crowded into the compass of one day—a whole year of anticipation packed in and tamped down into twenty-four hours of joyous realization. There never were enough excursion trains to bring all those from a distance who wanted to come in for the Eighth. Some travelers—the luckier ones—rode in state in packed day coaches, and the others, as often as not, came from clear down below the Tennessee line on flat cars, shrieking with nervous joy as the engine jerked them round the sharp curves, they being meanwhile oblivious alike to the sun, shining with midsummer fervor upon their unprotected heads, and to the coal cinders, as big as buttons, that rained down in gritty showers. There was some consolation then in having a complexion that neither sun could tan nor cinders blacken.

For that one day out of the three hundred and sixty-five and a fourth the town was a town of dark joy. The city authorities made special provision for the comfort and the accommodation of the invading swarms; and the merchants wore pleased looks for days beforehand and for weeks afterward—to them one good Eighth of August was worth as much as six Court Mondays and a couple of circus days. White people kept indoors as closely as possible, not for fear of possible race clashes—because we didn't have such things—but there wasn't room, really, for anybody except the celebrants. The Eighth was one day when the average white family ate a cold snack for dinner and family buggies went undrivered and family washing went unwashed.

On a certain Eighth of August I have in mind old Judge Billy Priest, the circuit judge, spent the simmering day alone in his empty house up at the far end of Clay Street, and in the evening, coming out of Clay Street into Jefferson, he revealed himself as the sole pedestrian of his color in sight. Darkies, though, were everywhere—town darkies, with handkerchiefs tucked in at their necks in the vain hope of saving linen collars from the wilting-down process; cornfield darkies, whose feet were cabin'd, cribb'd and confin'd, as the saying goes, inside stiff new shoes, and sore besides from much pelting over unwontedly hard footing; darkies perspiry and rumpled; darkies gorged and leg-weary—but all still bent on draining the cup of their yearly joy to its delectable dregs. Rivers of red pop had already flowed; Niagaras of lager beer and stick gin had been swallowed up; breastworks of parched goobers had been shelled flat; and black forests of five-cent cigars had burned to the water's edge—and yet here was the big night just getting fairly started. Full-voiced bursts of laughter and yells of sheer delight assaulted the old judge's ears. Through the yellowish dusk one hired livery-stable rig after another went streaking by, each containing an unbleached Romeo and his pastel-shaded Juliet.

A corner downtown, where the two branches of the carline fused into one, was the noisiest spot yet. Here Ben Boyd and Bud Dobson, acknowledged to be the two loudest-mouthed darkies in town, contended as business rivals. Each wore over his shoulder the sash of eminence and each bore on his breast the badge of much honor. Ben Boyd had a shade the stronger voice, perhaps, but Bud Dobson excelled in native eloquence. On opposite sidewalks they stood, sweating like brownstone-china ice pitchers, wide-mouthed as two bull alligators.

"Remember, de Grand Free Balloom Ascension"

"Come on, you niggers! Dis way to de real show!" Ben Boyd would bellow unendingly. "Remember, de grand free balloom ascension teks place at eight o'clock!" And Ben would wave his long arms like a flutter-mill.

"Don't pay no 'tention, friends, to dat cheap nigger!" Bud Dobson would vociferously plead. "An' don't furgit de grand fireworks display at my park! Ladies admitted free, widout charge! Dis is de only place to go! Take de green car fur de grand annual outin' an' ball of de Sisters of de Mysterious Ten!"

Back it would come in a roar from across the way:

"Take de red car—dat's de one; dat's de one, folks! Dis way fur de big gas balloom!"

Both of them were lying—there was no balloon to go up; no intention of admitting anybody free to anything. The pair expanded their fictions, giving to their work the spontaneous brilliancy of the born romancer. Like straws caught in opposing cross currents, their victims were pulled two ways at once. A fluttered group would succumb to Bud's blandishments and he would shoo them aboard a green car; but the car had to be starting mighty quick, else Ben Boyd's siren song would win them over and, trailing after their leader—who was usually a woman—like black sheep behind a bellwether, they would pile off and stampede over to where the red car waited. Some changed their minds half a dozen times before they were finally borne away.

These were the country darkies, though—the townbred celebrants knew exactly where they were going and what they would do when they got there. They moved with the assured bearing of cosmopolitans, stirred and exhilarated by the clamor, but not confused by it. Grand in white dresses, with pink sashes and green headgear, the Supreme Daughters of the Golden Star rolled by in a furniture van. The judge thought he caught a chocolate-colored glimpse of Aunt Dilsey Turner, his cook, enthroned on a front seat as befitted the Senior Grand Potentate of the lodge; anyhow, he knew she must be up front there somewhere. If any cataclasm of Providence had descended upon that furniture van that night, many a kitchen besides his would have mourned a biscuitmaker par excellence. Sundry local aristocrats of the race—notably the leading town barber, a high-school teacher or two and a shiny black undertaker in a shiny high hat—passed in an automobile especially loaned for the occasion by a white friend of the leading barber. It was the first time an automobile had figured in an Eighth of August outing; its occupants bore themselves accordingly.

Farther along, in the center of the business district, the judge almost had to shove a way for himself through crowds that were nine-tenths black. There was no actual disorder, but there was an atmosphere of unrestrained race exultation. You couldn't put your hand on it or express it in words, perhaps; but it was there surely. Turning out from the lighted and swarming main thoroughfare into the quieter reaches of a side street, Judge Priest was put to it to avoid a collision with an onward rush of half-grown youths, black, brown and yellow. Whooping, they clattered on by him and never looked back to see whom they had almost run over.

In this side street the judge was able to make better headway; the rutted sidewalk was almost untraveled, and the small wholesale houses that mainly lined it were untenanted and dark. Two-thirds of a block along he came to a somewhat larger building, where an open entryway framed the foot of a flight of stairs mounting up into a well of pitchy gloom. Looking up the stairs was like

looking up a sooty chimney, except that a chimney would have shown a dim opening at the top and this vista was walled in blackness and ended in blackness. Judge Priest turned in here and began climbing upward, feeling the way for his feet cautiously.

Once upon a time, a good many years before this, Kamleiter's Hall had been in the center of things municipal. Nearly all the lodges and societies had it then for their common meeting place; but when the new and imposing Fraternity Building was put up, with its elevator and its six stories and its electric lights and all, the Masons, the Odd Fellows and the rest moved their belongings up there. Gideon K. Irons Camp alone remained faithful. The members of the Camp had held their first meeting in Kamleiter's Hall back in the days when they were just organizing and Kamleiter's had just been built. They had used its assembly room when there were two hundred and more members in good standing; and with the feeble persistency of old men, who will cling to the shells of past things after the pith of the substance is gone, they still used it.

So the judge should have known those steps by the feel of them under his shoesoles—he had been climbing up and down them so long. Yet it seemed to him they had never before been so steep and so many and so hard to climb; certainly they had never been so dark. Before he reached the top he was helping himself along with the aid of a hand pressed against the plastered wall; and he stopped twice to rest his legs and get his breath. He was panting hard when he came to the final landing on the third floor. He fumbled at a door until his fingers found the knob and turned it. He stood a moment, getting his bearings in the darkness; then he scratched a match and by its flare located the rows of iron gasjets set in the wall, and going from one to another he turned them on and touched the match-flame to their stubbed tips.

It was a long, bare room, papered in a mournful gray paper that was paneled off with stripings of a dirty white. There were yellow wooden chairs ranged in rows and all facing a small platform that had desks and chairs on it, and an old-fashioned piano. On the wall, framed uniformly in square black wooden frames and draped over with strips of faded red-and-white bunting, were many enlarged photographs and crayon portraits of men either elderly or downright aged. Everything spoke of age and hard usage. There were places where gussets of the wall paper had pulled away from the paste and hung now in loose triangles like slatted jibsails. In the corners, up against the ceiling, cobwebs swung down in separate tendrils or else were netted up together in little gray hammocks to catch the dust. The place had been baking under a low roof all day and the air was curdled with smells of varnish and glue drawn from the chairs and the mold from old oilcloth, and a lingering savor of coal oil from somewhere below. The back end of the hall was in gloom, and it only lifted its mask partway even after the judge had completed his round and lit all the jets and was reaching for his pocket handkerchief. Maybe it was the poor light, with its flickery shadows—and maybe it was the effect of the heat; but, standing there mopping his forehead, the old judge looked older than common. His plump figure seemed to have lost some of its rotundness and under his eyes the flesh was pouchy and sagged—or, at least, that was the impression Ed Gafford got. Ed Gafford was the odd-jobs man of Kamleiter's Hall—and he came now, profuse with apologies for his tardiness.

"You'll have to excuse me, Judge Priest," he began, "for bein' a little late about gettin' down here to light up and open up. You see, this bein' the Eighth of August and it so hot and ever'thing, I sort of jumped at the conclusion that maybe there wouldn't none of you gentlemen show up here tonight."

"Oh, I reckon there'll be quite a lot of the boys comin' along pretty soon, son," said Judge Priest. "It's a regular monthly meetin', you know; and besides, there's a vacancy to be filled—we've got a colorbearer to elect tonight. I should say there ought to be a pretty fair crowd, considerin'. You better make a light out there on them stairs—they're as black as a pocket."

"Right away, judge," said Gafford, and departed.

Left alone, the judge sat down in the place of the presiding officer on the little platform. Laboriously he crossed one fat leg on the other and looked out over the rows of empty wooden chairs, peopling them with the images of men who wouldn't sit in them ever again. The toll of the last few months had been a heavy one. The old judge cast it up in his mind:

There was old Colonel Horace Farrell now, the Nestor of the county bar, to whom the men and women of his own state had never been just plain men and women, but always noble womanhood and chivalric manhood, and who thought in rounded periods and even upon his last sick-bed had dealt in well-measured phrases and sonorous metaphors in his farewell to his assembled children and grandchildren. The colonel had excelled at memorial services and monument unveilings. He would be missed—there was no doubt about that!

Old Professor Lycurgus Reese was gone, too, who was principal of the graded school for forty-odd years and was succeeded, a mercifully short six months before his death, by an abnormally intellectual and gifted young graduate of a normal college somewhere up in Indiana—a man who never slurred his consonants or dropped his final g's, a man who spoke of things as stimulating and forceful, and who had ideas about Boy Scout movements and Nature Studies for the Young and all manner of new things—a remarkable man, truly! Yet some had thought old Professor Reese might have been retained a little longer anyhow.

And Father Minor, who was a winged devil of Morgan's Cavalry, by all accounts, but a most devoted shepherd of a struggling flock after he donned the cloth; and old Peter J. Galloway, the lame blacksmith, with his impartial Irish way of cursing all Republicans as Black Radicals—they were both gone. Yes, and a dozen others besides; but the latest to go was a certain Corporal Jake Smedley, colorbearer of the Camp from the time there was a Camp.

The judge had helped to bury him a week before. There had been only eight of the members who turned out in the dust and heat of midsummer for the funeral—just enough to form the customary complement of honorary pallbearers, but the eight had not walked to the cemetery alongside the hearse. Because of the weather they had ridden in hacks. It was a new departure for the Camp to ride in hacks behind a dead comrade, and that had been the excuse—the weather. It came to Judge Priest, as he sat there now, that it would be much easier hereafter to name offhand those who were left than to remember those who were gone. He flinched mentally, his mind shying away from the thought.

Ten minutes passed—fifteen. Judge Priest shuffled his feet and fumed a little. He hauled out an old silver watch, bulky as a turnip, with the flat silver key dangling from it by a black string, and consulted its face. Then he heard steps on the stairs and he straightened himself in his chair; and Sergeant Jimmy Bagby entered—alone. The sergeant carried his coat over his arm and he patted himself affectionately on his left side and dragged his feet a little. As commander of the Camp the judge greeted him with all due formality.

"Don't know what's comin' over this here town!" complained the sergeant when he got his wind back. "Mob of these here crazy country niggers mighty near knocked me off the sidewalk into the gutter! Well, if they hadn't been movin' tolerable fast I bet you I'd 'a' lamed a couple of 'em!" he added, his imagination in retrospect magnifying the indignant swipe he made at unresisting space a good half minute after the collision occurred. The sergeant soothed his ruffled feelings with a series of little wheezing grunts and addressed the chair with more composure:

"Seems like you and me are the first ones here, judge."

"Yes," said the judge soberly, "and I hope we ain't the last ones too—that's what I'm hopin'. What with the weather bein' so warm and darkies so thick everywhere ——" He broke off short. "It's purty near nine o'clock now."

"You don't say so!" said the sergeant. "Then we shorely oughter be startin' purty soon. Was a time when I could set up half the night and not feel it scarcely; but here lately I notice I like to turn in sort of early. I reckin it must be the weather affectin' me."

"That must be it," assented the judge. "I feel it myself—a little; but look here, sergeant, we never yet started off a regular meetin' without a little music. I reckin we might wait a little while on Herman to come and play Dixie for us. The audience will be small but appreciative, as the feller says." A smile flickered across his face. "Herman manages to keep younger and sprier than a good many of the boys."

"Yes, that's so too," said the sergeant; "but jest yestiddy I heared he was fixin' to turn over his business to his son and that nephew of his and retire."

"That's no sign he's playin' out," challenged Judge Priest rather quickly—"no sign at all. I reckin Herman jest wants time to knock round amongst his friends more."

Sergeant Bagby nodded as if this theory was a perfectly satisfactory one to him. A little pause fell. The sergeant reached backward to a remote and difficult hip pocket, and after two unsuccessful efforts he fished out what appeared to be a bit of warped planking.

"They're tearing away the old Sanders place," he confessed somewhat sheepishly, "and I stopped in as I come down by there and fetched away this here little piece of clapboard for a sort of keepsake. You recollect, judge, that was where Forrest made his headquarters that day when we raided back into town here? Lawsy, what a surprise old Bedford did give them Yankees! But shucks, that was Bedford's specialty—surprises!" He stopped and cocked his whity-gray head toward the door hopefully.

"Listen yonder—that must be Herman Felsburg comin' up the steps now. Maybe Doctor Lake is with him. Weather or no weather,

"He Warn't Nothin' But Jes' a Boy, as I Told You"

niggers or no niggers, it's mighty hard to keep them two away from a regular meetin' of the Camp."

The step outside, however, was too light and too peart for Mr. Felsburg's. It was Ed Gafford who shoved his head in.

"Judge Priest," he stated, "you're wanted on the telephone right away. They said they had to speak to you in person."

The sergeant waited with what patience he could while the judge stumped down the long flights and, after a little, stumped back. His legs were quivering under him and it was quite a bit before he quit blowing and panting. When he did speak there was a reluctant tone in his voice.

"It's from Herman's house," he said. "He won't be with us tonight. He—he's had a kind of a stroke; fell right smack on the floor as he was puttin' on his hat to come down here. 'Twas his daughter had me on the telephone—the married one. They're afraid it's paralysis—seems like he can't move one side; and he only mumbles—sort of tonguetied, she says, when he tries to talk. But I reckin it ain't nowhere near as serious as they think for."

"No, suh," agreed the sergeant. "Herman's good for twenty year yit! I bet you he jest et something that didn't agree with him. He'll be up and goin' in a week, see if he ain't. But say, that means Doctor Lake won't be here neither, don't it?"

"Well, that's a funny thing!" said the old judge. "I pointedly asked her what he said about Herman, and she mumbled something about Doctor Lake's gettin' on so in life that she hated to call him out on a hot night like this. So they called in somebody else. She said, though, they aimed to have Lake up the first thing in the mornin'—unless Herman is better by then."

"Well, I'll say this," put in Sergeant Bagby: "she better not let him ketch her sayin' he's too old to be answerin' a call after dark. Doctor Lake's got a temper—and he certainly would give that young woman a dressin' down!"

The old judge moved to the platform and mounted it heavily. As he sat down he gave a little grunting sigh. An old man's tired sigh carries a lot of meaning sometimes; this one did.

"Jimmy," he said, "if you will act as adjutant and take the desk we'll open without music for this oncet. This is about the smallest turnout we ever had for a regular meetin', but we kin go ahead, I reckin."

Sergeant Bagby came forward and took a smaller desk off at the side of the platform. Adjusting his spectacles just so, he tugged a warped drawer open and produced a flat book showing signs of long wear and much antiquity. A sheet of heavy paper had been pasted across the cover of this book, but with much use it had frayed away, so that the word Ledger showed through in faded gilt letters. The sergeant opened at a place where a row of names ran down the blue-lined sheet and continued over upon the next page. Most of the names had dates set opposite them in fresher writing than the original entries. Only now and then was there a name with no date written after it. He cleared his throat to begin.

"I presume," the commander was saying, "we might dispense with the rollcall for tonight."

"That's agreeable to me," said the acting adjutant, and he shut up the book.

"There is an election pendin' to fill a vacancy; but in view of the small attendance present this evenin'——"

The judge cut off his announcement to listen. Some one, walking with the slow, uncertain gait of a very tired or a very feeble person, was climbing the stairs. The shuffling sound came on to the top and stopped, and an old negro man stood bareheaded in the door, blinking his eyes at the light and winking his bushy white tufts of eyebrows up and down. The judge shaded his own eyes the better to make out the newcomer.

"Why, it's Uncle Ike Copeland!" he said heartily. "Come right in, Uncle Ike, and set down."

"Yes; take a seat and make yourself comfortable," added the sergeant.

In the tones of both the white men was a touch of kindly but none the less measurable condescension—that instinctive inflection by which the difference held firmly to exist between the races was expressed and made plain; but in this case it was subtly warmed and tinctured with an essence of something else—an indefinable, evasive affectionate something that would not have been apparent in their greetings to a younger negro.

"Thanky, gen'l'men," said the old man as he came in slowly. He was tall and thin—so thin that the stoop in his back seemed an inevitable inbending of a frame too long and too slight to support its burden; and he was very black. His skin must have been lustrous and shiny in his youth, but now was overlaid with a grayish aspect, like the mold upon withered fruit. His forehead, naturally high and narrow, was deeply indented at the temples; and he had a long face with high cheekbones, a well-developed nose and thin lips. The face was Semitic in its suggestion rather than Ethiopian. The whites of his eyes showed a yellow tinge, but the brown pupils were blurred by a pronounced bluish cast. His clothes were old, but spotlessly clean; his shoes were slashed open along the toes and his bare feet showed through the slashed places. He made his way at a hobbling gait toward the back row of chairs.

*The Toll of the Last Few Months Had Been a Heavy One*

"I'll be plenty comfor'ble yere, suhs," he said in a voice that sounded almost like an accentuated mimicry of Judge Priest's high note. He eased his fragile rack of bones down into a chair and dropped his old hat on the matting of the aisle beside him, seeming oblivious of the somewhat puzzled glances of the two veterans.

"What's the reason you ain't out sashaying round, celebratin' the Eighth with your own people?" asked the judge. The old negro began a thin, henlike chuckle, but his cackle ended midway in a snort of disgust.

"Naw, suh!" he answered. "Naw, suh—not fur me! It 'pears lak most of the old residenters dat I knowed is died off; and, mo'over, I ain't gittin' so much pleasure projectin' round 'mong all dese brash young free-issue niggers dat's growed up round yere. Dey ain't got no fitten' respec' fur deir elders—and dat's a fac', boss. Jes' now I seen a passel of 'em ridin' round in one of dese yere ortermobiles." He put an ocean of surging contempt into the word. "Huh!—ortermobiles!

"And dis time dar warn't no place on de flatform fur me at de festibul out in dat Fisher's Gyarden, as dey names it—do' 'tain't nothin' 'cep'in' a grove of trees. Always befoah dis I set up on de very fust and fo'most row—yas, suh; always befoah dis hit wuz de rule. But dis yeah dey tek and give my place to dat boyish young nigger preacher dat calls hisse'f de Rev'rund J. Fontleroy Jones. His name is Buddy Jones—tha's whut 'tis; and I 'members him w'en he warn't nothin' but jes' de same ez de mud onder yore feet. Tha's de one whut gits my place on de flatform, settin' dere in a broadcloth suit, wid a collar on him mighty nigh tall 'nuff to saw his nappy haid off—which it wouldn't be no real loss to nobody ef it did. But I reckin I still is got my pride lef', ef I ain't got nothin' else. My grandmammy she wuz a full-blood Affikin queen and I got de royal Congo blood in my veins. So I jes' teks my foot in my hand and comes right on away and lef' dat trashy nigger dar, spreadin' hisse'f and puffin' out his mouf lak one of dese yere ole treefrogs." There was a forlorn complaint creeping into his words, but he cast it out and cackled his derision for the new generation and all its works.

"Dey ain't botherin' me none wid deir airs—dat dey ain't! I kin git 'long widout 'em. I wuz gwine on home 'bout my own business w'en I seen dese lights up yere; and I says to myse'f dat some of my own kind of w'ite folks is holdin' fo'th and I'll jes' drap up dar and set a spell wid 'em, pervidin' I's welcome, which I knows full well I is.

"So, you go right ahead, boss, wid whatever 'tis you's fixin' to do. I 'low to jes' set yere and res' my frame."

"Course you are welcome," said Judge Priest; "and we'll be mighty glad to have you stay as long as you've a mind to. We feel like you sort of belong here with us anyway, Uncle Ike, account of your record."

The old negro grinned widely at the compliment, showing two or three yellowed snags planted in shrunken bluish gums.

"Yas, suh," he assented briskly; "I reckin I do."

The heat that wilted down the white men and made their round old faces look almost peaked appeared to have a briskening effect upon him. Now he got on his feet. His lowliness was falling away; his sense of his own importance was coming back to him.

"I reckin I is got a sorter right to be yere, do' it warn't becomin' in me to mention it fust," he said. "I been knowin' some of you-all gen'l'men sence 'way back befoah de war days. I wonder would you-all lak to hear 'bout me and whut I done in dem times?"

They nodded in friendly fashion, but the speaker was already going on as though sure of the answer.

"I 'members monstrous well dat day w'en my young marster j'ined out wid de artillery and Ole Miss she send me 'long wid him to look after him, 'cause he warn't nothin' but jes' a harum-scarum boy, noway. Le's see, boss—dat must be goin' on thutty or forty yeah ago, ain't it?"

It was more than thirty years, or forty either; but neither of them was moved to correct him. Again their heads conveyed an assent; and Uncle Ike, satisfied, went on with his tale.

"So I went 'long with him, jes' lak Ole Miss said. Purty soon he git to be one of dese yere lieutenants, and he act mighty bigotty toward hisse'f, wid dem straps sewed on to his cote collar; but I bound I keep him in order—I bound I do dat, suhs, ef I don't do nothin' else in dat whole war! I minds de time w'en we wuz in camp dat fust winter and yere one day he come ridin' in out of de rain, jes' drippin' wet. Befoah 'em all, I goes up to him and I says to him, I says: 'Marse Willie, you git right down offen dat hoss and come yere and lemme put some dry clothes on you. What Ole Miss gwine say to me ef I lets you set round here ketchin' yore death?'

"Some of dem yother young gen'l'men laff den; and he git red in de face and tell me to go 'way frum dar and let him be. I says to him, I says: 'I promised yore maw faithful to tend you and look after you, and I p'intedly does aim to do so,' I says. 'Marse Willie,' I says, 'I hope I ain't gwine to have to keep on tellin' you to git down offen dat hoss!' Dem yothers laff louder'n ever den, and he cuss and r'ar and call me a meddlin' black raskil; but I tek notice he got down offen dat hoss—I lay to dat!

"But I didn't have to tend him long. Naw, suh; not very long. He got killed de very first big battle we wuz in, which wuz Shiloh. Dat battery shore suffer dat day! 'Long tow'rd evenin' yere dey come fallin' back, all scorified and burnt black wid de powder—and I sees he ain't wid 'em no more; and I ax 'bout him and dey tells me de battery done los' two of its pieces and purty nigh all de hosses, and dat young Marse Willie been killed right at de outset of de hard fightin'. I didn't wait to hear no mo'n dat—dat wuz 'nuff fur me! I puts right out to find him.

"Gen'l'men, dat warn't no fittin' place to be prowlin' 'bout in. Everywhah you look you see daid men and crippled men. Some places dey is jes' piled up; and de daid is beginnin' to swell up already and de wounded is wrigglin' round on de bare ground; and some of 'em is beggin' for water and some is beggin' for somebody to come shoot 'em and put 'em out of deir miz'ry. And ever' oncet in a while you hear a hoss scream. It ain't sound lak no hoss, do'; it sound mo' lak a pusson or one of dese yere catamounts screamin'.

"But I keep on goin' on 'count of my bein' under obligations to tend him—and jes' him alone. After while it begin to git good and dark, and you could see lanterns bobbin' round—whar dar wuz search-parties out, I reckin. And jes' befo' de last of de light fade 'way I come to de place whar de battery wuz stationed, in the aidge of a little sagepatch-lak; and dar I find him—him and two yothers, right whar dey fell. Dey wuz all three layin' in a row on deir backs, jes' lak somebody is done fix 'em dat way. His chist wuz tore up; but, scusin' de dust and dirt, dar warn't no mark of vi'lence on his face at all.

"I knowed dey warn't goin' to put Ole Miss' onliest dear son in no trench lak he wuz a daid hoss—naw, suh; not

*(Continued on Page 40)*

# SILVERSIDE

By HENRY C. ROWLAND

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

XI

EITHER because I was past the point where I could be surprised or because of some sort of subconscious suspicion that had been lurking in the back of my mind, the news of the identity of Jean and Gaston Berdou caused me no great shock. It did, however, suggest no end of questions, and not knowing at what minute Cullom might come below I began to bombard the young girl.

"How long has your mother been known as Gaston Berdou?" I asked.

"For about six or seven years," answered Delphine. "A schooner came and took us away from the island where Daniel Fairfax had left us. We went first to Auckland, where I was put in a girls' school that was managed by an English clergyman and his wife. Then my mother went with the captain to an island where he had a station, and he put her in charge. She was dressed as a man then and took the name of Gaston Berdou, because she was always afraid that Daniel Fairfax might come back to look for her. Nobody knew that she was a woman."

"Who was this captain?" I asked.

"An American named Walker. His vessel was lost with all hands in a typhoon two years or more ago. Then Silverside came in a schooner and got my mother and they came to Auckland and took me out of the school. I had been there for nearly five years. Mother told me that from that time on I must be a boy, and bought me boy's clothes. Silverside went away and mother brought the schooner here. She had been taught how to navigate by Daniel Fairfax, and Keowa Harry was mate."

"Keowa Harry!" I cried, for I remembered the Kanaka boy as my father's righthand man. It was big Keowa Harry who had taught me to swim and fish and handle a canoe and many other island accomplishments.

"Yes," said Delphine; "Silverside got him. All the rest of the crew are Kanakas, also, and very good men. We built this bungalow and got the pearl oysters with diving armor. That was nearly two years ago."

"And has nobody else come in here?" I asked.

"No. Sometimes vessels have passed, but the island is reported as uninhabited and the entrance very dangerous, so nobody tries to come. Besides, there is no water for part of the year."

"Do you think that this man Cullom knows that Gaston Berdou is a woman?" I asked, lowering my voice.

Delphine threw me a frightened look. "I am not sure," she answered, "but he knew that I was a girl the instant he saw me. I could see it in his eyes. I—I am horribly afraid of him." She shuddered, then drew a little closer to me.

I thought of Cullom's gloating leer as he had stared at the girl, and all the fatigue I had felt rolled away from me as one might shed a wet cloak. Even when I had thought that she was a boy I had been much attracted to Delphine, but now this feeling became of a sudden a strong protective force. I no longer felt afraid of Cullom and his cannibal crew. It was for me to stand between the girl and any possible harm. I rose to my feet and, stepping to her side, dropped my hand on her shoulder.

"Don't be afraid," said I. "The man is a brute and a bully, but he is a coward too. Even aboard this vessel, with his gang of head-hunters round him, he's afraid of Silverside. Did you see how his face changed when he learned that it was he? He will not dare do you any harm. And he is by no means sure of me."

"Why did you tell him that your name was Douglas?" asked Delphine.

"Because he was my father's worst enemy," I answered, and told her of how my father had tried to send him to jail or the gallows.

"Cullom wants two things badly," said I—"he wants Silverside and he wants the pearls. I do not think that he will try to do much about the pearls, though, until he has got Silverside; and from what I have seen of Silverside I do not worry much about his ability to take care of himself. Don't be afraid, Delphine; we are going to come out of this scrape all right. I'd better overhaul the mate's locker now and see if I can find something less filthy to wear than what I have got on. Wait for me here, and, whatever happens, don't let Cullom get you very far away from me on any pretext."

Delphine did not answer. She was staring at me intently and a little of the color had come back into her face. It was a charming face, now that I saw it in the light of her true sex—lovely of contour, sweet and strong.

"How old are you?" she asked abruptly.

"Twenty-four," I answered immediately. "Why?"

"Because—I couldn't tell. You seemed very young at first—and now you seem suddenly to have grown older."

"I am older," I answered, and turned to the stateroom.

Rather to my surprise I found the place as neat as wax, and on overhauling the effects of the dead mate I came to the conclusion that the man must have been a bit of a dandy, for he had a quantity of very decent things. I stripped and rubbed myself down with some sort of toilet water that bore the name of a Paris *parfumeris*. Rummaging the drawers, I came on some curious objects—curling irons, very slender and apparently designed for the beard and mustache; the photograph of a very pretty woman in a silver frame; a little can of paste for bleaching the complexion; a woman's handkerchief with a tiny coronet in one corner; a little morocco notebook that contained some scribbled verses, a few epigrams and a sketch of the same face that was in the silver frame, done as a vignette with a chaplet of grape leaves and apparently meant to represent a bacchante, and, farther on, what appeared to be a record of winning numbers on a roulette table with two or three pages of figures, as of a system being worked out. There were many silk cravats and some soft collars, the whole sprinkled with revolver cartridges. Last of all I found a real prize—a pearl-handled revolver, unloaded, but in which the cartridges fitted. This I quickly loaded and dropped into my pocket with a dozen or so cartridges. I wondered that Cullom had not overhauled the place before assigning it to Delphine and myself, but judged that he must have been too upset by the events of the last two hours to have thought about it. In this I was no doubt right, for I had just finished dressing and was trying to get some order to my matted hair when I heard him stumbling down the companionway, and a moment later he flung open the door. Glancing past him, I saw Delphine sitting at the table, her arms crossed in front of her and her forehead resting on them, either asleep or pretending to be. The light was growing dim.

Cullom stood for a moment staring at me, and from the reek of liquor that came from him and his unsteady swaying I saw that he was well along in drink.

"Y'are a long time prinkin'," said he, and added suspiciously: "Maybe ye have found somethin' interestin'?"

"You are right," I answered—"I have. Your mate seems to have been a bit of a swell. What was he anyhow?"

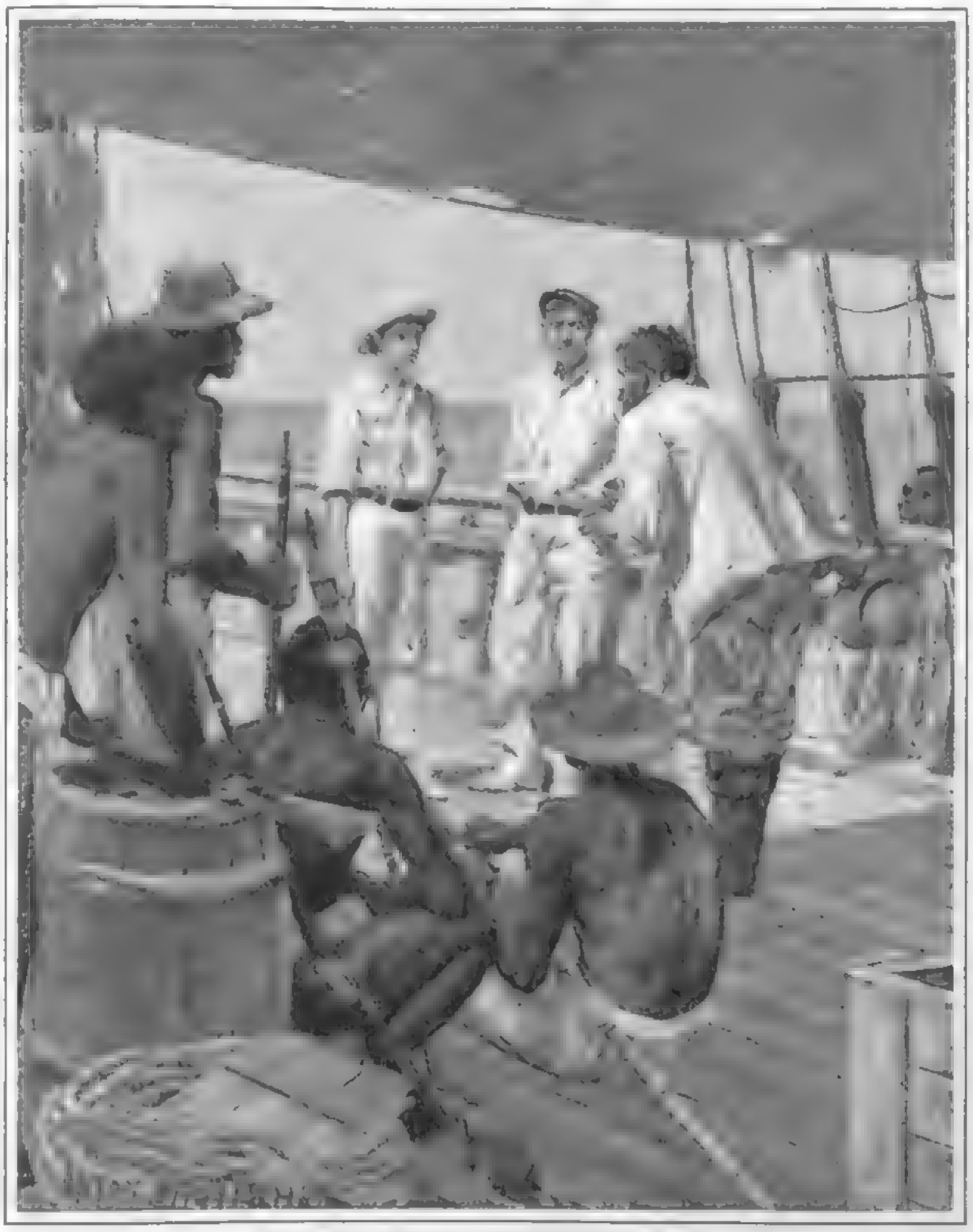
"What hae ye found?" demanded Cullom.

"A notebook with a system for beating a roulette game," I answered. "It's there in the locker. And a lot of other stuff."

Cullom nodded. "Antonio was a croupier in the gamin' halls at Macao," he answered. "He cam' aboord one night wi' a great stack o' money, which na' doot he had won by this same system. I was mate on the Esmeralda at the time, a little steamer runnin' fra' Hongkong to Manila. We had a bit talk and whacked up and bought this schooner to look for pearls."

"Indeed?" I answered.

"'Twas like that. Antonio said he was Portuguese, but I misdoubt he was a Frinch naval officer



"As Fresh as a Primrose, Is She Not, Misther Douglas?"

sometime—cashiered, belike, for some irregular-rity. What else hae ye found, Misther Douglas?" and the swinish eyes glinted suspiciously.

"It's all here in the lockers," I answered; "you might overhaul 'em. Perhaps you'll find a clew to missing heirs."

There was a touch of humor in the man, for he cackled.

"Belike," said he, and began to rummage in the mass of stuff that I had already overhauled.

Delphine had raised her head and was looking in our direction. I stepped through the door and sat down beside her. Cullom fumbled about in the stateroom for a few minutes, then came out and stood with his big knuckles resting on the edge of the table, looking down at us.

"Hae a bit wusky," said he, "and gi' a bit to the boy," and he grinned at Delphine.

"Look here, captain," said I, "let's chuck this nonsense. You know and I know that this young lady is Daniel Fairfax's daughter. But what you may not know is that Daniel Fairfax is dead and that his daughter, Miss Fairfax"—and I looked at Delphine—"is heiress to a couple of million and odd dollars. I came out here expressly to find her, and I'm only waiting here for Gaston Berdou."

Cullom's grin seemed to fade on his face. He looked from one to the other of us with the expression of a man who hunts for some hidden collusion, some prearranged trick. Finally his twinkling blue eyes rested on me.

"What's all this ye are giving us?" he asked.

"It's the Lord's truth," I snapped, for I saw that, drunk as he was, the man was impressed. "Daniel Fairfax is dead, leaving a couple of millions he dug out of the Alaska gold fields, and his wife and daughter have only to claim it. I came out here to find them, and the whole Federal law of the United States is back of me. So don't let's have any more of this boy business about Miss Fairfax. You are apt to see a gunboat poking in here any day, looking for her."

This, of course, was sheer bluff; but I had seen that the brute was startled and determined to play my cards for all they were worth. Cullom goggled at me for a moment, then sank down on a locker against the bulkhead and leaned across the table. He reached for the bottle and poured himself a drink. Fumbling with his glass, he looked up at Delphine and there was no mistaking the changed expression in his face. Yet there was a furtive twinkle in the blue eyes that puzzled me. His next drunken words were significant.

"'Tis a great thing to inherit a lar-rge fortune," said he, "always providin' y'are there to claim it."

"You can help out that part of it, captain," said I. "And let me tell you that you will not lose anything by it either."

His cunning gaze shifted to my face.

"Who kna's what a man might lose in quittin' a lagoon sown thick wi' pearls, Misther Douglas?" said he.

"Now that you know where it is you can always come back to it," I answered.

"And find a gunboat guardin' the industry? Nae doot."

"Well," said I, "have it your own way. Do what you think is going to profit you best. Only remember, you've still got Gaston Berdou to reckon with."

His face seemed to darken. "A daft 'ooman," said he, and snapped his fingers.

So here it was out. I was going to say more, when there came from close aboard a clamor of native voices. Cullom's face seemed to change and he sprang to his feet, glared at us for a second, then sprang for the companionway. We heard him stamping about overhead, roaring like a bull. A boat bumped alongside. The jabbering rose in crescendo and held a ferocious quality that made the hair bristle at the nape of my neck. Cullom was cursing in a steady stream. I could not hear the words, but there was no mistaking the inflection.

Presently we heard his heavy tread across the deck and he came below. It was getting dark, and Cullom paused with his head and shoulders above the hatch to bawl forward, as I guessed to tell the cabin boy to light up. We could not see his face when he came down, and for several moments he stood puffing and snarling as if to himself.

"What's wrong?" I asked.

"Everything's wrong," he growled out. "That de'il Silverside! I sent a boat ashore to see was there aught to eat or drink. The bungalow was locked, and no sooner had they set foot on the threshold than there cam' twa shots fra' the bush and a couple o' my best hands went to glory."

"You did well not to go yourself," said I.

Cullom turned on me savagely. "Don't taunt me, young man," he snarled. "I'll go tomorrow sure enough and we'll see who's the slyer, Silverside or the Red Fox o' Dornoch."

"Dornoch?" said I. "Then you're not a Belfaster?"

"N'er mind what I am," growled Cullom; "I'm a cannier man than Silverside."

Dinner was not much of a success, from either a social or a culinary point of view. Cullom was in a state of savage sarcasm and waited on Delphine with exaggerated politeness. His intoxication appeared to have reached its limit, however, and although he continued to drink I could not see that it affected him further.

"'Tis not much of a meal to set before an heiress," said he. "Permeet me to offer ye another *pomme de terre*, Miss Fairfax. I wonder ye dinna' wear your pearls when dinin' out. Fill the young lady's glass, Mr. Douglas, will ye, please? 'Tis too bad Antonio could not ha' remained wi' us a leetle longer. He had a way wi' the wimmen, had Antonio. I mind the night he did his getaway fra' Macao and cam' aboard the schooner ——"

*Entreating Me, a White Man and a Missionary, to Crush the Skulls of Two Unsuspecting Savages*

"I thought you said it was aboard the Esmeralda?" I interrupted.

Cullom turned on me an owlish glare, but it seemed to me his face had an odd, frightened look. It passed on the instant and he answered harshly:

"A slip o' the tongue, Mr. Douglas. The Esmeralda it was—and she sailin' for Manila. Y'are quick to pick a man up. Permeet me to offer ye a bit o' this olive oil wi' the tinned sock-eye, Miss Fairfax. I am sorry the champagne has run out. 'Twas all consumed in entertainin' His R'yal Majesty, the King o' the Cannibal Islands."

He kept on in this garrulous strain until the meal was over, when he lighted a pipe and went on deck, apparently tiring of the one-sided entertainment. Delphine and I looked at each other in the dim light of the standing lamp.

"What a horrible brute!" she murmured.

"There are not many worse, I imagine," said I. "Did you notice how he looked when I picked him up about the schooner? The chances are it was a put-up game to rob the casino. The man is no better than a pirate, lacking only the pirate's courage. He will not try to play us any tricks."

"I wish we could get ashore," said Delphine.

"With Cullom's black gang loose on the island you are better off here," I answered. "Cullom is greedy, and now that he knows that you are to inherit a big fortune he will probably try to make a bargain to land you in a place of safety for a good round sum. You see, you are practically held for ransom. But first he wants to lay hands on Silverside and have a go at the pearls. If what he said about Gaston Berdou was true he will have time to go through the shell-heap and do some diving and clear out before your mother gets back, though I don't think that with the gang he has got in his crew and the dozen or so of divers he is bothering his head very much about being chucked out."

I was rambling along half asleep when Delphine interrupted me.

"You look used up," said she; "you had better turn in and get a good sleep. There's no telling what may happen and you ought to be fit." She slanted her head, regarding me quizzically through her long black lashes, then said with perfect seriousness:

"It's too bad you haven't a razor."

I laughed outright. The yellow stubble on my face was half an inch long and anything but becoming, but it seemed an odd time to think of that.

"There is one in the poor mate's locker," I answered, "but I was too tired to bother. I'll tackle it in the morning."

Delphine stared at me curiously for a few moments.

"I am very tired too," said she; "I am going to bed. I shall sleep in the top bunk; you may sleep underneath." She gave me a steady look from her clear gray eyes. "I feel safer when you are near me. We will shut the door and lock it," said she.

I nodded, then said gently:

"You have been through an ordeal that would give most girls nervous prostration, and it is going to be still harder in a way. Cullom is an awful brute, but I don't think that he will dare to bother you. He's after the pearls—and Silverside. But until we get out of this fix I want you to think of me as a big brother—and I shall think of you as my dear little sister and try to make it all as easy for you as I can. Will you do that? I shall call you Delphine and you must call me Douglas, and it will be exactly as if we were brother and sister—until we get clear of this."

She looked at me intently for a moment, then her long lashes swept down.

"And when we do get out of it," she asked, "then won't you be my big brother any more? I've always wished I had a big brother."

"Yes," I answered, "I will be your big brother as long as you want me to be."

"I think that will be always," she answered, and there came a tinge of color under her eyes as she added—"unless you get tired of your little sister."

"There is no danger of that," I answered, and for some silly reason could feel my face getting red almost as soon as I had spoken. "But just the same," I added, "I'm glad that you are not really my sister."

"Why?" asked Delphine, dropping her chin in her hand and staring at me.

"Because," I answered, "if you were you might marry and have some other man to take care of you, and I'd rather take care of you myself."

She gave a little smile, then rose.

"I am going to bed," said she. "Good-night, big brother." She walked into the stateroom, climbed into the upper bunk and stretched her lithe body with a sigh of weariness, turning her face to the ship's side.

### XII

AS SOON as Delphine's slow and even breathing told me that she was asleep I slipped off my shoes and coat, stole into the stateroom and closed and locked the door. As I stretched myself out in the lower bunk I was conscious again of that indefinable sense of familiarity with my surroundings that I have already mentioned. An air of wontedness seemed to pervade the place—a strange thing, considering our position on a craft that was little better than a pirate and at the mercy of a drunken ruffian and his cannibal crew. Besides the eight or so hands required to handle the vessel Cullom had a gang of native divers—eight or ten, I judged, for he had said at dinner that he found them cheaper and just as efficient as trained men in diving armor.

For the first part of the night I was plunged in the dreamless oblivion of utter unconsciousness, and then I had a nightmare. I thought that I had fallen overboard from my father's little brig, The Christian Faith, and that a great banded shark was about to take me. The monster was at some distance and there was time for me to make the ladder and scramble up, but the water seemed like glue, and struggle as I would I could make no progress. Closer and closer came the shark. I tried to scream, but the sticky water got in my mouth and choked me. Then, as I was about to be seized, my father leaned over the rail and stretched out his hand to me. His arm seemed to grow longer and longer until it had reached the length of a boathook. It fastened on my wrist and drew me up and on to the deck, where I sank down weak and nerveless.

*"We are No So Verra Savage Here, Though Unused to Entertainin' Heiresses"*

"Don't be afraid, sonny," said my father. "I will give you a charm to hang round your neck, so that no shark will ever dare to come near you." He led me below and gave me a great pearl strung on a thread of black silk. "Now go to your berth and rest," said he, "but be careful that nobody gets the charm." So I went to my berth and lay down, but I thought to myself: "What if Sandy Cullom should come and steal my pearl while I am asleep?" The idea worried me, and I decided to put the charm in a little secret hiding-place that Keowa Harry, who was an expert joiner, had devised in the ceiling beside my bunk. By striking a certain butt of scantling a sharp thump with the ball of one's hand the piece opened out on a pivot, the part struck swinging inward. One could then reach into a snug little locker between the ceiling and the skin of the vessel.

Wishing to hide my pearl from Sandy Cullom, I turned over and struck the butt of the scantling, and the same instant I awoke with a gasp of pain, for I must have struck very hard in my sleep. I felt a hand on my wrist and there came a rustle from the bunk above.

"Are you awake?" said Delphine's low voice.

"Yes," I answered, and felt her grasp loosen on my wrist.

"You were having a nightmare," said she. "You said, 'Father, father, a shark!' and reached up your hand. I took your wrist, thinking to quiet you. I am not surprised that you should have a nightmare."

"Thank you, little sister," said I, and added quickly: "Hello, what's this?"

For a piece of planking was sticking out against me and as I raised my head it struck against my cheek. I stretched out my arm and my hand entered the little secret locker that I remembered so well.

Where was I? Could another man have made just such another hiding-place in that identical spot? And then a thought flashed through my head which nearly caused my heart to stop beating. But no; it was impossible, absurd. The Christian Faith had been a stumpy brig; this vessel was a long and not ungraceful schooner, although a bit full amidships for the lines of bow and stern. Her cabin was smaller, too, and had but two staterooms, whereas The Christian Faith had four and a big room under the companionway. And yet ——

"What is the matter?" asked Delphine.

"I have made a discovery, I think," said I, and my voice sounded strange to me.

"What is it?" she asked.

"Wait a minute." I slipped out of the bunk, unlocked the door and softly opened it. There was a standing light in the cabin and from the room opposite came the sound of Cullom's drunken snores. By the dim glow of the lamp I saw the dark hole in the ceiling. I slipped in my hand and drew out a book. Holding it to the light, I saw that it was bound in leather and covered with a coating of green mold.

I tiptoed out of the room and stood under the light, scraping away the mold. For the instant I was almost afraid to open the book, for already I had guessed what it was. Then with a heart that seemed scarcely to beat I did open it, to find the soiled yellow pages covered with my father's small, distinct handwriting. It was his diary.

There came a rustle behind me and I turned and saw Delphine peering over my shoulder. She had taken off her serge coat, and her loose pongee shirt was open at the throat. Her face was dewy with sleep and there seemed to come from her the fragrance of a flower-soaked night breeze.

"What have you there?" she whispered.

I looked at her dazedly. "My father's diary," I answered.

"Are you still dreaming?"

"Look here," I whispered, and showed her the cover. Where I had rubbed away the mold there was stamped in tarnished gold lettering:

"Diary," and underneath, "Rev. John Whitney Ames."

"But how did it come here?" whispered Delphine.

"It has never been anywhere else," I answered, and added under my breath: "This vessel is my father's brig, The Christian Faith."

From the stateroom opposite Cullom snored away. His door was shut and no doubt locked, for I do not believe that he trusted his savage crew any more than was necessary. It was well for us, perhaps, that he was sodden with drink, for, as I went on to tell Delphine of my dream and how I had knocked open the secret locker in my sleep, our voices may have been raised beyond the limit of prudence. The girl listened with her eyes fixed on mine.

"There is no doubt," said I, "that Cullom is my father's murderer. Maginnis, a trader, intimated something of the sort in Suva. It is plain enough now. Cullom has some sort of hold on the Solomon Islanders. No doubt he was on the island where my father landed and incited the cannibals to cut off the brig. Then, after everybody had been slaughtered, he probably took her to some Chinese port and altered her throughout. He had a bow and stern overhang put on, remodeled her below and changed her rig." Then I told Delphine of the queer feeling I had felt on coming aboard her.

"Let us look at the diary," said I. "That may throw some light on the business."

I turned to the last pages. Delphine dropped her hand on my shoulder and I could feel her quick breath fanning against my cheek. We read in silence, commencing from the point where my father told of arriving at a small outlying island of the group, where he had put in for water and to talk to the chiefs. His hand was clear and legible and we read swiftly and in silence, Delphine pressing my shoulder when she had finished the page.

"*Dec. 11.* —— a small forty-ton yawl which has put in, leaking badly. She must have opened up in the squall of yesterday. The hands were at the pumps when she passed us, and at the wheel was a bearded man who looked suspiciously like the man Alexander Cullom whom I tried so hard to bring to justice over a year ago. They have beached her and the white man has gone alone to the chief's house, which looks as though he were more or less at home here, as the island bears a very bad reputation. I trust that it may not be Cullom, as his presence might make my work infinitely more difficult if not actually perilous."

The extracts of the diary which I give are only those that have a direct bearing on Cullom's part of the tragedy. Under the heading of the following day we came upon a passage which read:

"—— as I feared, the waterlogged pearling yawl that put in here yesterday belongs to none other than Cullom. I met him on the beach today and he asked me, with a sort of impudent sarcasm, whether I would let bygones be bygones and give him a passage to Bougainville, where we are bound from here. Personally I should rather sail with a crew of lepers than with this wretch, but he told me that his life would not be safe here with his yawl on the beach, that she was an old and moldy vessel and that he dared not put to sea in her. He wished to dismantle and leave her there, saying that her days were ended and that she was not worth the effort to repair. I told him frankly that I had always considered him a scoundrel and a hindrance to civilization, but that in order to be true to my professed faith I would consent to give him a passage and to transfer such of his gear as we might conveniently carry. He appeared to be very grateful and said that in return he would try to be of service to me in my work on the island. He said that he was on fairly good terms with the chief, which I fancy is the result of his—Cullom's—donations of rum.

"A little later Cullom went ashore, to return saying that he had talked to the chief, who appeared friendly disposed, and that he was coming out the following day to pay us a visit of state. All of this sounds very encouraging, but I by no means like the look in Cullom's eyes. I believe the man to be a coward and a bully, but he has the treachery of any unregenerate savage, or I am much mistaken.

"*Friday, Dec. 13.* I have had a visit from the chief. He seems well disposed and has invited all hands to a feast to be given in our honor. Cullom, who seems to be acting as major-domo or something of that sort, has advised that we go unarmed, thus showing our confidence in the good faith of our hosts. I have finally agreed to this, though realizing that we are taking a certain risk. However, I have spent my active life in taking risks, and now that I am, except for my dear son, Douglas, practically alone in the world, I do not feel that I am under any obligation to avoid physical danger. As to my crew, I have explained the situation, and with the exception of two men the loyal fellows have chosen to go with me. Were I dealing with natives alone I should feel quite at ease; but the man Cullom is the 'fly in the amber.' There is a quality to his expression that I do not like. He has become too effusively friendly, though perhaps I do him an injustice and he may be moved by real gratitude."

Here the diary ended. I closed the book reverently and looked at Delphine. Her face was pale, her lips trembling and her gray eyes full of tears. The water in my own had made the reading of the last paragraph difficult, but deeper down there was rising such a cold, consuming fury that I felt as though my body were turning to ice.

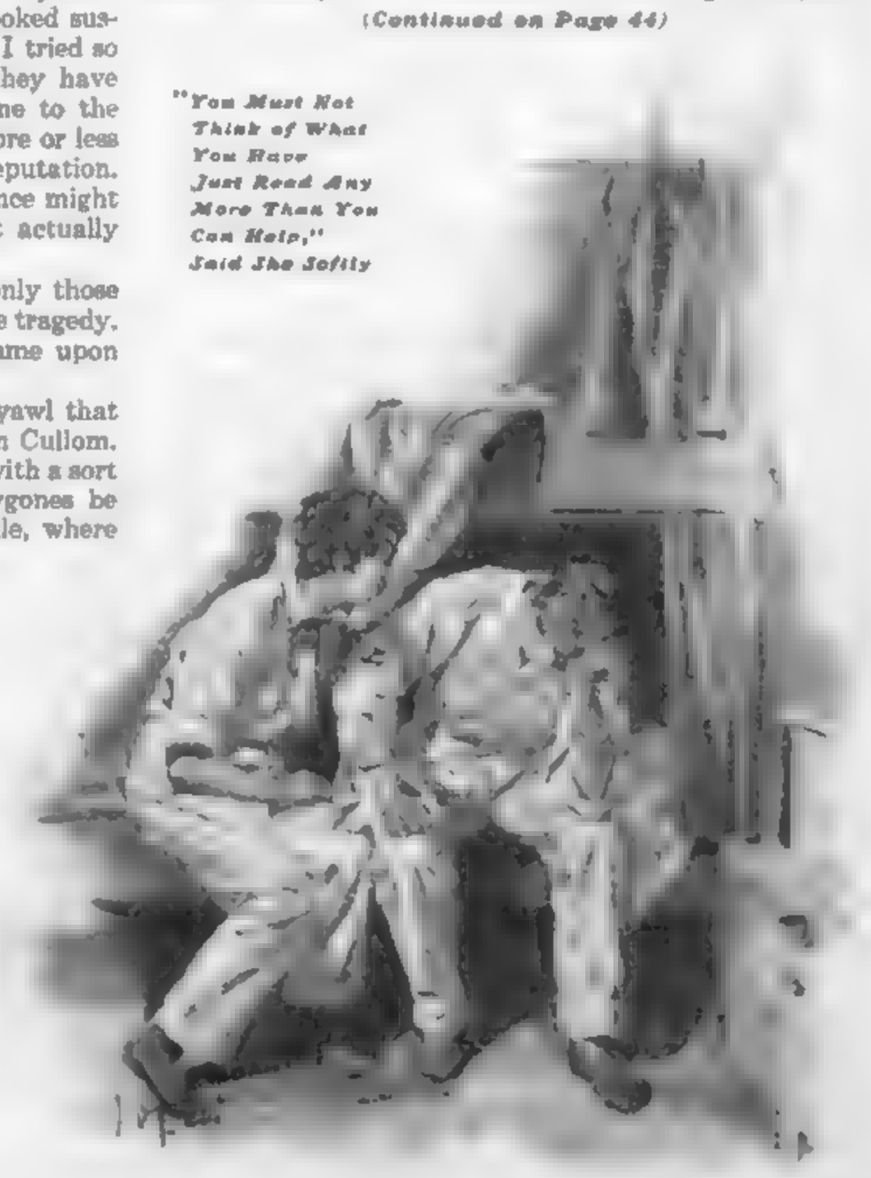
Cullom, this scum of the stagnant sea, to have plotted and carried off the massacre of such a man as my father and his brave, devoted Kanaka crew! I could see it all: My father, brave, firm-lipped, reverent, knowing from his vast experience that he was doing a dangerous thing, but willing to take the risk for himself and his Christian band for the sake of the object lesson and the good will and confidence that might ensue. Cullom, his crafty, vulpine face full of a false gratitude and friendship, his shifty eyes already on The Christian Faith and his animal cunning at work on a plan for altering her in a way to defy recognition. He had several objects in view, had Cullom—revenge upon the man who had so nearly got him a life sentence; the acquisition of the brig and all inside her; the establishing of a bond with the cannibals that might accrue to his profit in the matter of trade and the furnishing of crew and divers to work the pearl fisheries. He ran no risk himself. The chief needed him.

I thought of the massacre and what must have followed it, and my soul turned sick. I laid the book on the table and buried my face in my hands. I was standing there, half leaning against the bulkhead, trying to get the picture out of my mind, when I felt a light touch on my arm.

"He has stopped snoring," whispered Delphine. "We had better go back into our room."

I nodded. It was risking the girl to stop there in the cabin, talking, so I motioned for her to go first, then

(Continued on Page 44)



*"You Must Not Think of What You Have Just Read Any More Than You Can Help," Said She Softly*

# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED A: D: 1728

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INDEPENDENCE SQUARE

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

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PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER 7, 1912


## Glittering Generalities

MORE than a hundred platforms, state and national, must have been adopted this year; and all of them are alike in breathing deep solicitude for the plain, industrious, thrifty citizen. The man or woman who earns a livelihood by honest, productive labor and lays up a little against a rainy day is the apple of every politician's eye. Whether farmer, mechanic, doctor or tradesman, this plain, laborious and frugal person is, by universal consent, the backbone of the nation. He it is whom Mr. Taft would save from the awful calamity of a judiciary subject to recall. For him Mr. Wilson would put the tariff on a revenue basis and Mr. Roosevelt drive out the bosses.

All agree in devotion to the industrious and the thrifty man, but there is vast contention as to the best means of serving him. For his benefit one demands high tariff, another low; one insists upon state rights, another upon extension of Federal powers. In what manner many of these policies will affect the plain citizen, there is considerable room for argument.

Everybody knows, however, that plain, industrious, frugal citizens—or their widows and orphans—are robbed of somewhere from fifty to a hundred million dollars every year by swindling venders of bogus or wildcat stocks. No one can dispute that to stop this robbery would benefit the class all politicians profess to serve. The Progressive party meets the point squarely with a pledge to "protect people from this kind of piracy." Any party in power nowadays, in state or nation, that neglects Blue Sky legislation lays itself open to a suspicion that the glittering generalities in its platform are mostly buncombe.

## Good Times for Another Trust

WE BEG to congratulate stockholders of the Banana Trust—otherwise known as the United Fruit Company. This is one of our most efficient corporations. It has developed a great trade with the West Indies and South America, the most important result of which is that bananas, which used to be a rarity, are now cheap and abundant in every part of the United States. But the attorney-general proposes to "dissolve" the trust.

When the attorney-general dissolved the Oil Trust, stock of that concern was worth about six hundred and fifty dollars a share. It is now worth about one thousand dollars a share.

When the attorney-general dissolved the Tobacco Trust its common stock was worth about three hundred and fifty dollars a share. At this writing the equivalent of that old common stock is worth seven hundred and forty dollars a share. No doubt good times are in store for stockholders of the Banana Trust; but we hope the price of bananas will not be increased.

## Locking the Stable Door

PLANS of a big British liner have been altered to provide for a double bottom. This will cost three hundred and fifty thousand dollars in good money and entail a loss of two hundred and fifty thousand cubic feet in carrying capacity. Before the Titanic sank any ship-owner would have demonstrated to you that double bottoms not only were highly superfluous, but would probably sink the vessel, besides quite ruining the ship-owning industry. Only the sacrifice of more than a thousand lives compelled this sacrifice of more than seventy thousand pounds in hard cash and a quarter of a million cubic feet in freight capacity.

During the week in which alteration of the British liner's plans was announced a committee at Chicago published the result of its investigation of lake excursions out of that city. In the course of that report the committee remarked almost casually that a second General Slocum disaster—in which hundreds of lives were lost on an overcrowded excursion steamer—was only a question of time, if present conditions continued.

The country was horrified when the General Slocum burned, as the world was when the Titanic sank. There were great furbishing up of laws and stiffening of inspection—but that was years ago. The disaster is forgotten, though the hunger for dividends never abates, but exerts constant pressure for more accommodating laws, more lax inspection. When any proposal is made to safeguard life at a cash cost you will hear the same objection—that it is superfluous and the business cannot stand it. Until life has actually been lost the objection carries great weight.

## Detroit Cleans House

DETROIT, at this writing, is the latest city to indulge the typical American pastime of a graft exposure. To understand Detroit's case no one need look beyond the newspaper headlines, and these graft cases are so much alike that one stereotyped scarehead would answer for all of them. There were thirty or forty aldermen elected by wards. A century of experience has shown that any city government so constituted—with power and responsibility scattered among a large councilmanic body of obscure persons, whose official interests and vision are largely limited to their own particular wards—is sure to develop graft sooner or later. We trust the present unpleasantness will inspire Detroit to adopt a commission form of government. But why should any city wait for the inevitable graft exposure before discarding the numerous, ward-elected council that is so highly favorable to the development of graft and so highly unfavorable for every useful purpose? Detroit might easily select five men, chosen at large, who would possess the ability and character that government of a city of its size requires. That she could ever select thirty or forty men, chosen by wards, who would combine ability and character alike is completely out of the question.

## Concerning Children

SOME German statistics suggest that marriages, births and deaths tend to decrease in pretty much the same proportion. In 1875 the birth-rate for the empire was forty-two and a fraction to a thousand of the population. In the decade 1892-1902 it had fallen to thirty-seven and a fraction. It is now below thirty-two. In 1892-1902 there were eight and two-tenths marriages to a thousand inhabitants and four and a half births to a marriage. There are now less than eight marriages to a thousand and only four births to a marriage. At the same time the death-rate has steadily fallen. The same underlying cause produces the double result of a falling birth-rate and a falling death-rate. That cause, of course, is education and improvement in all the material conditions of living. About in proportion as men hope to give their children something more than simple existence, population is kept down. The more enlightened a population becomes, the more effectually it will combat disease and the more solicitous it will become for the training and opportunities of its offspring—the less willing to have children beyond its probable means of educating and endowing them with a fair start in life. Probably, also, Mother Nature would approve a falling birth-rate that resulted only from laziness and selfishness. If a population reached that stage of decay where it preferred ease to parenthood, the fewer children it had the better. In this matter of miscalled race suicide humanity is much wiser than the medieval-minded sociologists who insist upon mere numbers.

## An Effeminate World

OUR immigrants are predominantly males, but in New England and the Middle Atlantic states the females of native parentage slightly exceed the males; and among settled, highly developed populations not greatly affected either by immigration or emigration, women appear to be in a growing majority. Thus in England and Wales, as shown by the final figures in the census of 1911, published in August, females exceed males by almost seven per cent. If law commanded the entire population to join in monogamous wedlock there would be, for each thousand of wedded pairs, a surplus of sixty-eight females left over.

Moreover England, like Germany, shows a declining marriage-rate and a decreasing birth-rate. Thus, in the census period 1871-1881, the excess of births over deaths was fifteen and a fraction to a thousand of the population. In this last census period, in spite of a smaller death-rate, the excess was under twelve and a half to a thousand.

In fine, not only do women positively outnumber men, but relatively woman's traditional job of wife and mother is failing her. The result, so to speak, is a quantity of female energy quite detached from the traditional job, which increases both in mass and energy. The census, therefore, lends some support to Herr Nietzsche's view that the modern world tends rather rapidly to become effeminate—or at least feminized.

To prove that our manners have become feminized one need turn no farther back than to Fielding's Squire Western or the mixed-company speeches in Shakspere's comedies. Woman, and not man, was of course the original social unit. Descent from a common mother when fathers were entirely negligible in the family relationship was the starting-point from which all social organization has been built up. Perhaps our civilized communities are slowly working back to first principles.

## The Fires of Civil War

NEARLY half a century has passed since any prominent public man in the United States has talked civil war, but that talk is heard daily in England. Addressing three thousand specially invited guests of the Duke of Marlborough and some fifteen thousand mere people, at Blenheim Palace recently, the leader of the Conservative party said of the Asquith government: "We regard them as a revolutionary committee which has seized by fraud upon despotic power. In our opposition to them we shall not be restrained by the bounds of an ordinary political struggle. We shall use whatever means seem likely to be most effective." If the government should force Home Rule upon the Protestant minority in Ireland, said Mr. Law, "it would succeed only in lighting fires of civil war that would shatter the empire to its foundation." If that attempt be made, he added, "I can imagine no length to which Ulster will go in which I shall not be ready to support them."

For months, of course, Ulster has been declaring it would resist Home Rule by armed rebellion, and the official chief of one of the great English parties now publicly encourages that attitude. Since Appomattox there has been no parallel to this in American politics. Probably a great majority of Englishmen refuse to consider this talk seriously; but before Sumter was fired upon a great majority of Americans refused to take our talk of civil war seriously.

It is an interesting incidental fact that these threats of armed rebellion against the established government proceed, not from dangerous radicals but from the safe and sane Tories. However, it has been generally characteristic of your safe and sane Tory that nobody is readier than he to overthrow a government he cannot run.

## Who Pays the Piper?

THE population of the United States increased by sixteen millions in the last decade, while the number of beef cattle decreased slightly; and beef on the hoof recently sold at Chicago for ten cents a pound for the first time in nearly fifty years. Very little over a year ago good steers sold under six cents a pound, and nearly half the time within the census decade the price was about six cents. The present high price is due, not only to the fact that corn is high but that feeding a steer seventy-five-cent corn involves risk—and consumers must be the ones to pay for the risk.

The other day a food-investigation commission appointed by the state of New York made a report. Among other things it found that hucksters might be seen selling rotten apples in the East Side of the city, though fine apples lay spoiling on the ground less than eighty miles away. Again and again growers of those apples had gone to the trouble of picking, sorting, barreling and shipping them, only to find by their commission merchants' returns that the market was congested or depressed that day, and that the net yield was hardly sufficient to cover expenses. They had become discouraged and let their apples rot. Eating decayed apples was the price the people of the East Side paid for that marketing risk.

Consumers always want beef; the East Side always wants apples. These two instances suggest the complexity and misalignment of present-day marketing. Assurance of a steady demand at a fair price would foster the production of any staple dietary article up to the point of meeting the demand. The demand is there—consumers always want the articles; but nobody is in a position to give the assurance. The grower must take the risk of a bad connection at every one of the joints and angles between himself and the consumer. He must take the risk that some other grower will arrive at the same point with the same goods at the same moment he does. For all this risk the consumer pays—or it falls on both consumer and producer. For this misalignment between producer and consumer coöperation is the only cure.

# WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

## Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

### A Pensive Publicist

WHEN a person indeterminate or a personality determinate desires publicity—which all of them do—the way to go about it is to engage a publicist. And when a publicist desires publicity—which he never fails to desire—the proper caper is to engage a supra-publicist; for if a mere publicist engages in the labor of publishing another publicist there is danger that the publicity the publicist gets for the publicist will be the publicist's own publicity—not publicity for the other publicist. I hope I make myself publicly clear, as I am striving or have striven to speak in an essentially exoteric manner.

It is well known in certain circles, the same being among the publicity boys and girls—there are plenty of girls in that line—that it is just as essential to advertise a candidate for the presidency as it is to advertise a breakfast food or a new brand of smoking tobacco, or a simply perfect soap. If we should conduct a campaign for the presidential nomination and afterward for the presidential election, with nothing about it in the papers, in the magazines, in the circulars, on the billboards and elsewhere, from clouds to carpets, the only vote the candidates would get would be their own; for the people are entirely too busy with baseball and watermelons, and finding sustenance, and getting home from their vacations, to pay any voluntary attention to saving the Republic from the ruthless grasp of the villainous and treasonable opposition party unless their aggregated heed is drawn forcibly to the matter.

Wherefore, so soon as he becomes a candidate for anything, the first aid to his campaign, the first duty to himself, is for the candidate to look well to his sources for publicity. If he is a wise candidate he will proceed by the most direct route to the most capable artist in this line he can discover, and say to him substantially as follows: "My dear sir: I am a candidate. Being a candidate, it is necessary I should let the people in on this suffocating desire of mine to increase their happiness and decrease their misery and woe and expenses—don't forget that—by putting me on the payroll. Now therefore, as I am in funds, or hope to be, I want to engage you to inform the people of my manifold virtues and to counteract the villainous slanders of the opposition."

#### Honied Lines From Pence's Pen

"TO THAT laudable end, I herewith engage you to publish, proclaim, declare, announce, divulge, promulgate, bring out, blazon, utter, disclose, reveal, advertise, impart, broach, ventilate, communicate, emit, put forth and issue me, in my favorable aspects, to the people as the prospective savior of the nation and the friend of the masses. Proceed!"

A wise candidate does this, I said. Has any person questioned the foxiness of one Woodrow Wilson, now somewhat prominently before the folks in a candidatorial sense? Not none whatsomever, as they say on Hellroarin' Creek. Be it so. Also, it was so that Woodrow Wilson and his manager, so soon as the populace began to take Woodrow seriously, not so soon as Woodrow began to take himself seriously—this is set forth in a broad, general sense—so soon as the inhabitants—the commonalty, as Woodrow himself used to say to the sophomores—began to take Woodrow seriously, Woodrow and his manager, one W. F. McCombs, and reasonably astute, took long running jumps to the immediate vicinity of Thomas J. Pence—the J. standing for Jones—not Jefferson, as many have erroneously supposed—and said the words before inscribed into the listening ear of Thomas Jones.

Enough, with Mr. Pence, is sufficient. When enough had been said, particularly as relating to the financial return to be returned to the coffers of Thomas J. in the manner of an honorarium—Tom was for Wilson all the time anyhow—the said Pence began skillful and expeditious operations. A wise candidate, I observed. Of a surety, for Thomas Jones Pence is the than-whomer publicity artist than whom there are none than-whomer. Why, Tom Pence, if he set about it, could get a good reading notice for Standard Oil!

Thomas hired an office, put in a few telephones and a few more typewriters, installed clerks, hired a printing office or so, and turned loose. When he walked into that office for the first time the large proportion of the American citizenry had but a vague idea whether Woodrow Wilson was a coming baseball pitcher or a man who puts up fountains so the little birds can drink. When he walked out for the last time, just prior to moving over to Baltimore, Woodrow Wilson's alliterative monniker was a household word up and down and across this fair land of ours; and the fact had been concealed successfully that Woodrow's unesthetic parents had given him Tommy as a first name, which he had shed somewhere along his professional route. Or, mayhap, Tom Pence didn't care to have the thing known, his name being the same.

Well, anyhow, that wasn't the only thing Tom Pence successfully concealed; and the number of things he successfully bruited abroad tending to the impressing of the virtues and capabilities of Woodrow on the public mind to be mentioned would be numerous. Of course other candidates had their publicity artists also, and it was the delight of these artists, between whiles of praising their own peerless protagonists, to take wallops at Tom's man. Inasmuch as Tom's man had been for years, in his capacity as college president, delivering lectures to bored young men who sat before him, and seeking to point out to said b. y. m. the way in which they should go as well as to interpret to them the meaning of the signs of the times, there were few topics with which the human understanding can grapple on which he had not made an academic utterance.

PHOTO BY HARRIS & EWING, WASHINGTON, D. C.

*He Made Governor Wilson a First-Page Personage*

#### Trusty Tom to the Rescue

ACADEMIC utterances by college professors are excellent when confined to the academy, but when the opposition begins to dissect them in the full glare of a presidential campaign they sometimes show a lack of appreciation of future exigencies. Likewise Tom's man had written a few books of the same general tenor, or alto, of his college talks and his public and after-dinner addresses, and the ghouls of the other press bureaus tore these apart and likewise resurrected various letters he had dashed off from time to time in the heat of whatever moment he was hectic in. These they cast abroad.

Thus Tom was in this situation: He had to get nice things printed about the aims, aspirations, ambitions and articulations of his candidate; and he also had to denature the various little bits of thought, tossed off in scholarly moments, that were coming back to plague the Professor. Trust Tom for that. They never feazed him with the Joline letter or the so-called jab at our immigration; and when Marse Henry and Colonel Gawge Harvey—it used to be George Brinton McClellan Harvey, but the Brinton McClellan part of it was expunged from the records about the same time Woodrow dropped that Tommy prefix of his—and Thomas F. Ryan, and Woodrow and Senator Tillman all got into that fearful muss about what happened or didn't happen in relation to something or other at some time, and Marse Henry was yelling throatily for a Court of Honor, it was Tom who stepped in and diverted attention by recalling some previous remarks of Champ Clark's on various topics, and by playing up the horrible indignity that Woodrow had suffered in Chicago when they stole his suitcase and his other shirt.

Tom sat on the job all through those parlous days. There never was a minute when he was unduly elated, no matter how good the Wilson movement looked; nor was there ever a minute when he was unduly depressed, no matter how Champ-Clarky it seemed to be. He maintained his equilibrium and proceeded diligently to get things in the papers. That is what he was there for. His job was to make Woodrow Wilson known to the public; and when the convention began its gyrations at Baltimore there were few of our people who could not tell offhand just who Woodrow Wilson was at the time mentioned, to say nothing of those who have a more comprehensive knowledge of him now. Our people easily differentiated Woodrow from both the sewing machine and the non-refillable bottle. He was a distinct person, an entity; and it was Thomas Jones Pence who put him on the publicity political map—made him a first-page personage instead of an inside-page person.

You may talk of your McCombs and your Gores, and all the rest of your Wilson lieutenants, but not one of them did any more, if as much, to bring about the nomination of Wilson at Baltimore than Tom Pence—big, good-natured, skillful, wise, efficient Tom Pence. He's a Southerner, is Tom, and comes from Raleigh, North Carolina. Eight or ten years ago Josephus Daniels sent this husky young tarheel up to Washington to write the Washington news for Josephus' paper. Tom wrote it well and he still writes it. Likewise he made friends with everybody he met, especially with the Southern Democrats; and when, four years ago, Josephus went out to Chicago to run the publicity end of the Bryan campaign, Tom went with him and did all that could be done—and more. That over, he took a look at Europe, came back to Washington and began writing the news again. Several times, during the three years that ensued before he took hold of the Wilson publicity, he did some fine work in that line, and his reputation as a producer of publicity was so good that McCombs grabbed him as soon as the Wilson movement was started.

Tom is ranging along in the thirties, isn't married, totes a fine Southern accent, tells a good story, has fun everywhere he is, works as hard as he plays, and is one of the best the South has sent up North in a long time. And at this particular moment he is in New York, in the Wilson headquarters, keeping Wilson on the front page, refuting, disproving, confuting, controverting what the scoundrelly opposition charges against Wilson, and doing a few lines of impeaching, arraigning, inculpating, imputing and indicting on his own hook, as regards said opposition. Don't have any worry about what Mr. Wilson says, does, is, and how he will be getting into various mediums of publicity. Mr. Thomas Jones Pence will attend to that.

### Caught it From the Cowcatcher

DOC PECK, who is by way of being the official chiropodist of the Yellowstone Park, attending to all feet save the feet of the mountains, was telling Mrs. Peck about a man he had seen who was suffering from locomotor ataxia.

Mrs. Peck didn't understand about the affliction very well. So the doctor pulled a few medical terms he found in the index of a medical work.

"Now do you understand what it is?" he asked.

"Certainly," replied Mrs. Peck.

"Well, what is it?"

"A man was in a taxi and got hit by a locomotive!"

### His Marvelous Memory

"I SUPPOSE you know Woodrow Wilson very well," somebody said to Jimmy De Long in the University Club at Kansas City the day Wilson was nominated.

"Oh, yes—yes, indeed!" spoke up De Long. "Know him very well. Never forget the last time I had a talk with him. I was back for reunion and he was president of Princeton, you know. We were all in line and I came up to him. I stuck out my hand and said: 'You remember me, Mr. President—De Long—ninety-two?'

"Well, sir, quick as a flash and showing his marvelous memory, he grabbed my hand and said: 'Why, of course, Mr. De Long, I remember you perfectly. Very glad to see you again, I'm sure.' He didn't forget me—not on your life!"

"No," put in Henry Schott; "and not after you had tipped him off either!"

# THE COLONEL'S CHANCE

## Old Reliable Decorates a King and Carries the Precinct

*Said Stiffened Like a Pointer Dog When He Saw a Box That Clinked and Whispered of Metal*

By Harris Dickson

ILLUSTRATED BY C. E. CHAMBERS

THE stars hung low above Wady Okar—nearer than lightning bugs caught under Zack's mosquito curtain. The Nile murmured in its sleep—an indolent, upturned duplicate of the dazzling heavens. Between the river and that squatty brick house where the white folks stayed clumps of doom-palms stood, with dense black shadows—ink-blots upon a sheet of silver paper.

From the village of Hillet Debaa—Hyena Town—across half a mile of trembling grasses, came the thump, thump, thump of a Shillook drum. The barbaric monotone pulsed into the windows of the white men's quarters, eddied round to the rear and dinned upon the ears of Said with insistent invitation. The scrawny brown man sat upon the ground with his back against a straw hut, listening to the voice of the drum. He knew where naked black figures crouched round it, beneath the great mimosa tree, and his own savage blood responded to the throb, throb, throb of that savage heart of Africa, beating afar off in the night.

Said rose as the languid leopard rises; his striped robe swished against his legs. For an instant he stood motionless, with dilated nostrils; then sank cautiously to the ground again. The back door had opened—not the door that Said was watching, out of which his master usually shouted, "Whar he?" but another door—a dark door. It opened warily, without a sound; the room was black behind it, without a glimmer.

Out of this blackness came the Black Effendi with the soft foot of a cat, then halted to listen in the gloom beneath the eaves. The subtle instinct of Said felt much more than he really saw; he scented concealment, intrigue—something wrong. That's why he vanished behind that *tukul* and peered out with glittering eyes. From the gloom of the eaves he heard a thrilling sound—the jingle of metal; for Zack stumbled as he stepped into the starlight. Old Reliable was in his shirtsleeves, bareheaded, and had a package under his arm. This package riveted the very soul of Said—a square box nearly the size of a shirtbox and quite heavy.

Said stiffened like a pointer dog when he saw Zack sneaking from Colonel Spottiswoode's bedroom with a box that clinked and whispered of the metal that was in it. Four black apparitions stalked past—natives, naked and silent—shadows, out of the shadows and into the shadows again. Zack took no chances; he lay low until they were gone, then stepped out. A door creaked behind him and he dived back into his hiding-place. This time it was Colonel Spottiswoode's door that opened; a glare of light threw his figure across the level spaces. The Colonel stood in his doorway and shouted:

"Zack! Oh, Zack!"

Zack held his breath and did not answer. The Colonel turned back into the room; Old Reliable crept out and moved away. Said had dropped flat to the ground, wriggling like a snake shedding its skin—getting out of his telltale robe and turban. Zack rounded the corner of the house, then started at a quicker gait toward the river. He chose the way of the darkness and avoided the path of the shine. To follow him, Said must pass that blaze of light which streamed through the door. Naked and brown he leaped across it like the flitting of a bat, and darkness swallowed him.

Old Reliable hurried on, intent upon his affair. Said slunk behind, close enough to hear him mumble as a man of stricken conscience mutters in his sleep. Once he jostled against a palm and again Said caught the pleasant jingle of metal—a clink that put his teeth on edge and set every nerve to quivering.

"He goeth to secrete his treasure ——" Said almost spoke the words; then looked over his shoulder lest some eavesdropper might hear. Had not the Black Effendi amassed great treasure in this traffic of the fishes, for which he—Said—cast nets among the crocodiles? Said had almost gone mad coveting that flow of money, which poured into the Black Effendi's hands until his pockets bulged with piasters. True, the money flowed not so prodigally while those negroes had hippo flesh to feed upon. They lay beside those carcasses like gorged dogs and went not to the fields. Even after the hippos had long been eaten Zack's catfish customers came back slowly—not more than ten a day. Said knew these things for a certainty, having eyes to see and wit to remember. He trailed the Black Effendi; he considered; his head went whirling; yet his nimble feet made no sound upon the sands.

Old Reliable passed into darkness beneath the palms, took a long breath and a long look backward at the quarters. He had circled round from the rear and could now see the front windows, where the light came out—where Mr. Bim and that big-faced white gentleman were snickering behind the Colonel's back.

"Lordy! Cunnel shore kin cuss when sumpin gits him riled!" That being an unpleasant thought, Zack dismissed it and smiled. The loafers' bench at the Hot-Cat Eating House offered the nearest invitation to sit down and Zack accepted it—a solitary black figure in that deserted banquet hall.

"Huh! Dis shore is one lonesome place, wid all dem niggers gone over yonder whar dat drum's abeatin' at." He put down the box upon the bench beside him and began fumbling with the lid. Said crawled closer until he could hear his master say: "I ain't gwine to do it—ain't gwine to do it!" With that Zack lifted the lid of the box and thrust in his hand. Said leaned forward and gasped, his fingers working like a strangler's. It was too dark to see, but he could hear and feel and tremble while that other man kept digging into the treasure, letting it drip back like sparkling drops that patter into a pool. Suddenly Zack jumped up and let drop a handful as the Colonel came out on the porch and called:

"Zack! Where are you? Come here!"

Zack looked straight toward him, but never opened his mouth. Colonel Spottiswoode shouted again; Zack hesitated, bent over the box and nervously jammed down the lid. In his excitement he made a miscue and spilled part of the contents. "Dar now!" Down he went, groping on his knees. Said groveled in a gully while Zack pawed round and recovered the treasure. "I speck dat's about all!" he muttered. Then he rose and proceeded down the sloping bank, almost to the water's edge.

"Fool!" hissed the Dongolawi. "He seeks to hide his treasure in water!" Said moved nearer; the beat, beat, beat of that jungle drum behind him almost nerved the frantic man to spring upon his master's back. Old Reliable stopped; he had no notion of venturing too close to the river. What he wanted was to get under cover of the bank, so that nobody could see him from the big house. Said slunk along like a panther that flattens itself against the ground. Zack picked his steps halfway between the bottom and top until he gained the shadow of some other palms. There he climbed to the crest of the bank and peered over. He had the world to himself, yet he remained discreet and went shuffling off beneath the acacias. Said dodged from tree to tree; Old Reliable headed for his own *tukul*, just behind the quarters. This was a small, round affair, flimsily built of straw.

The opening was only shoulder-high; Zack ducked in. Said listened from without; he might as well have been at his master's elbow. There was the rasping of a key; the lid of a trunk slammed and a lock clicked. Zack hurried out empty-handed, made a wide détour of the quarters and sauntered up to the front porch. Said was already squatting in the *tukul*, beating his fist against the trunk which held the treasure. He clawed at the lid, then sat back upon his haunches and meditated—being a circumspect person.

Then Said suddenly thought of something and was out of the hut in an instant, winging his flight to the bench where Zack had spilled the jewels. Naked to the waist, he fell upon the ground and searched. Then he cried aloud; a sharp point—like a needle—had pierced his breast. Said leaped to his feet; something fell on the bench with a tinkle. Said snatched it greedily—it was no coin, not gold, nor yet a piaster. He could not guess what manner of treasure he had found. Clutching his riches, the brown man sped away, far from incrimination, and stopped in a starlit place. He had found a jewel, a talisman with the face of a king and cabalistic words in an unknown tongue.

The Dongolawi's eyes blazed with avarice and delight. Here was wealth far beyond piasters—wealth of jewels and of gems. Said turned it over in his trembling palm. Upon the back there was a pin to fasten it to a robe of honor. The jewel looked something like this picture:

When Zack dumped those campaign badges into his trunk he felt as serene as a suck-egg dog that has buried the shells. He wasn't going to throw those brand-new shiny buttons into the river—no, sir; he'd rather risk another cussing. The Colonel might just as well have ordered Zack to drown somebody's baby or kick a widow woman's dog into the creek.

Having negotiated a compromise, Zack approached the quarters with keen eye and careless saunter. The flurry had blown over—there would be no storm; Zack's internal barometer never lied to him about the white folks. Colonel Spottiswoode sat facing the door, with a book in his lap; MacDonald and Lyttleton leaned over the table, examining a report. Zack eased himself through the door without pomp or parade. The Colonel looked up.

"Zack, did you chuck those infernal buttons into the river?"

"Yas, suh; yas, suh."

Lyttleton and MacDonald glanced at Zack and smiled silently; each of them wore a Spottiswoode badge pinned

to his dinner jacket. That's what made Zack grin, and both white men laughed outright.

Colonel Spottiswoode flushed. "Haven't you fellows got tired of laughing?"

Lyttleton looked very serious. "That's MacDonald laughing. He's not clever—just a wild ass of a bachelor."

The Colonel laid down his book. "Gentlemen, I might as well get done with it. Some misguided friends of mine were going to elect me governor in a whirl—and didn't. Had to call it off. I couldn't go round begging people for their votes—couldn't have been elected anyhow. They ordered about four tons of those fool buttons. I made Zack throw bushels of them into the Mississippi River. He says he mistook that last box for a box of number-ten shells and packed it in my chest. Are you satisfied with the story? All gone, are they, Zack?"

"Yas, suh, Cunnel; you ain't never gwine to see 'em no mo'!"

"Except these two—worn by your admiring constituents." MacDonald and Lyttleton bowed low.

The Colonel chuckled. "Zack, did I cuss very much?"

"Yas, suh, Cunnel; when you fust opened up dat box o' buttons you shore went Democratic."

MacDonald nodded; it was nightcap-time. Zack vanished into the pantry and the stirring of ingredients commenced. When he returned with the brandy-and-sodas the white folks were discussing a labor contract to be consummated on the following morning with the King of the Shillooks.

MacDonald's voice sounded as if he were defending himself. "Hated to do it—'pon my word; sure to raise a deuce of a row among our stay-at-home directors."

The Colonel looked inquiringly at Lyttleton, who lighted another cigarette. "My dear Colonel, our directors are keen on employing voluntary labor, paying good wages, teaching the natives—all that sort of stuff. They can't see how it works out—or won't work out. When we get home they'll put us both through the shorter catechism."

"What's wrong about the scheme?" demanded the Colonel.

"Well, it's this contract. We pay the king for two hundred laborers and the head man makes them work. When the head man straps a fellow it's by the king's orders—not ours; but we pay each man for his own labor. The point is that each man doesn't want to work—it's not voluntary; but ——"

"But me no buts!" MacDonald whacked his fist upon the table. "We've worried along for four months—haven't done two days' work. Tried everything—paid 'em, jollied 'em, begged 'em, pleaded with 'em—no use! Think of the waste! Think of the millworkers back in England who may become dependent on the cotton which we ought to raise! Look at Feilden, just appointed governor of Wau to succeed Sinclair, who died three weeks ago. Harley pegged out six months ahead of Sinclair; eight governors of Wau died in one-two-three order. 'Feilden, old chap,' says I, 'don't go up and try to run that show at Wau.' He knew exactly what I meant, but he only said: 'The Empire must be built!' With such men in the Sudan, I want to get results like the rest of them."

Lyttleton smoked on in silence.

"Huh!" Zack remarked to himself. "Now dey is gwine to have 'em a time wid de labor agent! He got to be mighty spry to make dese niggers work."

Zack slept in the open air outside his *tukul*. Said pinned the mosquito curtains round the cot, ostensibly to keep out bugs, bats, scorpions—myriads of night creatures, with wings and stings and fangs and things; but the Dongolawi's private anxiety was to keep the Black Effendi in. Said lay upon the ground beside him; but Said did not sleep. Not he. Zack's resounding snore failed to assure him that his master would not rise and make off with the treasure. When day had fairly come all went well, even as upon many other mornings. Zack nonchalantly took a jewel from his pocket, pinned it upon his coat and ambled toward the quarters. "Come 'long, Side. We got to git busy; gwine to be two hunderd mo' niggers to feed."

The Colonel was sitting upon the porch. Zack stopped behind the corner. "I like ter fergot his badge. Cunnel shore would raise sand!" Said watched him pull off the talisman and hide it in his pocket.

It was a shanky, spindling king that came naked to Wady Okar, with knees knocking together for all men to see—and ashen-plastered countenance. That's what made Zack say what he did about negroes in general and about this king in particular. Disgustedly he eyed them from the Hot-Cat Eating House, where his orders placed him. "Jes' look at Mister Bim! Pullin' a long blue shirt over dat nigger's kinky head. Ain't dat king a sight?" The king was a sight, for the white folks added a red scarf about his waist and stuck a red tarboosh on his head, which greased the labor transaction.

Lyttleton rose to signify that the palaver was done. "Here, Mahomet; take them over and let Zack feed them."

Zack stood up very grandly to receive the concourse which marched upon his catfish stand. "He shore is a labor agent right—fotched a whole passel o' niggers!" The Colonel wasn't coming; Zack couldn't resist the temptation to take out a badge and pin it on the middle of his apron. Thenceforward the gorging of King Quat Kare dwindled into secondary importance, for His Majesty craved that jewel. Every time Zack approached him with reënforcements of fried fish the king stuck out a skinny finger and touched the button. Once he tried to pull it off. "Hold your hosses, old feller! I'll give it to you when you goes home. Tell him dat, Side." Said proudly translated and Tombi, the crippled Shillook, interpreted to his king how the affair stacked up.

When Tombi made the king comprehend His Majesty rose promptly and reached for the jewel. Zack jerked back. "No, you don't! Not till you gits in dat boat—you spec' I wants de Cunnel cussin' me around dis place jes' fer pastime?"

Quat Kare led his retinue to the water's side and entered his canoe. The royal system was full of catfish and the royal soul was full of peace, for Zack leaned over and attached the jewel to his shirt. Shillooks crowded waist-deep into the Nile and went into a powerful 'miration. Quat Kare was paddled away in state, the royal fingers playing with the decoration upon his breast.

Said opened his eyes very wide, but kept his mouth shut—he knew the secret place of many jewels.

The affair might have passed off as an incident had it not set the grand idea buzzing in that Dongolawi's head. These Shillooks would give much riches to wear such a royal bauble. He, Said, could supply them with the decoration of kings, reaping profit and the blessings of Allah! Allah had made these unbelievers deaf and blind, so that true Moslems might flourish upon their folly. Said would be crafty and find a way. First, he sent Tombi among the Shillooks, extolling the present given to their king—a jewel worth herds of milch cows and goats without number. Said walked apart, stepping on air, planning a palace in his native village: he would choose more wives than a pasha; people should salaam before him as to a great one. He should ——

Old Reliable leaned out of the catfish stand and shouted: "Whar he? Side! What you doin' marchin' roun' wid yo' shirt-tail flyin'? Crazy folks talks to deyselves dat way. Come here an' wash dese pans!" Said dropped back to earth and scoured furiously at the pans.

"Here, Side; tell dese new niggers we gwine to have plenty hot cat fer 'em tomorrer night."

"Very good, Effendi." Said spoke copiously with Tombi, but not of catfish. Tombi must caution his people to spend no money upon their bellies. They must save piasters and hold the silence of Allah upon their tongues. He, Said, would procure for each a jewel like unto the king's. When the people heard that they chattered mightily, questioning Tombi—and Tombi spread the news. Old Reliable cocked his head to one side and listened to the hullabaloo; not a negro glanced in the direction of the catfish stand. "Dem folks ain't studyin' 'bout hot cat. Side, what did dat Tombi nigger say?"

*A Fever-Frenzied Man Turned the Trunk Upside Down and Cut Out the Bottom*

"He say much people not work today; work tomorrow. Buy great plenty fishes," Said pretended to translate.

"All right, den; you be shore to ketch plenty in de mawnin'."

Zack had made a successful function of his free lunch to the king. Now he strolled toward the white folks' quarters for approbation. Said dogged his heels, for a deadly fear clutched at the Dongolawi's throat.

Said planned with cunning. Discretion forbade him to steal and sell the jewels one by one; the negroes would wear them and the Black Effendi would discover the theft. No, he would gather the people, sell them all at once—and vanish. The desert would shelter him. Said admitted Tombi and Odok—grudgingly and partially—into his confidence on the promise of a jewel to each. They circulated a whisper among the villages:

"Be cautious! Be silent! Meet under the great mimosa tree when the drum beats, at Hillet Debaa, on the first night of the Moon of Muharram. Jewels such as the great white prince gives only to kings will be sold at the price of a milch cow, at the price of four goats, at the price of twenty piasters."

Said offered this cut rate if they paid in money, so as to catch the cash from the laborers.

Business began to pick up on Wady Okar. Zack loved to follow the white folks into the field, just for the fun of seeing that head man make two hundred negroes hustle. "Lordy, Mr. Bim, ain't I been tellin' you dat's de onlies' way to git work out of a nigger? You got to bat 'im over de head." According to Zack, the Colonel had an easy job. All he had to do was to stretch his garden line in straight rows five feet apart, then tell Mahomet to tell Tombi to tell the head man to tell the negroes to build the dirt up to those lines. There was plenty of argufying between spells of work, and Zack loved to listen. The dirt got built, the seed got planted—and the growing cotton got hoed out. Every morning, when MacDonald found the negroes at work again, he went tiptoeing about with a "Did-you-see-it-too?" expression.

In those few days MacDonald puffed like a locomotive; Lyttleton and the Colonel kept hard at work; Zack did the heavy standing round. Two hundred laborers were paid off every night, but the Hot Cat failed to gather in the coin. There was a hitch somewhere—the sparker wouldn't spark; the machine wouldn't start. Some days the catfish enterprise barely earned its grease, while hungry negroes clung tight-fistedly to their piasters. Zack would put on his white cap and ring the bell in vain. "Hot cat's mighty fine today! Step up, gentlemen. Tell 'em dat, Side."

No such message reached those Shillooks through Said and Tombi. Tombi pleaded with his people. Only six days more until each would possess a jewel!

Zack observed the shuffle of irresolute feet and the ravenous eyes that

*"Hated to Do It—'Pon My Word: Sure to Raise a Deuce of a Row"*

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devoured his crisp brown fish. "What ails you niggers? Ef you don't want to buy catfish I'm gwine to shut up shop! Tell 'em dat, Side."

This message went and came in brilliant flashes. Thus answered Said: "The Effendi is wise. No people buy fish. It is well."

Zack stood defiantly, with arms akimbo. "All right; I shore ain't gwine to beg no nigger what walks de earth!" With that, he took the entire bill-of-fare and tossed it into the Nile. The Shillooks gasped—the smile that warmed Said's vitals showed not upon his lips.

Said worked feverishly through the days and watched sleeplessly through the nights, whetting his knife, so that in due time he might cut open the trunk. Brooding in the starlight, his ideas expanded. He set Odok to spy upon Zack and journeyed himself by night to near-by villages, creeping back at dawn. Impatient Shillooks were already beginning to come; they led their cattle and camped beneath the mimosa tree.

The Dongolawi grew thinner. His eyes glittered. Those long, clawlike fingers twitched more nervously. In four nights the Moon of Muharram would rise; he must set out at once for the main village of the Shillooks, where he would get many customers, as all had coveted the jewel of the king.

When Zack got up next morning Said's cadaverous face attracted his attention. "Side, you got a fever! Come 'long wid me an' git some medicine." Said begged off from the white man's physic and got four days' leave, instead, to visit his uncle. "Huh! I never knowed you got kinfolks 'way up here. You niggers shore do love to ramble a mighty fur ways!"

Said ostentatiously crossed the river, though he had to double back and recross far below. He went with many misgivings; no man's affair can prosper in his absence.

Zack was beginning to get sore on the catfish proposition. That day he only served fourteen customers. For two dishpanfuls of tempting fish he couldn't get a nibble.

"'Homet," he complained to the substitute interpreter, "dat shore beats my time! Dese niggers done got in some kind of a humbug, an' I can't ketch on. What you reckin 'tis?"

Mahomet Mansour shook his head. A scheme was bubbling and Said was stirring the pot; Mahomet knew that, but he couldn't get to the bottom of it. That's what irritated Mahomet and set him to prying.

Trade being slack, Old Reliable had plenty of time to lean against the post and talk. "I got to start dese new niggers to goin'—give 'way premiums, or sumpin like dat. Dat's it! Dat's it! Like dey gives away at de movin'-picture show on Sad'dy night! Tell 'em dat, 'Homet."

Mahomet didn't tell 'em anything—he didn't try; for he hadn't the slightest comprehension of what Zack was telling him. Zack looked into his vacant pig-eyes, then backed him up against the post. "Now, 'Homet, you lissen to me reel good!"

Mahomet did listen with stolid face while Zack expounded the intricacies of "Give-away Night" at the wonderful moving-picture shows.

"Splain dat to 'em; ev'y one of 'em gits a button, free-gratis fer nothin'! Be shore an' say dat! Dat's what de man always specify in front o' de movin'-picture show."

A less shifty gentleman than Mahomet Mansour would have been in a predicament—"between hell and high water," according to the Colonel. If Tombi had stayed on the job where Said planted him, even then Mahomet could not have conveyed a straight message to the natives, for tricky Tombi would have twisted it to suit the purposes of Said; but the wrath of Allah fell upon Said when MacDonald transferred Tombi to headquarters and sent that stupid, lumpy Agha to interpret for the Hot Cat. Agha was an Arab who knew no English, but could blunder through "Yes" and "No" in Shillook. Mahomet could not understand Shillook; Zack talked only United States talk. And there they were—Agha being the middleman.

Fluent as he was, Mahomet hesitated. Zack shoved him out into the crowd. "Hurry up! Tell 'em dat—an' put plenty ginger in it!"

"Very good, Effendi."

When Mahomet turned to Agha he needed a forty-acre lot, gestures, shouts and vilification to make the other Arab comprehend. Agha lacked ginger; and a cynical audience treated his premium proposition to a fizzle. Not a customer broke cover. Zack was disgusted. He wheeled abruptly and went behind the counter. "Somebody's gwine to eat dis catfish. Here, pup! Here, pup!" Two perfectly spontaneous dogs gulped down the pieces he tossed. Other dogs volunteered—barking, snapping, snarling, excited dogs. Crisp chunks vanished steadily. The first pan was empty and the second dwindled low. Zack fed it out with exasperating deliberation. The Shillooks stirred restlessly. Big black Kudit could stand it no longer. He kicked the dogs aside and planked down his piaster.

"Now dat's de way to eat a man-size slice o' catfish. You gits de fust prize!" Zack fumbled in his pocket, drew out a campaign button and stuck it in Kudit's mop of hair. The herd broke and stampeded; piasters rattled on the bench; the tag-end of the dishpan disappeared—at one piaster "per." It took longer than an instant for Zack and his corps of competent interpreters to subdue the insurrection when a jewel "per" was not also forthcoming.

"Shet up, you niggers! 'Homet, tell 'em I'm gwine to give ev'y one of 'em a button on Sad'dy night. Tell 'em dat!—Quick!" Zack lifted his voice to Mahomet, Mahomet lifted his voice to Agha, and Agha got a hearing. The negroes looked sullen and distrustful. Said had told them nothing of all this. They crowded round Kudit and felt of his prize.

"Ev'y one o' my reg'lar customers gits a button like dat on Sad'dy night! Reg'lar customers, mind you!—got to buy catfish ev'y day 'twixt now an' den. Tell 'em dat."

Zack was used to Arab shrills and trebles, so he did not mind what Mahomet was saying to Agha. Agha balked and shook his head. Mahomet turned to Zack. "Agha say he no tell 'em dat; he 'feared. Maybe, if no give peoples jewels, peoples kill Agha for big lie!"

"Shucks! Dat's all right. I'm 'sponsible. It's a cinch—a leadpipe cinch! Tell 'em dat, 'Homet."

Through Mahomet and Agha, Old Reliable dispatched his assurance of the leadpipe cinch, which touched off another argument. The natives listened eagerly; Agha found himself the storm center of a mob. He explained; he grew excited. Agha tore his way through the crowd and clung to Mahomet. Mahomet turned blandly to Zack. "Agha say very good, Effendi; peoples much try be quiet."

. . . . . .

For four days every black creature on Wady Okar was intensely quiet. Colonel Spottiswoode observed it in the fields; MacDonald commented on it at the table; the head man knew why in the *tukuls*. The catfish stand was choked with customers. Zack had Fudl and Mahomet to help him as clerks, but every customer insisted upon paying his piaster into the hands of the Black Effendi himself—none other. Each purchaser called his own name many times, impressing it upon the Black Effendi until Zack got tired. "Git away fum here! I ain't gwine to fergit you. Nobody 'members a nigger's name; but I knows yo' favor."

On that last crucial afternoon the white men noticed a suppressed excitement that ran like a tremor among the negroes. Every man kept at his plow and hoe and planting bag; but every eye kept also upon the descending sun. Lyttleton—seasoned in Sudan warfare—grew vaguely uneasy. "There's something up!" he said. MacDonald saw it; the Colonel felt it; the head man knew why.

"Quitting-time!" MacDonald called to the head man. Tools were instantly stacked and every man bolted toward the catfish stand. They moved definitely, for each man knew where he was going and what he meant to do. There was no loafing, no straggling—not a man loitered. The whites kept anxious watch.

"Hadn't we better go there and see what they're about?" suggested MacDonald. Lyttleton shook his head. From their accustomed seats upon the porch they watched what went on at the Hot-Cat Eating House. There was a larger crowd than usual; more dense, but orderly; no cause for alarm—and the gentlemen fell to talking of other things.

In Old Reliable's *tukul* a fever-frenzied man had turned the trunk upside down and cut out the bottom with a knife. Said thrust in his hand and felt round; withdrew it; then began tearing out the contents until nothing remained. For a moment he stood erect and dazed; then raged distractedly about the hut, searching everywhere, until Zack's belongings lay in a trampled pile.

With a volley of imprecations Said burst out, waving his arms and shouting: "Odok! Odok! Tombi!" Then he dashed toward the river. He went racing past the quarters, a patter of red shoes, a flutter of striped gown, gaunt, cadaverous and wild-eyed. MacDonald bounded down the steps and ran after him.

"What's the matter?" called Lyttleton. "That fellow has a knife in his hand—going to be trouble!"

. . . . . .

Proceedings at the Hot-Cat Eating House had been methodical. In the beginning Zack made every negro stand outside a circle which he drew in the sand. Then he called, fed and decorated and pushed them back with such impartial promptness that they obeyed.

The distribution was almost ended—one plate of fish and a handful of buttons remained when Said broke into the ring, with MacDonald behind him. The first thing Said saw was not the grinning black faces, but the jewels—one, two, three—hundreds—thousands—millions and millions of jewels!—dancing before his eyes to madden him! On the bench beside Old Reliable he saw the empty box. For a moment the stricken man stood mute—a nightmare of triumphant black faces sneered into his; jewels mocked him with their sparkle. He put out his trembling finger and touched a badge. It was real. Said dropped, beat his head against the earth, groveled face downward, rolled on his back and screamed. Zack promptly dashed a pail of water into his face.

"What's the matter with Said?" For the first time Zack saw the three white men bending over the writhing Dongolawi.

"Said got a fever. He been sick fer de longes' time!"

MacDonald took up the knife. "Mahomet, Fudl, take him to the hospital—at once!" It was an ignominious exit—legs first and struggling with six stout men.

Lyttleton shook his head. "No, Colonel, nothing serious—only a touch of sun. They'll bring him round in a few days."

Something else caught the Colonel's eye—a campaign badge; another; dozens of them! One on every negro. It looked like a ratification meeting. The Colonel stared and his face grew very red.

"Zack! You Zack! Where's that nigger?"

Zack had darted away and the tail-end of his apron disappeared behind a *tukul*. MacDonald sat down on the bench to laugh.

Lyttleton leaned against the catfish stand. "Your constituents, my dear Colonel. You're elected by a large majority!"

"Make it unanimous!" added MacDonald, pinning on a badge.

While the Colonel was still staring at the place where Zack had vanished MacDonald called the natives' attention to his portrait and pointed to Spottiswoode. A great light broke across those Shillooks. Every negro examined his own badge, then scanned the White Effendi's face. It was he—verily it was he! They were in The Presence!

Like a scared rabbit, Zack peeped from his hiding-place and saw that bunch of negroes crowding round the Colonel in every attitude of supplication. The Colonel rose; the blood seemed bursting from his face.

"Dar now! Cunnel's shore gwine Democratic agin. Lemme git away fum here!" Zack got.

The Colonel didn't go Democratic however. He broke into a laugh and dropped on the bench. "Mac, this joke is on me! Get word to all these negroes that I'll send down the soda water for the crowd. I'm going to treat my constituents—it's the first chance I ever had."

## The Point of View

A REVIVAL was being held in a little town where once the worst sins conceivable had been dancing and card playing, but where a knowledge of more picturesque peccadillos had penetrated. The preacher was anathematizing these new sins.

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# The Delco Electric System

## *Cranking—Lighting—Ignition*

is the result of the bringing together in a highly refined state the principles of automobile and electrical engineering.

The conception of the Delco system dates back a number of years—the experimental work was all done quietly in our own laboratories. Every phase of the problem was worked out thoroughly and practically before it was even presented to any automobile manufacturer as a commercial product.

Haste was made slowly in this pioneering work. It was realized at the outset that the vital factor was the perfecting of the system from a mechanical standpoint—It was a device designed to relieve the automobile driver of trouble, annoyance and danger—hence it was especially important that the system itself should be trouble-proof and fool-proof, that it would not defeat the very purpose for which it was intended.

It took capital, courage and foresight (especial years in the perfecting of a device for which the automobile world was eagerly waiting—but the wisdom of it all has been fully demonstrated in this first year of actual service.

Another vitally important phase of the development work was the safeguarding of manufacturers and users by proper patent protection. The Delco Company has strengthened itself with broad basic patents that not only insure the rights to make future improvements unhampered but that insure the protection of all Delco users from patent infringements.

A year ago with the Delco system thus fully developed and protected it was offered for the first time to an automobile manufacturer—it was thoroughly investigated and tested by the expert engineers of the Cadillac Company and was then accepted as part of the regular equipment for 1912.

The initial contract called for the entire output of the Delco plant.

This was significant. Here was one of the largest and most successful automobile companies in the world practically staking its reputation on the success of the Delco system. Its cars were sent out, to be put into the hands of the owners without any other provision for cranking, lighting and ignition than the Delco system.

And the Delco system has made good—positively and emphatically made good.

It has proven its efficiency in hard daily service to 12,000 delighted owners.

The coming year will see more than 40,000 additional Delco equipped cars on the highways—

The Cadillac Company will again equip its entire output with the Delco system.

The Packard Motor Car Company has taken the lead in its class in the use of the Delco equipment.

The Hudson Motor Car Company has also contracted for the Delco system for its entire output—

So has the Cole Motor Car Company—

And there are others—a number of them—all cars that represent the highest standards in automobile building—announcements of which will be made shortly.

And herein is demonstrated the wisdom of the superb foundation that has been laid by the Delco company.

The same foresight that led this company to expend time and money in the perfecting of the Delco system led it also to provide plant and equipment to care for the business after it had been developed.

Twelve hundred expert workmen are now employed in the production of the Delco system.

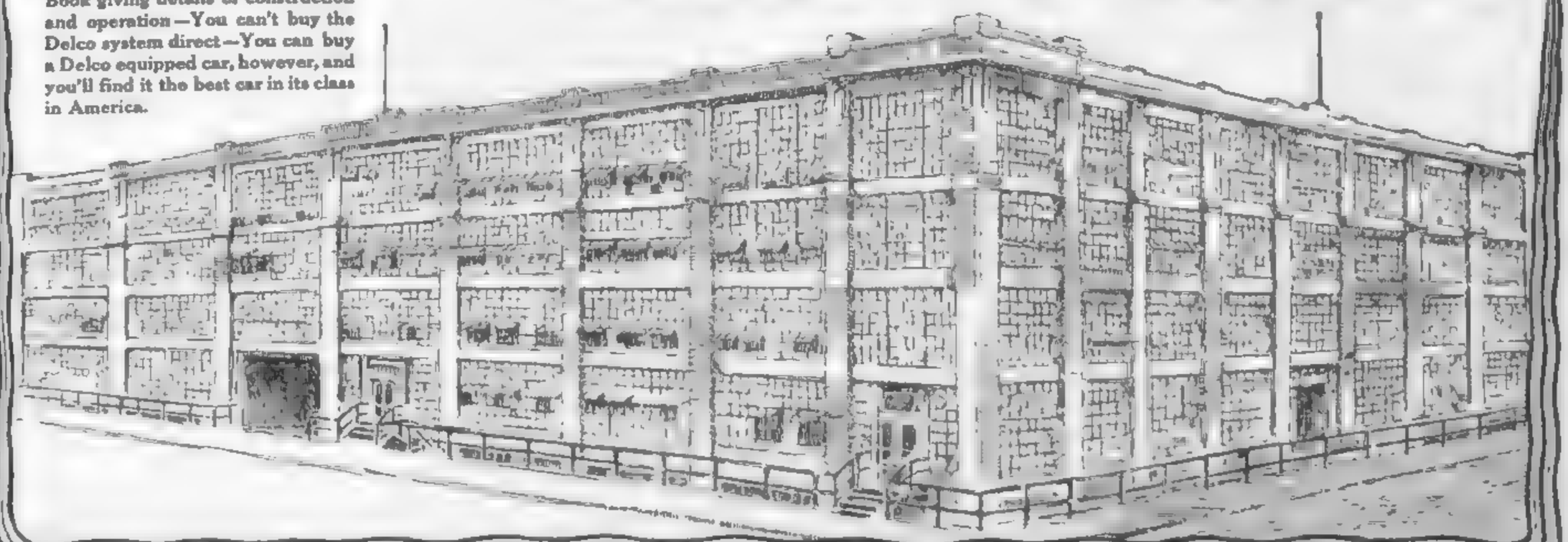
The plant at Dayton covers half a city block and is five stories high. It is one of the most remarkable plants in point of equipment in the United States.

Over a million and a half dollars have been invested in the business and there is ample capital back of it—Automobile buyers stand in no danger of being held up because of the inability of the Delco plant to meet its deliveries.

The Delco system is very simple and easy to understand—it requires practically no attention—it adds less than 75 pounds to the weight of a car—it will positively and reliably crank the motor. It makes the last word in efficient ignition, and furnishes abundant current for lighting purposes—and it does its work 365 days in the year—under all sorts of conditions.

**And now may we send you the Delco Book giving details of construction and operation—You can't buy the Delco system direct—You can buy a Delco equipped car, however, and you'll find it the best car in its class in America.**

**The Dayton Engineering Laboratories Company, Dayton, Ohio**



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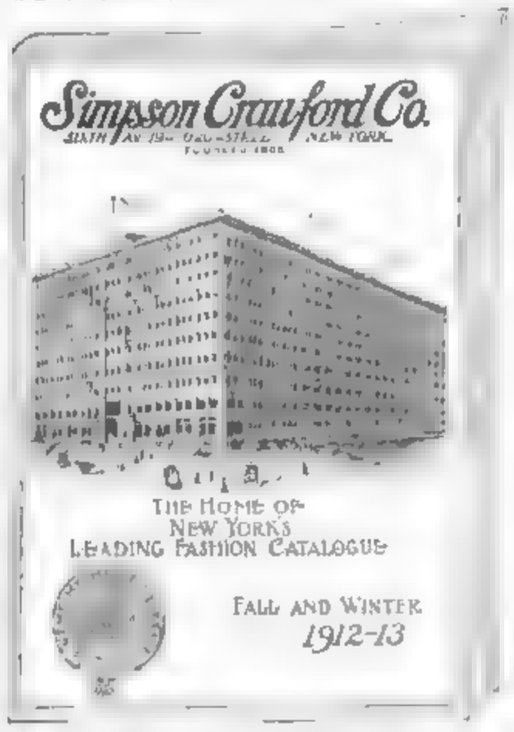


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# The Wild Ass of the Bleachers

POPULAR fancy has made him a fat man, double-chinned and paunchy and also wide-mouthed, with a straw hat tilted on the back of his head, a handkerchief tucked into his wilted collar, his coat over his arm and a sack of parched goobers alongside him and he sits in the twenty-five-cent section. I refer to the sun-god; the true fan; the genuine root-hog-or-die rooter; the patron saint of The Pastime; in short, I refer to the Wild Ass of the Bleachers.

Popular fancy, going still farther, has endowed him with an intimate knowledge of the game and with a gift of repartee calculated to make a professional humorist lie right down on his side and curl up like a blighted trailing arbutus. Part of this is true and part of it is not true. He does know the game—knows it better than most of the pampered beings who sit luxuriously in the shade of the grandstand can ever hope to know it; but a strict regard for truth requires me to state that as an apt retorter he is not nearly so apt as some who might be named offhand. In part at least this may be the fault of his audiences, they being invariably satisfied with the old-established lines of humorous outburstings.

When the ball caroms into the crowd and somebody rises in his seat and grabs it out of ambient space it is the subject of this sketch who instantly bellows "Sign him!" which is always good for a laugh—though not so loud a laugh or so general a laugh as when a foul goes into the right-field bleachers, and our hero, seated a hundred and twenty yards away, back of third base, thunders out in a loud, clarion voice: "I've got it!" On the occasion of a Bender or a Meyers coming to bat 'tis the Wild Ass who leads the mighty chorus of those who flutter the flat of the right hand against the half-open lips and bleat in a shrill, piercing manner, thereby producing the sound which is supposed to be a correct imitation of an Indian warcry. Since the American redman first broke into the national game this has been done slightly more than two million separate times, and always with complete and tumultuous success.

Occasionally, though, the man in the crowd coins a slogan and makes it and himself simultaneously famous, as witness Hi-hi Dix, of Boston, and Old Well-well, of New York, whose name was Hughes before he gave utterance to the rallying cry that has since been heard from shore to shore and back again. And sometimes he strikes a flashing spark of the instantaneous and unanswerable variety.

### *A Knockout for the Utility*

It was in those early April days of the present season, and Reulbach, that doughty veteran of the Chicago Nationals' pitching staff, lacked the desired control. He was, for the nonce, putting 'em everywhere except across the plate. He let go one that almost went over the grandstand. A run came home on the misplay; and a vociferous, hippo-built gentleman in the left-field bleachers grew openly sarcastic. There is a baseball superstition that the most observing and most critical spectators always sit back of left field anyhow.

"Yah! Yah!" remarked this carping one in a tone of voice that might have been heard clear across Cook County—"Yah! Yah! Rotten! Take 'im out!"

For once the pestered pitcher forgot the rule that no player in action and uniform must hear the adverse comments of spectators—or, hearing them, make answer. He turned a flustered face toward left field loweringly.

"I'll bet you're one of those fresh guys that came in on a pass!" he quoth harshly.

"Naw, sir," was the prompt answer; "I come in on one of your wild pitches!"

Whereupon a dense pall of silence seemed to descend upon Mr. Reulbach, leaving him nonplused to such an extent that he didn't have a single nonplus left.

Likewise there was a slightly more recent instance when the same team of Cubs were playing indifferent ball, with the sole and conspicuous example of Zimmerman. Zimmerman was fielding like a pointer dog and batting like a town hall afire. A person of hostile tendencies, perched just above the home team's shed, had been quite free in his comments. Then Zimmerman made a hit that tied the score.

"Well, how about Zimmerman now?" demanded a utility player, poking his head up over the eaves of the shed and starting a smile.

"Oh, Zimmy's all right!" said the fan cheerfully. "Zimmy, he's a great little ball team!"

Which rejoinder, indicating that, in the opinion of the gentleman, Zimmerman constituted the entire Chicago outfit, abashed the utility player such a severe and painful bash that he hurriedly withdrew his smile and canceled it on the spot.

One more reference to the mistaken popular fancy which has it that your true Wild Ass is invariably faithful and devoted in his allegiance to the fortunes of his own home team. That goes for a small town—that statement does. In a small town a man who is not true to the team, in sickness and in health, winning and losing, leading the league and tagging along at the tail-end in imminent peril of falling clear out of the percentage column—such a person is regarded as being constituted somewhat like Benedict Arnold and somewhat like Judas Iscariot—only perhaps less trustworthy and dependable than either of those parties. But in the big town the most confirmed and persistent bleacherite reserves to himself the privilege of leaping unawares upon the local club and rending it asunder.

### *The Difference in Fans*

Even in the hour of steady and sustained victories, there are organized groups of hammer-headed persons who will sit upon the benches and conduct an anvil chorus that makes the girders of the grandstand resound to the noise of knocking. It is a habit with them. They were, baseballically speaking, vaccinated with pessimism in early childhood—and the virus took. To them a floral horseshoe always looks like a Gates Ajar design accidentally turned upside down. Such a one was the somber patron who went to the New York American League park last spring for the opening game of the season, and took a seat just back of the press stand, fully prepared for the worst.

The New York pitcher—Ford, I think it was—heaved over the first ball and the man at bat met it on the nose and smashed it out of the diamond for a single. He had hit the first ball pitched, mind you; so at that the pessimist settled back in his place with a low, hollow moan of mingled despair and disgust.

"Looks like another rotten year for this team!" he gloomed. "Don't it—huh?"

Experienced baseball reporters who have toured the main circuits many times, and have studied out the contrasting baseball psychology of this city and that, say a different spirit pervades the audiences in different towns. Some of these reporters will tell you that they could be set down blindfolded in certain cities and, just from what their ears told them, would know where they were. New York, they say, is uniformly the most generous of all the big-league towns in its treatment of visiting teams—as ready to cheer for one set of players as for the other, and as quick to hiss a bad decision by the umpire, no matter which club suffers from it. Boston, the so-called cradle of baseball, runs New York a close second in this regard; while Philadelphia, formerly rated as generally hostile to the visiting team, now turns out about as fair-minded crowds as are to be found in any big ball park, East or West. Detroit, in this same respect, is likened to Philadelphia. Detroit isn't so partisan as it used to be.

Washington, by the rating of the newspaper men, is consistently and persistently loyal to the home team—more so, perhaps, than any other city, unless it is Cleveland. Cincinnati and St. Louis, on the other hand, are what the players call "crab towns"—full of patrons ever ready to jump on the home teams and to center attacks upon individual players—sometimes with no great visible provocation. Good players, it is claimed, have been drummed out of these two cities by concerted bleacher opposition. Managers who were not exactly popular have fared as badly. Both Cincinnati and St. Louis have changed managers often. Whether or not the attitudes of the newspapers have had anything to do with this, or whether it is just the natural temper of the crowds, the baseball writers do not undertake to diagnose; they merely state it as an indubitable fact. One possible reason that has been ascribed is that neither Cincinnati nor St. Louis has had in recent years a pennant-winning team; but neither has Washington, where the fans are famous for their fealty.

Pittsburgh and Chicago are known in the vernacular as "wise towns"; there have been championship or near-championship teams in those cities so long that the masses have been steadily educated up to a lively and an acute appreciation of smart ballplaying, and can see the generalship and the teamwork, or the lack of those elements, beneath the surface. New York, which regularly provides the biggest crowds, seems to contain comparatively the fewest number of really good students and judges of baseball, and yet the average New York crowd is nowhere near so biased and partisan as the average Chicago crowd. In Pittsburgh more betting is done on baseball results than in any other big town. Cincinnati audiences used to be the roughest and noisiest; but that was in the old days, when the tiers of seats came close up behind the third-base coaching line, thus affording magnificent opportunities for ardent spirits who were desirous of denting in the umpire's brow with a pop bottle or a beer mug. Those times are done and gone, though, and for orderliness Cincinnati crowds will compare favorably with any crowds anywhere. In its attitude toward its ball team Brooklyn has a lot of the small-town feeling. The regular patrons—many of them—know the players personally, and the owners of the team keep closely in touch with the local baseball sentiment. The aloofness, the sense of detachment, existing between players' bench and clubhouse on one side and grandstand and press box on the other, which is so apparent at the Manhattan end of the bridge, is not at all in evidence across the river—the Brooklyn park houses a kind of a happy baseball family, where the bleacher lion and the reserved-seat lamb lie down together in sweet amity.

### *Fickle Little Old New York*

However, when it comes right down to genuine bottled-in-bond psychology New York may be depended upon to furnish about the niftiest little Psyches there are. In the matter of baseball, as in nearly all other matters of moment, New York is hysterical, excitable and changeable—especially changeable. There's nothing on earth so fickle as a New York crowd—unless it is the weather bureau. In New York the multitude is forever turning out to meet somebody with brass bands one day and with brass knuckles the next. This week the New York papers will be heading a subscription to buy the hero of the hour, whoever he is, a solid silver loving cup, and the populace will subscribe freely. Next week the object of universal love and regard makes an unfortunate slip of the tongue or the foot, or both at once, and immediately the seasonable suggestion is advanced that, instead of a loving cup, the money be used in purchasing a rope with which to lynch him to the nearest lamp-post, and everybody is cordially for that pleasing project too; but before anything definite comes of it Mathewson loses a game, or Mayor Gaynor writes a letter on the habits of ants, or some excessively wealthy person files a suit for divorce—and thus public attention is diverted. And by week after next there aren't more than three people in the town, outside of his immediate circle of friends and relatives, who can remember offhand whether the late hero's first name is Lemuel, Jasper or John J.

So with baseball. New Yorkers will not turn out freely to see a New York team that is very far behind or very far ahead in the race for the flag—John T. Brush estimates that the gate receipts at the Polo Grounds in the fag-end of the season of 1911 were from fifty thousand dollars to a hundred thousand lighter than they would have been if the Giants had only refrained from cinching the pennant so early in the fall. And a New York crowd can love a ballplayer harder while it is loving him, and forget him quicker and harder and with more abruptness after it quits loving, than any place on the map.

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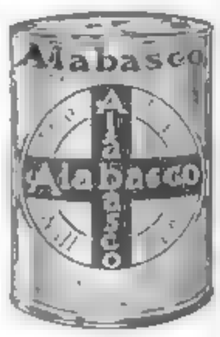


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In other words, when New York goes a-cattin' she goes a-cattin'; but her appetite for cats is fitful—not to say fleeting. It comes and goes. And when it goes it's gone. Let a player come upon the diamond and make a bad play, or a couple or three of them, and a Chicago crowd or a Pittsburgh crowd, wiser in baseball, more patient in judgment and more constant in affection, would remember probably how the erring one had so often delivered the goods; would reason that every man has his good days and his bad days, and would sit and wait, giving him a chance. But not your New York crowd! Figuratively down come the thumbs—the same, I believe, having been the ancient Roman way of giving somebody the hook—and the bray of the Wild Asses rises in a blaring chorus:

"Yah! Yah! Has been! Never was! Take 'im out!"

Dewey, Kipling, Roosevelt, Doctor Cook—they are not the only ones, by a long shot, who have tasted of the bitterness that lies next the core of over-popularity in a country changeable and mercurial in its likes and its dislikes. Many a great baseball player too has known that taste in his mouth of quick-spoiling fruit; and some, I guess, acquired a permanent pucker of the disposition from it. I know it must have taken the heart out of them.

The writer saw one of the great tragedies of baseball enacted. It was back in the Stone Age of baseball, in the distant early eighties, when there were brotherhoods and associations and things, and when players wore skintight pants and mustaches like police captains. A couple of us—small boys—had been taken up to the city from the town where we lived to see a certain mighty pitcher pitch. I've forgotten his name even—forgotten the team on which he was playing that fateful day; but I do remember that this pitcher was a mighty man with an invincible arm, who had won a fabulous number of games for his team and was going to win a fabulous number more; and so long as I live I'm going to remember what happened to him.

All the town was asylum-mad about him—I recall that too. By popular subscription a fund had been raised to buy him a house and lot as a testimonial of regard from his sincere admirers. The money was ready, the house was selected, and on this summer afternoon the town turned out to see him add one more victory to his list, on the theory that as nobody ever had hit his slants nobody ever would.

### *A Bubble Reputation*

And so, of course, this had to be the afternoon ordained of fate for this tin god to come unsoldered at the joints. He blew up like a toy balloon. Even as another pitcher of note, he went once too often to the box—though the Scriptures, I believe, refer to it as a well. From the first minute of play the opposition batters solved his puzzles and rapped his curve balls. Some flew east and some flew west, and some would have flown over the cuckoo's nest if there had been one in or round that ballground. Stunned into silence, the assembled spectators watched the slaughter, filled with surging and shifting emotions—amazement first, then chagrin, then rage; and now the rage focused full upon the toppling idol, and there were groans and gibes and swearwords.

There came to the bat some brave lad whose name I don't know now, but he was a whale of a ballplayer in those days and he hit a two-bagger.

"There goes that there testimonial house an' lot, by gum!" a big-voiced, horsy fellow nickered from the bleachers. The crowd caught the intent of the gibe in all its cruel wit and took it up.

A single.

"The chimney's knocked off!" whooped a rival humorist in the grandstand. We all laughed—everybody laughed except one man whose face was like chalk and whose jaw was set, dying game, but hopeless, out there in the pitcher's box. And we chanted the words like a refrain.

A base on balls.

"Four pictures off the parlor wall!" suggested somebody. The crowd made an anthem of it and sang it.

Bam! A home run over the fence!

"The whole dad-blamed roof gone at one swipe! Whee-e-e!"

"Now watch the front steps cave in!"

"No—it'll be the kitchen this time!"

Another single.

"Goodby, front door!"

Then followed a triple to deep center.

"The fence is gone now!"

"Keep it up—the cellar is still left!" they yelled.

"Naw, leave the cellar, fellows—it'll be handy to bury him in!"

He was a brave chap—that pitcher. He didn't quit—or maybe his captain wouldn't let him. Anyhow, he stayed there and pitched that gift house away, piece by piece, until he didn't have a shingle nail left to his back! If recollection serves me right that was the last game he ever did pitch in that town. And he didn't take the title deed of that cottage homestead into merciful obscurity with him either.

I like better the spirit of unbridled enthusiasm that throbs within the rugged bosom of the small-town rooter. Graves County, Kentucky, is, or was, the banner Democratic county of the state. Particularly the southern part of it, lying next the Tennessee line, is populated by a race of men of settled and confirmed political convictions. Every four years, for president, they voted for Jefferson Davis until they began voting for William Jennings Bryan, for whom they have since voted with the same regularity. In politics unemotional, in baseball they are highly organized and most ardent. To their way of thinking, it ranks next to a horserace among the kings of sports. It was a gentleman in a wool hat from the southern part of Graves County who journeyed to far countries and went to St. Louis on an excursion. While there he saw an eleven-inning, no-run, tie game between St. Louis and Detroit; and upon his return home he was moved to speak of it with feeling and deep appreciation. Upon the public square of Mayfield, the county seat, he met the county judge.

"Hello, Jeff!" said the judge. "What did you see over at Sant Louie?"

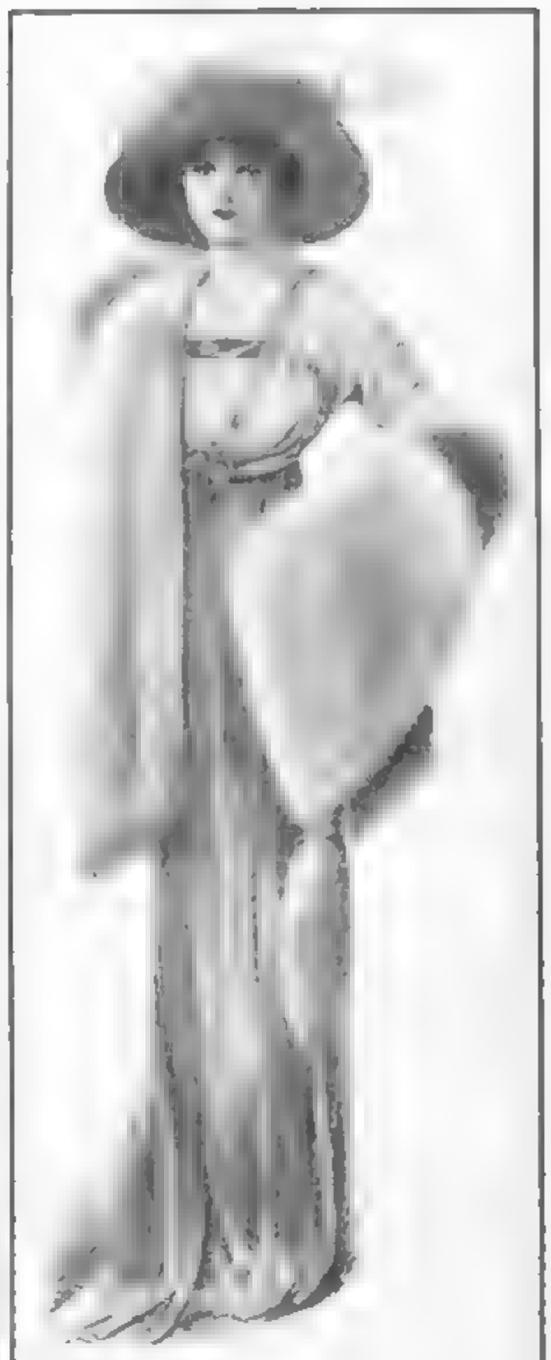
"Well, suh, jedge," said Jeff, "the strangest thing I seed over thar was a man peddlin' wortermelons by the slice—yes, suh, actually by the slice! But the best thing I seed over thar, jedge, was a baseball game." And at the memory of it his eye brightened. "Jedge, them thar fellers played 'leven endin's—and they didn't nary one make ary one!"

## *Why Beavers are Busy*

A NATURE lover who has always been interested in the animals of the forest, after watching various colonies of beavers at work for some time, makes the following observations:

"Though there were thirty or more beavers inhabiting a certain popular colony, the great quantity of food they had on hand should—in an average winter—have supplied at least twice that number of colonists. Was this large preparation for a hard winter, which beavers are accredited with foreknowing and concerning which they are supposed to have a strong instinctive tip? The winter that followed was as mild a one as had passed over the Rocky Mountains in fifty years. Ice sealed the pond only a few weeks, instead of a few months, as is common. Not one-tenth of the big foodpile was eaten. I have not detected anything to indicate that beavers ever plan for a hard winter. They make annual preparation for winter. Commonly the dam is repaired or built a trifle higher, the house replastered, and a large supply of food harvested for the winter; but though beavers do many striking things, that of being weatherwise and making preparations for an unusually cold winter appears not to be one of their specialties.

"Locally beavers now and then show unusual activity, and unusually large supplies are gathered and stored for the winter. This kind of work appears to be local and not general. Here and there in my mountain rambles every year I saw in some beaver colonies what appeared to be unusual preparations for winter; but in no case were these activities general. The cases of these unusually large preparations could, I think, have been traced to increased population of the colony that showed these activities. This increase may be accounted for by the arrival of immigrants or by the growing up of youngsters, or by both. Then, too, the temporary inactivity of trappers in one locality might allow the beaver colonists in that place to increase in numbers, or the population of a beaver colony might be increased by the arrival of immigrants who had been driven from their homes by the aggressiveness of trappers in adjoining localities."

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# How the Poor Carry the Rich—By Forrest Crissey

THE trade that I collect from is what I call the best trade in the world—the men who earn good comfortable salaries of fifty to two hundred dollars a week." These words were spoken by a fancy grocer located on the edge of the millionaire settlement, who had been giving his views on some of the difficulties that confront the shopkeeper who caters to the very rich. "With few exceptions, collecting from families of this sort is merely a matter of sending out the regular monthly statements. They come back promptly with the checks—generally before the tenth of the month. Those who do not do this feel that it is up to them to offer an explanation. These are the men, the families, that furnish the ready money for our business. I'd like to have a trade made up entirely of this element and eliminate the fashionable millionaire patronage altogether; but of course a merchant must take the trade that comes to him. I can handle the accounts of the rich because I can borrow the money required to carry them; but take the little shopkeeper or the craftsman, who wouldn't know how to go about it to get a loan from a regular bank and perhaps couldn't get one if he tried. If a man of this sort has to depend largely upon the trade of the wealthy he is in hard lines. His situation is desperate, pitiful. And there are hundreds—probably thousands—of shopkeepers and artisans in exactly that situation. They have little or no capital, they can get a good price for the work done for the wealthy, and a large amount of it—but the peculiar code of the fashionable rich in reference to paying bills and to being asked for payment makes life a fierce struggle for the workers of this class. If only they can contrive to hold out until the whim to pay up overtakes a few of their 'swell' customers, or if a few of those customers die, then they can weather the gale. There is one thing that they all learn in short order, and that is that it will not do to attempt to hasten payment on the part of these people by even the mildest means."

### When Women Pay the Bills

"Why do they so resent paying or being asked to pay in accordance with the common practice of all who are not blessed with big fortunes? Because it is less interruption to the pleasures and excitements of their existence to audit their personal accounts once in six months or a year than once a month. There is always something pleasanter to do at the moment than to go over private accounts and write checks for them. This is one reason; another, of course, is carelessness and indifference. Still another reason is a desire—conscious or unconscious—to display the power that goes with a great fortune. Women are more influenced by this motive than are men, also they are far more resentful of any attempt, no matter how delicately made, to bring about the payment of an account months overdue; and the woman of the great private establishment is the one who audits and pays the household accounts. Many very wealthy and fashionable men would be fairly reasonable in the matter of paying their private accounts if it were not for the attitude of their wives. They know something of common business practice and business decency and justice; they know that to allow a merchant's account to go unpaid for four, eight, twelve months at a stretch, when they themselves have the money in the bank to pay with, is a rank injustice—especially when the merchant does not dare to make a specific or personal request for the payment, no matter how hard pressed he may be.

"The viewpoint of the woman at the head of a fashionable household of great wealth is the opposite of this. Because she can make the merchant, the shopkeeper and the artisan wait indefinitely for their money, she must make them wait. She isn't proving her power and importance unless she does this. In her eyes it is a part of the code of fashion and wealth to be indifferent to her bills and accounts. Those not in her class must pay their bills with reasonable promptness or regularity, or their credit will be destroyed and they will be dunned—therefore it is a proof of her class standing to demonstrate that she is above all question of credit and can allow her accounts to go unsettled for a year if she likes, while the tradesman must preserve a polite and attentive silence. And if he does break this code by asking for his money he has offered her an insult equal to that of accusing her of eating with her knife or chewing a toothpick in public. In a word, a plea for payment on the part of the grocer or the cabinet-maker is a failure to recognize her class standing, her special privilege, her power to hold you—by the sheer weight of her wealth—in silence; it is a denial of her elevation above the necessity of keeping a good credit.

"There are men and women of immense wealth—many of them—who pay their accounts in a prompt and orderly way—but very few of these are of the ultra-fashionable set. They are just a little old-fashioned, or at least are so considered by the 'swells.' As a rule they have made their money themselves, not inherited it. The fashionable young 'swell'—whether male or female—is the one who is apt to feel that it is common to pay private bills when they are due. I have had a depressingly long, comprehensive and intimate experience with this class, and I am obliged to say that this attitude is typical of it. There are exceptions, of course, but it is becoming increasingly 'the thing.' It sets the ultra-fashionable set apart from the common herd."

### Aping Foreign Aristocrats

In discussing the attitude of the fashionable woman of great wealth toward her credit accounts a merchant having a trade in a very wealthy neighborhood remarked:

"Both business necessity and human curiosity moved me to try to get at the motive behind the increasing reluctance of rich and fashionable women to pay their accounts when due. A woman worth several million dollars—a social leader here and in Europe—had as her personal secretary a young woman of ability and good sense who often visited the store. I came to know her well—in fact I took pains to do so—and one day I asked her whether I might have a confidential talk with her.

"'Certainly,' was her quick answer. 'I think I know what you would like to ask me about and I'm glad of the opportunity to make a confidential explanation to you. Realizing that your account had not been paid for several months, I have twice written a check for it and placed it before Mrs. G—— when she was sitting at her desk and had a pen in her hand. Each time she pushed it aside with the remark that I should let you wait.'

"That woman's bank balance was probably several hundred times greater than the amount of the check that she refused to sign. She had no possible chance for any personal feeling in the matter, as I had not made any special request for payment and she continued to give me her trade. I can see no other possible conclusion than this—she felt that I had not yet been properly impressed with her indifference to so trifling a matter as my bill. To have paid then would have been to put insufficient emphasis upon the difference between Mrs. G—— and ordinary people who were obliged to observe certain rules of business. Being Mrs. G——, she was above business rules, and it was a part of the game as she played it to prove her superiority to the conditions that hampered common people."

A shrewd young man of foreign birth, who has an art shop on the fringe of a millionaire settlement in a far western city, has his own explanation of the aversion that the rich and "swell" society woman has to paying an account that is not three months or more overdue. He says:

"The American women that do this are the ones that spend about half their time in Europe. They form their notions of the way things ought to be done on the manners and practices of the nobility and the aristocracy abroad. Naturally they come more into contact with the members of the aristocracy that are down at the heels and out at the elbows than with those that have large estates and solid fortunes as well as high rank and titles. Through the gossip of the social capitals it comes to the knowledge of these rich American women that

(Continued on Page 34)

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## Guaranteed

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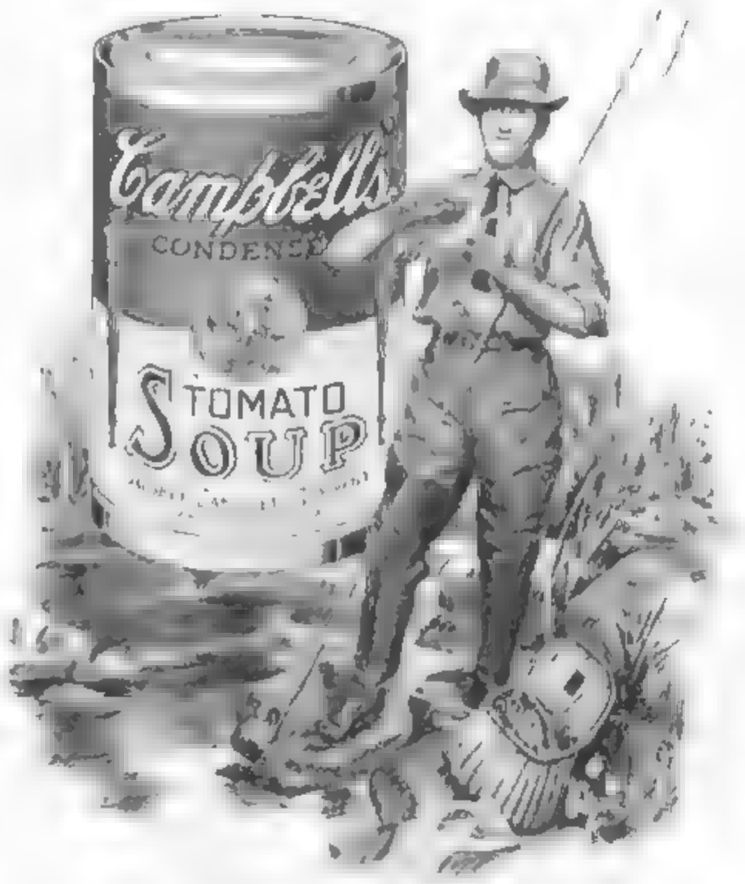


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(Continued from Page 32.)

this count, that baron and Prince So-and-So do not pay their bills for a year or two at a time. And still they live in luxury and set the pace for the swellest set! When one of them does 'come into' money—most likely by marrying an American heiress—then the hungry tradesmen get their pay, and they are so grateful that they fairly break their backs kotowing to their titled patron because he has squared up. That sort of thing is going on all over Europe, and the American woman who has a great fortune and is ambitious to do things the way they are done [in titled society naturally adopts what she considers the aristocratic viewpoint toward the tradesman—which is that he shall be made to wait for his money until he is properly grateful, humble and impressed." Then this frankly philosophic tradesman threw a few sidelights upon the art of dealing with these imitators of the European aristocracy:

"Suppose one of these pay-when-I-please customers comes into my shop, does she receive the same treatment and pay the same price as a prompt-paying customer? That depends upon what she wants to buy. I know that she is going to hold me up on the payment for several months. If I can safely offset this by raising the price to cover that emergency then I'm going to do it. There are many things on which this cannot be done—but I feel obliged, in self-defense, not to overlook any goods where there is small chance that this practice will be detected. On goods that will not admit of this variation the only protection is to charge a price to all that is high enough to give a safe margin of profit. Nearly every tradesman who has among his customers some of these wealthy imitators of the European aristocracy makes 'the punishment fit the crime' wherever he can do so and not be caught at it. There are, I repeat, many classes of goods on which this practice is not feasible. If it could be done on all goods the customers who pay promptly and regularly would get lower prices."

This view of the situation was confirmed by the credit man of a large and fashionable men's furnishing house in a wealthy city. He is one of the owners of the establishment.

"It is true," he declared, "that many of our very rich men and women—particularly of the smart young set—are afflicted with this fashionable disease of locomotor ataxia of the checkbook. They are not all sufferers from this complaint, but there are enough of them who seem to feel that it is a very distinguished disease to give any merchant who has to carry a considerable number of their accounts food for thought and interest—at five or six per cent."

### *Dunning the Smart Set*

"Does this inconsiderate practice result in making the other customers of that store pay more for goods? I hadn't thought of it before in just that way, but I can't deny that this is the net of it. The merchant's scale of prices is based on the cost of his goods plus his expenses of all kinds. If he has to carry thirty thousand dollars in overdue accounts on his books the interest on that sum is just as much an expense as his clerk hire, his rent or his insurance. His prices take this item as well as all others into account, and provide for it in the margin of profit which they allow. In that way—which is just as real as if it were more direct—the customer of more humble means has to carry the rich 'swell' who has adopted the lofty European fashion of paying his bills when he pleases and not before—say annually or semi-annually. There is no justice in this, but the merchant who handles a fine line of goods that attracts wealthy buyers is to a certain and very considerable extent helpless.

"There are only two things that he can do to remedy the situation—he can take pains to see that these offenders pay for their luxury of indifference to statements in a direct way; and if he is in a financial position to do so he can take a good grip on his nerve and collect from these millionaire patrons as he would from anybody else. But this will take nerve, and, for a time at least, it will cost him trade in chunks. If this show part of his trade is mainly among wealthy and 'swell' women he is at a hard disadvantage. Only a master at diplomacy can do anything in a collection campaign with such accounts. With men he can do better—but even that will require courage and capital, decision and tact.

"I know, because I've tried it; and I feel that as a whole I've been fairly successful in the attempt. Some very liberal buyers have withdrawn their trade permanently on account of being 'dunned'; others have withdrawn temporarily and have returned to observe reasonable credit rules, like common folks; and others have bucked hard but have come under the saddle without going elsewhere.

"Some of those who were insulted because they were asked to settle their accounts with something like reasonable frequency have declared that they would see to it that I lost the trade of their intimate friends. That is what most merchants are afraid of—unnecessarily so, I think. This is because they don't know how to meet a situation of that sort. When customers say to me that they'll pull away the trade of their friends my answer is that such a course would be unreasonable, in poor taste and out of keeping with their social position. If I can't make them see this I then put it to them in this light: 'All right, do it! But of course you realize that when you ask a friend not to trade with me, the first thought that comes into his mind is bound to be that you have had your toes stepped on because you haven't been decent in paying your account. He'll not say that to you; but he's likely to laugh about it with the first mutual friend he meets. He'll probably tell you I'm a robber and thank you for your suggestion; but he'll spot the reason for your personal heat in a minute. You'll simply be advertising to your friends that you're forcing tradesmen to apply the collection screws, that you're living too fast and that you're not a very good sport. That isn't a good thing to advertise. You may not care if some persons do think this of you; but such information has a way of traveling in the air and underground, and it's likely to reach quarters to which you would rather it wouldn't percolate. And, anyhow, it will not have the result that you think it will. The friends you go to will know what's the matter. When you've turned your back they'll laugh—and keep on trading here, the same as before.'"

### *When Bertie Pays the Fiddler*

"Such a stand seldom fails to balk the get-even game with customers of this class. They know that what I say is true; they know what they'd think if their friends came to them with the same sort of a roast, and they don't care to make themselves absurd by such a course. I've tried this repeatedly and it works—with men. It might work with women, too, but there's no telling about that. Anyhow, it's the only weapon with which to meet a threat of pulling away trade, and I've found it very effective.

"As I said before, the merchant who has offenders against the rules of liberal credit to deal with takes ways in which to make the worst of those offenders pay the fiddler at first hand. Of course every merchant who is asked about this practice will deny it—as I shall; but those who don't resort to it are simply too slow to play the game as it is put up to them.

"A young swell with eight million dollars behind him comes here to buy his stuff. If I get a settlement of his account oftener than once a year I'm in luck. As soon as I found this out I gave the order to all salesmen that no person in the house should sell him goods unless I was absent; as soon as he came inside the door I was to be notified. Of course it flattered him to notice that one of the owners of the establishment always waited on him. If he said he wanted some handkerchiefs I would ask: 'What do you want to pay, Bertie?' 'Oh, about a dollar apiece,' he would answer. Well, the handkerchiefs he would get at that price would come out of the six-dollars-a-dozen drawer and would be unmarked. With marked or advertised goods this could not be done, of course. But usually, whenever it can be done without too much risk, it is done. We look at it simply as the assessment of a penalty for the treatment that he gives us in not meeting his account. Is this practice pretty general? Of course it is. It's human nature—and it's business. It's the merchant's defense against the customer's lofty indifference to his obligations and his sensitiveness to being reminded of them."

A florist with a fashionable trade answered the above question with the inquiry:

"Do you suppose that a woman who could so easily be the most promptly paying

customer on the florist's books, but is actually the slowest, is going to get twelve-dollars-a-dozen roses when there is a chance to hand her something under that price? Not in these days of sharp business. When she isn't given her offset in this form it's probably because there isn't a good safe chance to hand it to her. Certain florists make a special drive to get this business. I don't. Those who want it are welcome to it. The trade I'm after is the downtown transient or semi-transient business—where the young man in a rush buys a dozen beauties, puts his cash on the counter, and thinks the best are too poor for the girl to whom we are asked to deliver the roses. That is the kind of customer who is going to get the choicest flowers in the refrigerator, and get them at standard price."

### *Pilot Fish in the Social Sea*

A man well informed on the secrets of the modiste's trade remarked:

"It is only in a comparative sense that you may use the term 'poor' as applied to any patron of a modiste's shop where the gowns of the ultra-fashionable are made. If you will agree that the woman worth only a hundred thousand dollars is poor by comparison with the one worth fifty millions then there is no denying that the poor carry the rich in this particular branch of trade. And this is not all a matter of the time that the multimillionaire takes to settle her account.

"Some of the wealthiest women of fashion in America are the shrewdest traders—at least when it comes to buying gowns and other intimate accessories to which they give their personal attention. The modiste knows that if she can get the patronage of a woman who is recognized as a leader of the wealthiest and the most fashionable set in a big city, this fact will draw to her doors an eager army of camp followers. The social queen usually understands this fact as thoroughly as does the modiste—and often she is not above taking financial advantage of it. She probably regards it as one of the perquisites of being a queen of fashion. Therefore she drives a shrewd bargain for her outfit. Not infrequently the modiste makes that outfit at a direct financial loss or at a margin that leaves no profit.

"But when the camp followers come in, the profit that this social queen should have paid is put on in addition to the standard profit. There are a good many millionaires and multimillionaires produced in the West, and a large percentage of the younger set comes on to New York and makes a business of getting into the social swim. The wives of these men are sure to get thoroughly trimmed when they follow the Fifth Avenue social queen on a shopping tour. When they admire the marvelous gowns in which the reigning favorite appears they don't stop to think that often they have had a very direct part in paying for them. Then the greater a woman's wealth and the surer her social position the greater is apt to be her indifference to the sordid matter of when she settles her accounts. At least this is the tendency. It is not an invariable rule—to assert this would be absurd; but there is no denying that the tendency is quite common among the ultra-fashionable who have great fortunes."

Here is the attitude of the banker, as expressed by the cashier of a large city bank carrying many accounts among the retail merchants:

"Wherever you find a locality or a suburb that has a large element of fashion and wealth, there you find merchants and tradesmen complaining that the fashionable rich will not, to a very large extent, pay their bills until long overdue, and that it will ruin trade to attempt to collect these accounts. We recognize that this is the case with many customers that have large and solid fortunes behind them. It is a matter quite aside from that of giving credit to those who pretend to be wealthy and are not. That is another problem.

"Just how far these ultra-fashionable people of real wealth, who force the merchant to play banker for them, are influenced by the example of European aristocracy is difficult to determine. Probably they are influenced by it to some degree. If so they fail to take into consideration that money is cheap in Europe and dear here; that the merchant's expense here, aside from the rate of interest he must pay, is high; that over there the banker can make long-time loans at a low rate, which the American banker cannot make. In a word, if the American merchant is to be considered at all it must be admitted that he is not in a position to cope with this kind of compulsory credit. American conditions are not adjusted to the accommodation of this European custom—which is about as undesirable an importation as we have thus far contrived to make. It is unjust, uneconomic and un-American. About the only way in which the merchant here seems able to meet the situation is by fighting the devil with fire, as some of them put it—making the wealthy delinquent, so far as possible, pay the score in the long run, and in the meantime playing safe by raising the general scale of prices, so that prompt-paying customers help to carry the accounts of those who can pay but do not. But this is unsatisfactory to the merchant, and it should be decidedly unsatisfactory to the man who trades where the rich trade but settles his score regularly and promptly."

These expressions are representative of scores—hundreds—that might be spread upon the record without introducing any decided variation in type. The essence of all of them seems to be about this: The number of "rich, fashionable swells" who do not settle their accounts with anything approaching promptness and regularity is on the increase; of this class the women are the surest and most numerous offenders. The small merchant, the shopkeeper and the artisan are practically helpless to hasten payment from these offenders, especially in the case of women. It is also clear that the small bills—those from the artisan and the shopkeeper—are treated with the greatest indifference. The bill for the big merchant who enjoys the fashionable trade is paid first; the small fry must wait.

No feature of the situation is more clear than the fact that the man of moderate means, who trades where the "swell rich" trade, is the one who pays for their delinquencies. The merchant doesn't enjoy being obliged to charge his prompt, considerate customer for the injustice and indifference of the customer who can "stand off" the store for six months or a year by sheer power of wealth; but he often finds he has to do it to make the score come out right and leave him with a profit instead of a loss on his total operations. In every way possible and by every trick known to the trade he does take it out directly on the rich customer who plays the waiting game, and he takes a personal satisfaction in so doing, for he feels that he is getting even for a course of treatment that is unjust and indefensible. So he salves his conscience—if it shows any sign of sensitiveness—with the reflection that the end justifies the means.

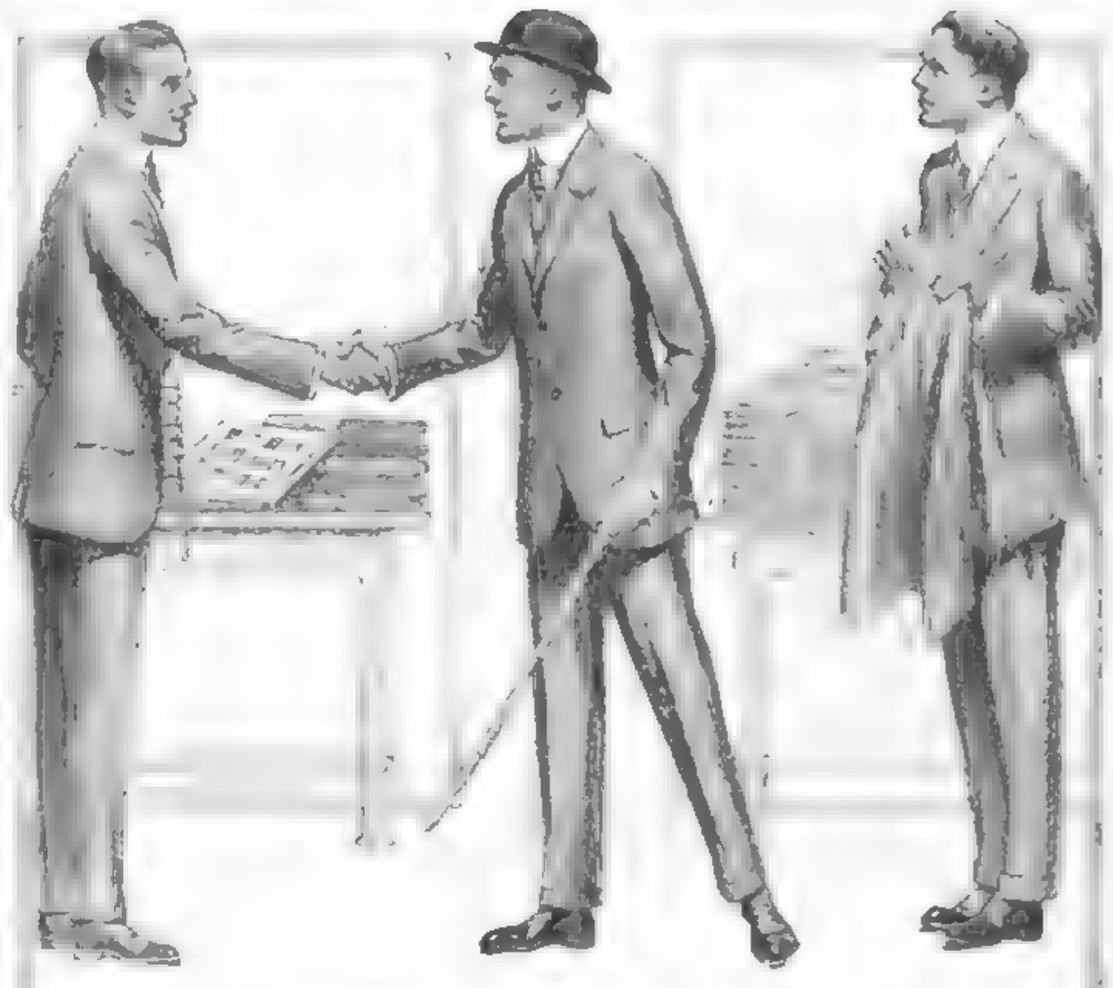
### *The Privilege of Paying Extra*

There is one deduction that the man of moderate means can hardly escape—that if he likes to be in the company of the rich and fashionable when doing his trading he is very likely to be paying quite handsomely for that privilege. Or, to put it from the other angle, the store that is operated to meet the needs of common people is less likely to impose a price penalty because of the delinquent payments of that part of the millionaire set that considers it common to pay its accounts regularly and promptly. The only basis on which the man who is not wealthy can buy his groceries, his golf balls and his furnishings where the rich and delinquent buy theirs and not pay a penalty for it, is to demand and receive discount for paying cash in ten days. Unless he gets this he may be fairly certain that he is paying for being in distinguished company. And the discount would ordinarily need to be a substantial one in order to even up.

When the millionaire—or more frequently his wife—ignores for months the bills and statements of the small shopkeeper who has been favored with the patronage of so great a personage, that struggling tradesman or artisan is the victim of plain, spontaneous, individual selfishness or snobbery, or both.

Auditing personal accounts is not to be compared with golf, motoring or foreign travel as an agreeable sport. So the bills are shoved aside for pleasanter things, in the full knowledge that the shopkeeper isn't going to endanger his rich trade by making a fuss or doing anything disagreeable.

Editor's Note—This is the second of two articles by Forrest Crissey.

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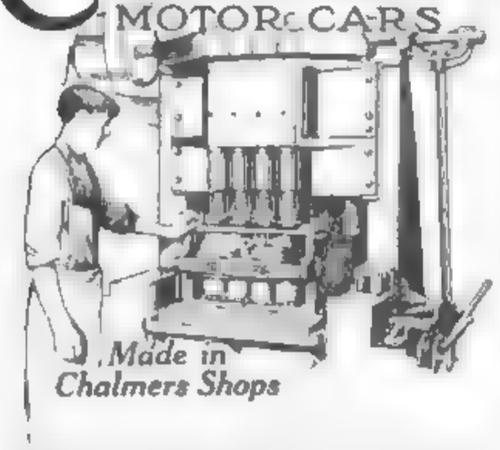


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# BRINGING BACK THE FOREST

## By ENOS A. MILLS

DURING the last fifty years repeated fires have swept through Western forests and destroyed vast areas. As a result of these fires, most species of trees in the West have lost large areas of their territory. However, there is one species of tree that has, by the very means of these fires, enormously extended its holdings. It has gained much of the area lost by the other species. This tree is the lodgepole pine.

It is almost extraordinary that fire, the arch enemy of the lodgepole pine, should so largely contribute to the forest extension of this tree. It is not only one of the most inflammable of trees but it is easily killed by fire. Despite these weaknesses, such are the remarkable characteristics of this species that an increase in the number of forest fires in the West will enable this tree to extend its holdings; on the other hand, a complete cessation of fires would, in time, almost eliminate this tree from the forest.

The lodgepole pine lives an adventurous frontier life, and of the six hundred kinds of North American trees none has so many pioneer characteristics. This variety strikingly exhibits some of the necessary requisites in trees that extend or maintain the forest frontier.

The characteristics of this tree, which so largely contribute to its success and enable it to succeed through the agency of fire, are its seed-hoarding habit and the ability of its seedlings to thrive best in recently fire-cleaned earth, in the full glare of the sun. Most coniferous seedlings cannot stand full sunlight, but must have either completely or partly shaded places for the first few years of their lives.

The untold millions of acres which these recent fires have swept over are not barren; they were almost entirely and promptly reforested by Nature. Most of the fire-swept area was restocked with a species different from the one in possession of the territory at the time of the fire. Probably one-half of this vast burned-over territory was restocked with lodgepole pine.

Lodgepole seeds are winged. Commonly it is the winged seed that first reaches and first begins to grow in openings cleared by fire or by any other agency. There is less competition between the seedlings in these openings than there is within the forest. One of the strong characteristics required in the seedling in an opening is that it be able to thrive in bright sunlight. Not many seedlings can do this. In the North and East the gray birch, which matures its seeds in early summer, commonly is the first seedling to appear upon a burned-over area. The gray birch seedling is intolerant in the extreme—that is to say, it is at its best in the sunlight. In the East, too, the white pine is one of the first conifers to produce seedlings in burned-over areas. Of course white pine seedlings thrive in the sunlight. In the South the old field pine perhaps predominates among the various species that are early in taking possession of abandoned fields or treeless openings.

### *Pioneers of the Forest*

Seeds of the oak, hemlock, spruce and those of numerous other trees might fall by the million in treeless openings without a tree ever growing from them. The seeds of the aspen, beech, birch, willow, old field white and lodgepole pines are the conspicuous ones that extend the forest. Most intolerant and pioneer trees generally are comparatively shortlived and may usually be classed as nurse trees; for, so to speak, they prepare favorable conditions for the seeds of other trees, whose seedlings appear and for a time are nursed in the shade of these pioneer or light-loving species. After a time, however, these nursed trees overtop and smother out the original or nurse trees of this territory. This is the succession in the forest.

Perhaps the foremost characteristic required by any species of tree in gaining new territory is the ability of its seedlings to thrive in the sunlight. Trees may be classed as tolerant and intolerant. The intolerant ones cannot tolerate—cannot live in—the shade. The tolerant seedlings cannot, as a rule, live in the sunlight—not until they reach the sapling age.

It will thus be seen that the acquirement of treeless territory by any species of tree not only requires this tree to get its seeds upon the earth in that territory, but requires that these seeds, once there, must have the ability to survive in the sunlight. However, it will also be seen that territory already forested by one species of tree may shade the earth, and have soil characteristics that will enable the seedlings of tolerant trees to grow in its midst and in time crowd out the trees that have possession of this territory. Of course it is only the seeds of tolerant trees that can extend holdings in this manner.

Each species of tree has its own way of scattering its seeds. These seeds are disseminated in many ways; but, once upon the earth, they and the seedlings that may spring from them have peculiar limitations and special advantages. In some cases—as, for instance, with most willows and poplars—these seeds must find a place and germinate in an extremely short time or they perish; while the seeds of a few other trees will stand exposure for two years and still be fertile.

The lodgepole pine stands among the first of the trees for taking early possession of a burned-over area. However, this tree is almost powerless to get possession of a territory already possessed by other trees, or of grass land, because of its inability to endure shade and the inability of its seeds to germinate except they be brought directly into contact with clean mineral soil.

### *The Effects of Fires*

The lodgepole pine is a prolific seed-producer; and it not only produces seeds every year, but commonly it holds on to or hoards a percentage of the seeds it bears—that is to say, these seeds remain in the cone and the cone remains on the tree. In some situations this tree begins to bear at five years of age and in most localities by the time it is twelve. Year after year the cones, with their fertile seeds safely inclosed, cling to the tree. Some of these cones remain unopened from three to nine years. A small percentage of the cones do not open and distribute their seeds until they have been on the tree from twelve to twenty years. I know a number of instances in which cones, with fertile seeds within their clasp, stuck to the tree for more than fifty years. Whether the cones open or not, a majority of the cones the tree produces cling to it through life.

Old trees ofttimes carry from a few hundred to a few thousand seed-filled cones. Once I counted 14,137 of these on the arms of one veteran lodgepole. Allowing but ten seeds to the cone, this tree alone held a good seed reserve. Commonly a forest fire does not consume the tree it kills. With a lodgepole it usually burns off only the twigs and the foliage, leaving most of the cones unconsumed. The cones are excellent fire-resisters and their seeds commonly escape injury, even though the cones be charred. The heat, however, melts the resinous sealing-wax that holds the cone-scales closed. The heat of a forest fire sometimes is intense and I have known it to break the scales on cones that were in the trees more than one hundred feet beyond the sideline of the fire.

My introduction to this intrepid tree took place in the mountains of Colorado. One day, while watching a forest fire, I paused in the midst of the new desolation to watch the behavior of the flames. Only a few hours before a fire had stripped and killed the half-blackened trees round me. All the twigs were burned off the tree beneath which I stood, but the larger limbs remained, and to each of these a score or more of blackened cones stuck closely. Knowing but little of trees and being interested in the fire, I paid no attention to these cones until a number of thin, brownish bits, like insects' wings, came fluttering and eddying easily down.

The ashes and the earth round me were still warm and the air was misty with smoke. Near by, a tall snag and some fallen logs smoked and blazed by turns. Again, a number of these tissue bits came fluttering and whirling lightly down out of the fire-killed treetop. Watching the treetop carefully, I saw brown tissue bits, one after another, silently climb out of a blackened cone and make a merry one-winged flight for the earth. An examination of these brown bits showed that they were the fertile seeds of the lodgepole pine. With inspiring pioneer and heroic spirit, this indomitable tree was sowing seeds, beginning the work of reconstruction while its fire-ruined empire still smoked.

It is the first tree to be up—or down—and doing after destructive flames sweep by. Hoarded seeds by the million often are set free by fire and most of these reach the earth within a few hours or a few days after the fiery whirlwind has passed by. Being winged and exceedingly light, thousands are sometimes blown for miles. It would thus appear that the millions of lodgepole seeds released by fire would begin life under most favorable conditions. Falling, as they do, upon sunny earth cleaned for their reception, there is little or no competition and but few enemies. The fire has banished most of the injurious animals, consumed competitors and their seeds, and prepared an ashen, mineralized seed-bed; not a leaf shades it, and altogether it is an ideal one for the lodgepole seed and seedling.

Commonly a place of this kind is crowded with seedlings the second year after a fire. Starting in a close, even growth, they usually suppress for years all other species of trees and most other plants. Under favorable conditions as many as one hundred and fifty thousand will appear upon an acre, and fifty thousand is not uncommon. Their growth is mostly upward—about the only direction possible for expansion—with moderate rapidity. In a few years they are tall but exceedingly slender, and become poles in from twenty-five to fifty years. The trappers named this tree lodgepole because of its common use by the Indians for lodge or teepee poles.

The lodgepole is intolerant of shade and abundance of light is necessary for its success. In overcrowded stands, especially those in which groups or individual trees have slight advantages over their neighbors, a heavy percentage of the growth may die annually for the want of nutrition. Among the acre tracts in which I have been census-taker and upon which I noted the death-rate, I have observed many interesting facts. One acre that had a ten-year-old population of 84,322 numbered but 21,137 ten years later. Another acre, with 9436 twenty-four-year-old population, numbered 8981 ten years later. A third acre, with 673 vigorous sixty-two-year-olds, lost twenty-eight of its people in a decade.

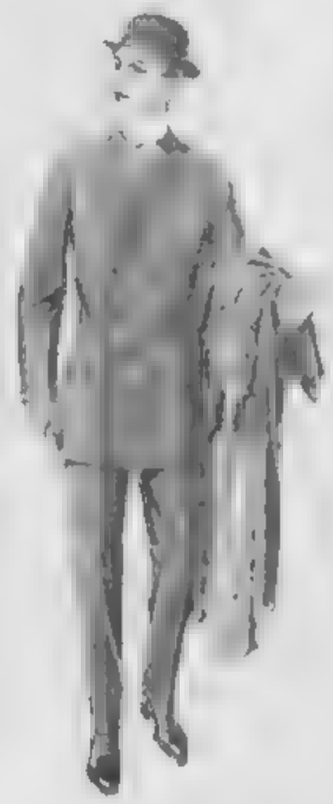
If equal opportunities prevail in an overcrowded tract, so that none of the trees have an advantage, all will grow slowly as a result of this excessive competition, though but few will die from it until some of the trees acquire advantages.

### *Competition in the Greenwood*

Under favorable conditions the lodgepole is a rapidly growing conifer. In a forty-five-year growth near my home the varied soil and light conditions were so spotted that in a small area marked differences in growth were shown. A few tree clusters were vigorous, and the trees showed an average diameter of six inches and a height of thirty-four feet. From this the size dropped, and in one group the individuals were less than one inch in diameter and scarcely tall enough to be used as a cane—yet all were forty-five years of age.

The lodgepole is not long-lived; the oldest one I ever measured grew upon the slope of Long's Peak. It was three hundred and forty-six years of age, measured twenty-nine inches in diameter and stood eighty-four feet high. A study of its annual rings showed that at the age of two hundred it was only eleven inches in diameter, with a height of sixty-nine feet. Evidently it had lived two centuries in an overcrowded district; anyway, the soil and moisture conditions were good. Apparently in its two hundred and second year a forest fire brought it advantages by sweeping away its crowding, retarding competitors. At any rate, its annual ring two hundred and two bore a big fire scar, and after this age it grew with marked rapidity over the rate of previous years.

A mature lodgepole of average size and age measures about eighteen inches in diameter and stands sixty feet high; its age would be between one hundred and twenty-five and one hundred and seventy-five years.



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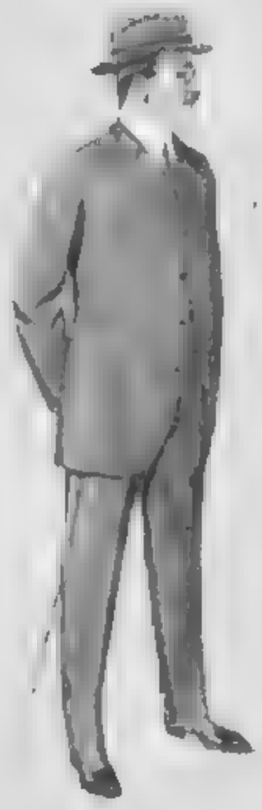

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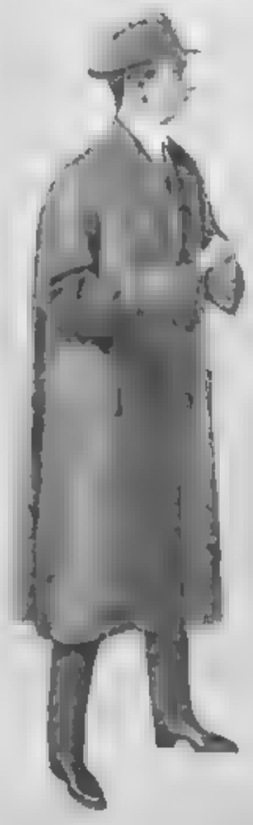

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# BLACK AND WHITE

(Continued from Page 20)

while I had my stren'th. I tek him up in my arms—I was mighty survig'rous dem times and he warn't nothin' but jes' a boy, as I told you—so I tek him up and tote him 'bout a hunderd yards 'way, whar dar's a little grove of trees and de soil is sort of soft and loamy; and den and dar I dig his grave. I didn't have no reg'lar tools to dig wid, but I uses a p'inted stick and one of dese yere bay'nets; and fast ez I loosen de earth I cast it out wid my hands. And 'long tow'd daylight I gits it deep 'nuff and big 'nuff. So I fetch water frum a little branch and wash off his face; and I wrop him in a blanket which I pick up near by—and I compose his limbs and I bury him in de ground."

His voice had swelled, taking on the long, swinging cadences by which his race voices its deeper emotions, whether of joy or sorrow, or religious exaltation. Its rise and fall had almost a hypnotizing effect upon the two old men who were his auditors. The tale he was telling was no new one to them. It had been written a score of times in the county papers; it had been repeated a hundred times at reunions and Memorial Day services; but they listened, canting their heads to catch every word, as though it were a new-told thing and not a narrative made familiar by nearly fifty years of reiteration and elaboration.

"I put green branches on top of him and I bury him. And den, w'en I'd done mark de place so I wouldn't never miss it w'en I come back fur him, I jes' teks my foot in my hand and I puts out for home. I slip through de No'thern lines and I heads for ole Lyon County. I travels light and I travels fast, and in two weeks I comes to it. It ain't been but jes' a little mo'n a year since we went 'way; but, Gor Almighty, gen'l'men, how dat war is done change ever'thing! My Ole Miss is gone—she died de very day dat Marse Willie got killed—yas, suh, dat very day she taken down sick and died; and her brother, Ole Majah Machen, is gone too—he's 'way off down in Mis'sippi somewhar refugeein' wid his folks, and de rest of de niggers is all scattered 'bout ever'whar. De Fed'ruls is in charge and de whole place seem lak it is plum' busted up and distracted.

"So I jedge dat I is free. Leas'wise, dar ain't nobody fur me to repote myself to, an' dar ain't nobody to gimme no ordahs. So I starts in workin' at my trade—I is a wagonmaker by trade, as you gen'l'men knows—and I meks money and saves it up, a little bit at a time, and I bury it onder de dirt flo' of my house.

"After a while, shore 'nuff, Freedom she come, and de war end soon after dat; and den it seem lak all de niggers in de world come flockin' in. Dey act jes' as scatterbrained as a drove of birds. It look lak Freedom is affectin' 'em in de haid. At fust dey don't think 'bout settlin' down—dey say de Gover'mint is gwine give 'em all forty acres and a mule apiece, and dey is jes' natchelly obleeged to wait fur dat; but I 'low to my own se'f dat by de time de Gover'mint gits round to Lyon County my mule is gwine be so ole I'll have to be doctorin' him 'stid of plowin' him. So I keeps right on, follerin' my trade and savin' a little yere and a little dar, tell purty soon I had money 'nuff laid by fur whut I needs it fur."

There was a crude majesty in the old negro's pose and in the gesturing of his long arms—it was easy to conceive that his granddam had been an African chieftainess. The spell of his storytelling filled the bare hall. The comb of white that ran up his scalp stood erect like carded wool, and his jaundiced eyeballs rolled in his head with the exultation of his bygone achievement. In different settings a priest of ancient Egypt might have made such a figure.

"I had money 'nuff fur whut I needs it fur," he repeated sonorously, "and so I goes back to dat dar battlefield. I hires me a w'ite man and a waggin, and two niggers to help, and I goes dar and I digs up my young marster frum de place whar he been layin' all dis time, and I puts him in de coffin, and I bring him back on de railroad cyars, payin' all de expenses and actin' as de chief mourner. And I buries him in de buryin'-ground at de home place, right 'longside his paw, which I knowed Ole Miss would 'a' wanted it done jes' dat way ef she had been spared to live and nothin' happened. W'en all dat is done I know den dat I is free in my own mind to come and to go; so I packs up my traps and my plunder and leaves ole Lyon County and come down yere to dis town, whar I is been ever sence.

"But frum dat day fo'th they calls me a w'ite folks' nigger—some of 'em does. Well, I reckin I is. De black folks is my people, but de w'ite folks is always been my friends—I knows dat good and well. And it stands proved dis very night. De black people is de same ez cast me out, and dat fool Jones nigger he sets in my 'p'inted place on de flatform!" A lament came again into his chanting tone and it took on the measured swing of an exhorter at an experience meeting. "Dey cast me out; but I comes to my w'ite friends and dey meks me welcome."

He broke off to shake his wool-crowned head from side to side. Then in an altogether different voice he began an apology:

"Jedge, you and Mistah Bagby must—please, suh—scuse me fur ramblin' on lak dis. I reckin I done took up 'nuff of yore time—I spects I better be gittin' on tow'd my own home."

He made no move to start, because the old judge was speaking. The worn look was gone from the judge's face, and the stress of some deep emotion made the muscles of his under jaw tighten beneath the dewlaps of loose flesh.

"Some who never struck a blow in battle nevertheless served our cause truly and faithfully," he said as though he were addressing an audience of numbers. "Some of the bravest soldiers we had never wore a uniform, and their skins were a different color from our skins. I move that our comrade Isaac Copeland, here present, be admitted to membership in this Camp. If this motion is regular and accordin' to the rules of the organization, I make it. And if it ain't regular—I make it jest the same!"

"I second that motion," said Sergeant Jimmy Bagby instantly and belligerently, as though defying an unseen host to deny the propriety of the step.

"It is moved and seconded," said Judge Priest formally, "that Isaac Copeland be made a member of this Camp. All in favor of that motion will signify by saying Aye!"

His own voice and the sergeant's answered as one voice—with a shrill Aye.

"Contrary, No!" went on the judge. "The Ayes have it and it is so ordered."

It was now the sergeant's turn to have an inspiration. Up he came to his feet, sputtering in his eagerness:

"And now, suh, I nominate Veteran Isaac Copeland for the vacant place of colorbearer of this Camp—and I move you, furthermore, that the nominations be closed."

The judge seconded the motion; and again these two voted as one, the old negro sitting and listening, but saying nothing at all. Judge Priest got up from his chair and, crossing to a glass cabinet at the back of the platform, opened the door and drew forth a seven-foot staff of polished wood, with a length of party-colored silk wadded about its upper part and bound round with a silken cord.

"Uncle Ike," he said reverently, "you are our color sergeant now in good and proper standin'—and here are your colors for you."

The old negro came shuffling up. He took the flag in his hands. His bent back unkinked until he stood straight. His long, almost fleshless fingers, knotted and gnarled and looking like fire-blackened fagots, twitched at the silken square until its folds fell away and in the gaslight it revealed itself, with its design of the starred Saint Andrew's cross and its tarnished gold fringe.

"I thanky, suhs, kindly," he said, addressing the two old white men, who stood at stiff salute. "I suttinly does appreciate dis—and I'll tell you why. Dey done drap me out of de cullid Odd Fellers 'count of my not bein' able to meet de dues; and dis long time I been feared dat w'en my time come to go I'd have to be buried by de co'peration; but now I knows dat I'll be laid away in de big, stylish cemetery—wid music and de quality w'ite gen'l'men 'long in kerriges. And maybe dar'll be a band! Ain't dat so, gen'l'men? Ain't dar goin' to be a band 'long too?"

They nodded. They were of the same generation, these two old white men and this lone old black man; and between them there was a perfect understanding. That the high honor they had visited upon him

meant to their minds one thing and to his mind another thing was understandable too. So they nodded.

. . . . . .

They came down the steep stairs—the judge and the sergeant abreast in front, the new colorbearer two steps behind them; and when they were outside on the street the judge fumbled in his pocket a moment, then slipped something shiny into the old negro's harsh and horny palm. The recipient pulled his old hat off and thanked him, there being dignity both in the manner of making the gift and in the manner of receiving it.

The judge and the sergeant stood watching Uncle Ike as he shuffled away in the darkness, his loose, slashed brogans clop-clopping up and down on his sockless feet. Probably they would have found it hard to explain why they stood so, but watch him they did until the old negro's gaunt black shadow merged into the black distance. When he was quite gone from sight they faced about the other way; and soberly and silently, side by side, they trudged away, two stoutish, warm, weary old men.

At the corner they parted. The judge continued alone along Jefferson Street. A trolley car, under charter for the Eighth, whizzed by him, gay with electric lights. On the rear platform a string band played ragtime of the newest and raggedest brand; and in the aisle and on the seats negro men and women were skylarking and yelling to friends and strangers along the sidewalk. The sawing bleat of an agonized bass fiddle cut through the onspeeding clamor, but the guitars could hardly be heard. A little farther along the old judge had to skirt the curbing to find a clear way past a press of roistering darkies before a moving-picture theater where a horseshoe of incandescents glowed about a sign reading, Colored People's Night, and a painted canvas banner made enthusiastic mention of the historic accuracies of a film dealing with the battle of San Juan Hill. The last of the rented livery rigs passed, the lathered horse barely able to pluck a jog out of his stiff legs. Good-natured, smiling faces—brown, black and yellow—showed everywhere from under the brims of straw hats and above the neckbands of rumpled frocks of many colors. The Eighth of August still had its last hours to live and it was living them both high and fast.

When Judge Priest, proceeding steadily onward, came to where Clay Street was brooding—a dark, narrow little thoroughfare in the abundant covert of many trees—the tumult and the shouting were well dimmed in the distance behind him. He set his back to it all and turned into the bystreet, an old, tired man, with lagging legs—and the shadows swallowed him up.

# ADVENTURES IN BUSINESS

(Concluded from Page 9)

"Don't try it, though, until you really know the bossing game and all it implies. Be sure you know it. Executive ability is worth a hundred times as much as mere specialized skill, and it is not acquired in a day. Yet I do believe that men of the right caliber can acquire it without wasting years on costly failures as I did.

"I cleaned up six thousand dollars on the Oregon courthouse, two thousand of which went to McGoorty. The day after he received my check in settlement I got a telegram from him asking me to hustle down to Salt Lake City to meet him. I took a train within an hour, for I knew well enough what he wanted of me. The first thing he did, when I shook hands with him at his headquarters in the Mormon city, was to shove a heap of letterheads over to me. They were freshly printed—and they read:

McGOORTY & MILLIGAN
GENERAL CONTRACTORS

"'We'll settle the details of the partnership right now,' he said, 'for I've just been awarded the biggest job of my lifetime. I've got four hundred miles of railroad to build, with a ten-million-dollar tunnel and all the buildings, bridges and steel. I want you to get out on the job tomorrow. I can't handle it alone, Milligan; I've got to have a good boss like yourself. I'll give you a chance to make your hundred thousand dollars within a year. Here's the partnership agreement I've had drawn.'

"'Before I go out on any job,' said I, 'I'm going back to Oregon to get married. An Irishman wouldn't turn down his sweetheart for ten times a hundred thousand. Then I was thinking of taking my wife back to Vermont to see dad and my mother——'

"'I'll give you four days to get married,' snapped McGoorty; 'but you can't go to Vermont until next year. Bring the girl down to Utah as soon as you can and I'll fix you up as fine a portable shack as any bride could want. For the next twelve months your home will be out along the right-of-way—and you can have a change of scenery pretty often.'

"So it was a year before I saw dad; but you can bet he opened his eyes when he did see me. I didn't wear a silk hat this time, but I showed him a wad of cash that made his jaw hang down. There were four of us—myself, my wife, the baby and the nurse; and that little old farmhouse had the liveliest time for two weeks that it had known since Tim and I and our five brothers and sisters used to get whaled in the woodshed. Poor old Tim was the only one of the youngsters who'd stuck to the farm. One day he got me by the arm and took me out to the henhouse.

"'Patsy,' said he mournfully, 'do you mind the time you took that job for a dollar? Dad always said you were the biggest fool of the batch of us—now how did you ever go and get rich?'

"'Tim,' said I, 'some fellows can get over being fools if they try. A lot of contractors are fools and most of 'em never get over it. That's why there's a fine chance for the man who goes about contracting right. There's hope for you yet, Tim, and if you'll come back West with me I'll see if I can hammer it out of you.'

"Today Tim Milligan is as sharp a contractor as you'll find in the West. At present he's building houses on the Coast; but, of course, Tim got his schooling at the hands of McGoorty & Milligan and never had to unlearn years of mistaken training.

"Now don't misunderstand me. This contracting business is a hard proposition. Any branch of it is a difficult game. It needs smart men—as smart as any lawyer you ever saw. Men who know they're not smart ought to keep out of it; but there are different brands of smartness, and a man may spend four years in college and not be smart enough to run a gyratory crusher with profit. He may spend two years additional at Heidelberg and still be unable to manage a railroad camp full of hoboes.

"When you hear contractors wailing over the dispensations of Providence and the obstacles they cannot control you can usually discount their plaints very heavily. When you can't get men to work for you it's likely you haven't planned to get them or haven't fed them enough. When a rainy week comes along and prevents your gangs from working in the earth fills and cuts, you can use them on the rockwork—if you haven't done it all during the fair weather. Such planning is up to the boss.

"And yet, allowing for the very best planning and the most skillful execution, some unforeseen event may swallow a contract, boss and all. There's no use denying it. But, even so, remember that contracting is the easiest business in the world to get a fresh start in; and if you salt away some of your profits when you make them—dig a hole and bury them, if necessary—you can take such twists of fate philosophically and keep the children in school. I've had a mountain come down and blot out a hundred thousand dollars at one swoop—but no lunatic asylum ever got me!

"I like contracting—not only for the money I make, but because it fascinates me. There are always things doing; if you're good at selling your abilities you can pick up a contract almost anywhere. Then you seldom need a book of etiquette or a swallowtail; and your banquet table is often set amid Nature itself. Something new comes up every day—new problems and big ones. It is not a grinding repetition of the same thing every month and every year.

"I firmly believe that McGoorty & Milligan will clean up a million dollars this year; but if we don't make a cent I shan't regret the contracts we've got. The joy I'm getting out of them is worth while of itself."

Editor's Note—This is the third in a series of articles by Edward Mott Woolley. The fourth will appear in an early issue.

October 1912
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*Line-cuts print as clearly as type, and do much to increase the advertising-value of Multigraph printing.*

# Part of Oct. Cosmopolitan Printed on the Multigraph

PAGES 89 and 90 of the advertising section of October Cosmopolitan—out September 10th—were printed in two colors on the Multigraph. More than a million copies were required for the edition.

The work was done to prove what most people find difficult to believe—that the Multigraph does real printing of high quality, as well as the form-typewriting you are accustomed to associate with it.

Having seen the fact demonstrated, you can easily picture what follows—the convenience and privacy of doing your own printing under your own roof, when you want it, in quantities as small or as large as you like; and the economy of unskilled labor.

The Multigraph equipped for printing automatically turns out 1200 to 5000 sheets an hour. It takes its power from any electric lamp socket. It prints from its self-contained equipment of Gothic or typewriter type; from hand-set type in many sizes and styles; or from electrotypes that reproduce any size or style of type, line-cuts, borders and ornaments. It uses real printing-ink in any color. The same machine also does form-typewriting through an inked ribbon—at the same rate of speed, whether fed automatically or by hand.

Be sure to see the Multigraph insert in Cosmopolitan for October.

Then count up the ways in which the Multigraph could add to the convenience, economy or profit of your own business—by printing stationery, system-forms and direct-mail advertising; by typewriting business-getting form-letters; by being always ready for the sudden emergency; by eliminating the waste of large stocks of printing; by saving 25% to 75% of the money you now pay your printer.

With the distinct pledge that you can't buy a Multigraph unless you need it, ask us for literature, specimens and data. Write today. Use the coupon.

THE AMERICAN MULTIGRAPH SALES CO.
EXECUTIVE OFFICES
1800 East Fortieth Street Cleveland
Branches in Sixty Cities—Look in your Telephone Directory
European Representatives: The International Multigraph Co., 99 Holborn Viaduct, London, England; Berlin, W-8 Kronenstr. 70 Ecke Friedrichstr.

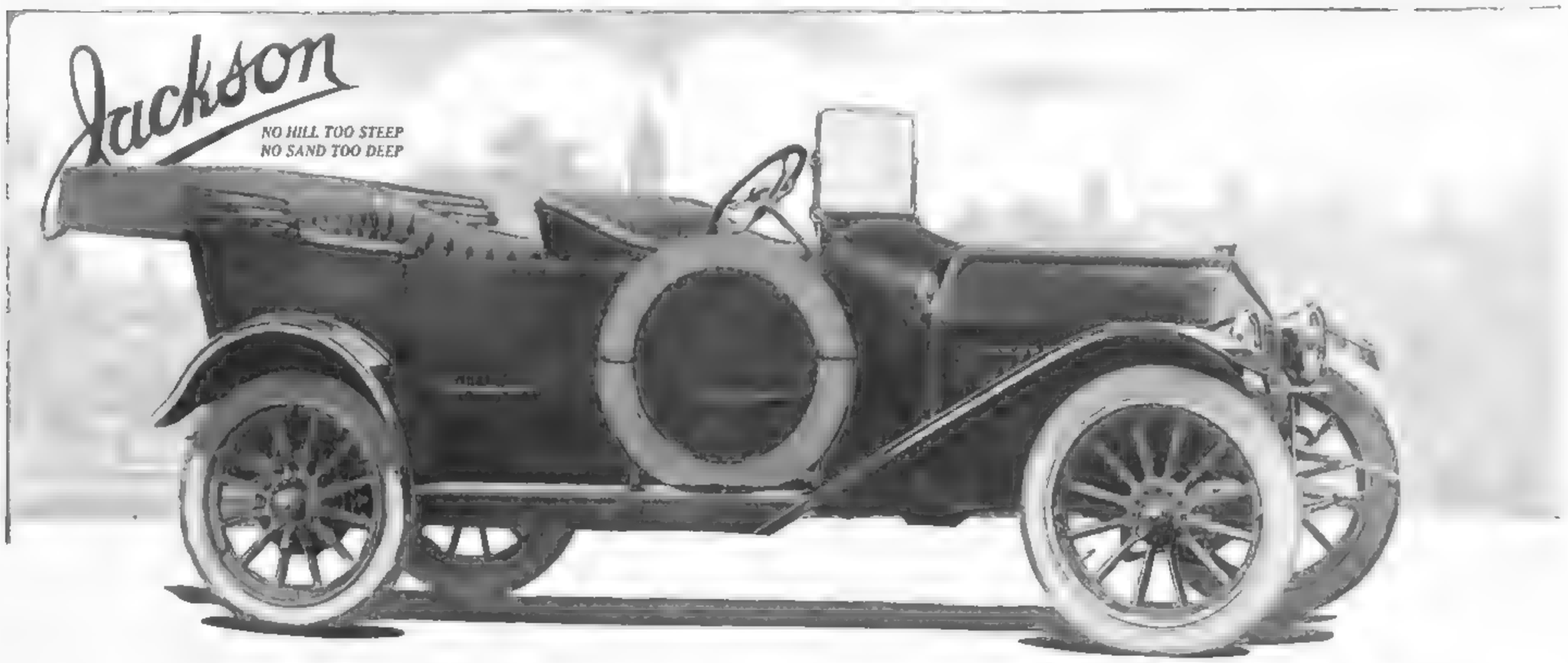
**What Uses Are You Most Interested In?**

Check them on this list and we will be glad to write you about them. Or, if you prefer, write us in your own words. We'll show you without obligation.

AMERICAN MULTIGRAPH SALES CO.
1800 E. Fortieth St. Cleveland

Printing:
- Letterheads
- Envelopes
- Billheads
- Noteheads
- Statements
- Cards, etc.
- Labels

Typewriting
- Form Letters
- Circulars
- Follow-up Systems
- Bulletins
- Notices to Employees
- Factory Forms




# Brother to the Costliest Cars

**A Jackson car,** first of all, is a harmonious creation.

**It has ample power** for its weight; its wheelbase is calculated and proved to be right in relation to the weight and wheel size; its weight is rightly distributed and the springs are of such type that the easiest riding is attained.

**In addition,** the body is extra roomy, both in front and in the tonneau; extra wide, with extra wide doors.

**The upholstery** is 10 inches thick—deep, soft and luxurious.

**The seat backs** are shoulder high; restful on a short ride and a long tour alike; and the seat cushions are slightly inclined toward the rear.

**Road shocks** are almost entirely eliminated through the four full elliptic springs.

**Let us explain** the advantage of using full elliptic springs on both front and rear of an automobile.

**On a motor-driven vehicle** they are just as efficient as on a carriage—and you know that they are the best spring equipment for a carriage.

**Do you know** that full elliptic springs are from 33⅓ to 100 per-cent more effective than the types ordinarily used on motor cars?

**They are;** and the Jackson is one of the very few cars that employs them—solely because they contribute more to the passengers' comfort.

**Jackson "Majestic"—$1850**

45 horsepower; unit power plant.
Long-stroke motor—4½ x 5¼ in.
124-inch wheelbase.
36 x 4 inch tires.
Full elliptic springs, front and rear.
Deep, roomy body; with 10-inch upholstery.
Powerful electric headlights with parabolic reflectors, dash electric dash lamps, and electric tail lamp; supplied by storage battery which is charged from dynamo driven by the motor.
Gasoline tank under dash, supplied from storage tank at the rear, with pressure pump. Total capacity, twenty gallons.
Equipment of Disco self-starter mohair top, top hood, ventilating windshield, speedometer oil and gasoline gauges on dash, Firestone universal quick-detachable demountable rims, extra rim, tire carrier, electric horn, robe rail, foot rest, pump, jack, tire outfit and tools
Trimmings, black and nickel

**In no car** have the designers taken greater care to produce comfort and easy riding than in the Jackson.

**We have built** powerful, speedy cars for years. And each year we have worked to make the Jackson as comfortable on the road as a motor car could be.

**That we have succeeded** in the 1913 Jackson—that we have placed it on an equal footing in these important respects with the finest productions—you will agree upon your first test of one of the new models.

**If you have been** used to a stiff, hard-riding car, it will be a pleasant surprise to you to ride in the tonneau of the Jackson "Olympic" or "Majestic" and at last experience perfect comfort.

AS fully and as completely as the costliest cars, the Jackson answers the universal demand for comfort.

Thus it disposes of the one advantage which hitherto has belonged almost wholly to the cars of higher price.

The builders of the Jackson have always believed the ease of the passengers to be paramount.

And they have constructed their cars in strict accordance with this belief.

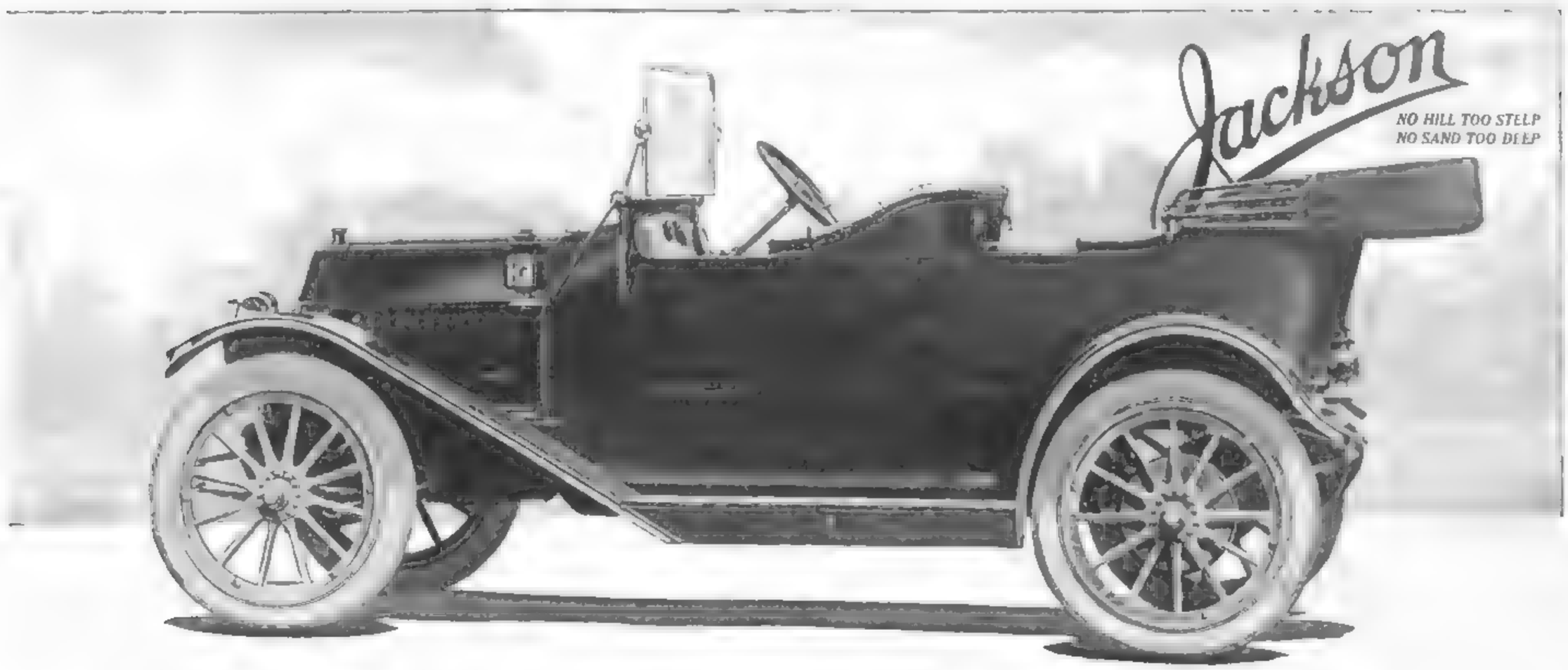
That is why the Jackson, along with its reputation for power and durability and service, has achieved a name for comfort and ease of riding.

In the 1913 models the idea of a perfectly comfortable car has been carried out to a point that makes the Jackson, in this respect, the equal of the highest priced and the most luxurious.

For the new Jacksons are truly luxurious in the way they ride; in the depth and softness of their upholstery; and in the extra-generous room we have provided in front and in the tonneau.

*Our six-cylinder, seven-passenger touring car will be announced soon. Watch for it.*

**JACKSON AUTOMOBILE COMPANY,**




# in Comfort, Riding Ease, Silence

Comfort in a motor car is not a matter of price.

It is the result of ingenuity and skill in designing; and of experience—qualifications in which the Jackson makers are particularly rich.

Springs and wheelbase, distribution of weight, seat construction and depth of upholstering—even the manner in which the power is developed and utilized—all bear a definite relation to it.

Comfort is the last thing you would give up in your car—you would sacrifice power and speed and size to retain it.

You want them all; and you get them all in the new Jacksons—perfectly balanced and proportioned.

We want you to give the car a sincere test.

You can have a demonstration from any Jackson dealer for the asking.

Have him drive the car over the roughest, ruttiest roads in your neighborhood; and if you don't find it as comfortable as any car you ever rode in—the dealer will have nothing more to say.

*Our advance literature fully describes the "Olympic" and "Majestic." Write for it.*

**1020 E. MAIN STREET, JACKSON, MICH.**

**Jackson "Olympic"—$1500**

35 horsepower; unit power plant.
Long stroke motor—4⅛ x 4¾ in.
115-inch wheelbase.
34 x 4 inch tires.
Full elliptic springs, front and rear.
Deep, roomy body, with 10-inch upholstery.
Gasoline tank under dash, supplied from storage tank at the rear, with pressure pump. Total capacity, twenty gallons.
Equipment of Disco self-starter, mohair top, top hood, ventilating windshield, speedometer, oil and gasoline gauges on dash, Prest-o-lite, with automatic electric lighter, Firestone universal quick-detachable demountable rims, extra rim, tire carrier, robe rail, foot rest, pump, jack, tire outfit and tools.
Trimmings, black and nickel.

**Mechanically the new Jacksons** are fully up to the high standard set by the upholstery, finish and roominess of the bodies.

**In each model** the power plant—motor, clutch and transmission—is a unit, because of the many advantages we have found in such design.

**The Jackson Company** was the first to adopt and exploit the unit power plant; and if you have followed motor car development you know how extensively this type is now employed in the better cars.

**Encased in the same housing,** the parts which develop and transmit the power are kept in perfect alignment throughout the life of the car.

**Moreover, they are protected** from dust and dirt and mud, and a more efficient oiling system is made possible.

**The entire power plant** is flexibly mounted in the frame, on three points; so that the twisting strains, to which the frame is subjected on a rough road, are not communicated to the most vital parts.

**The Jackson motors** are all of the long stroke type, with valves and all moving parts enclosed and protected—silent, sweet, smooth-running; even the fan makes no noise when revolving at its full speed.

**Silence is a notable characteristic** of the entire train of power-transmitting units, from motor to driving wheels.

**This is true** because thousandth-of-an-inch limits govern the production of the working parts; and because of the quality and type of bearings on which the transmission gears and driving gears in the rear axle are mounted.

**Both transmission shafts** run on separated ball-bearings, constantly bathed in oil.

**The rear axle gears** are of correct pitch, and run on long roller bearings, with ball thrust bearings to preserve perfect adjustment.

**Consequently** the axle does not even hum under load.

**Workmanship and design** of this sort give to Jackson cars a durability that not even six and seven years of good, hard road service can overcome.

**The production of such cars** is a matter of more than pride with us. They have made the Jackson reputation; and they will continue to maintain it.

# PRINCE ALBERT

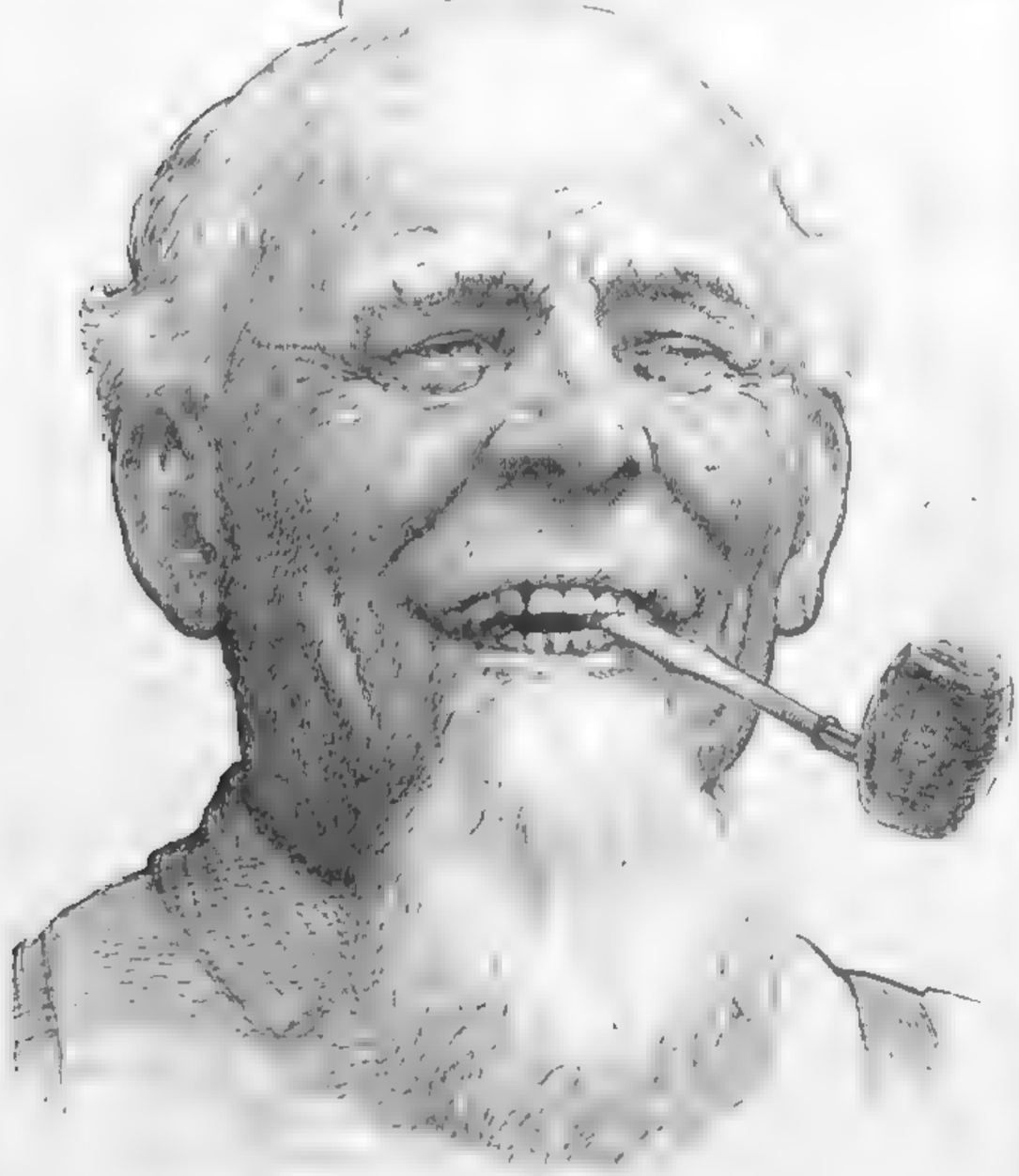
*the national joy smoke*

*Pipeology*

*Here's a popular pipe—a corncob fitted with a wooden stem and a bone mouth-bit. It's just a little niftier than the ordinary corncob, and costs no more. It imparts the same satisfaction to the smoker.*

For an honest-to-goodness smoke—any kind of weather, any time, anywhere—you get a jimmy pipe and some Prince Albert and make fire with a match!

No matter what gait you're traveling or what's on your mind, for the *long* pull and the *cool* pull and the *joy* pull, why, you get right down to the original idea—a jimmy pipe—and just jam it full of P. A. and there you are, all right side up with the world! *Do that!*



Prince Albert's got tobacco substance and gives tobacco satisfaction. It isn't a lot of chaff! On the train, in your auto, anywhere, it's *your* pipe smoke, because it's fresh, and sweet, and delicious, and can't burn your tongue or parch your throat! Bite's taken out by the famous patented process that has made pipe smokers and men who couldn't smoke a pipe before sit up and make some mental notes!

You are only one of thousands of men who *will* dig or who *have* dug up old jimmies, got some P. A. and sure enough entered into the real spirit of

**5c toppy red bags; 10c tidy red tins; handsome pound and half-pound humidors.**

# PRINCE ALBERT

*the national joy smoke*

Yes, sir; beat it 'cross lots for quick action!

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.
Winston-Salem, N. C.


# SILVERSIDE

(Continued from Page 23)

followed, closing and locking the door again. Even then we could hear Cullom as he rolled over and began to snore. It was not too hot below, for the staterooms were ventilated from above.

"See here," said I to Delphine. "This is the hiding-place," and I took her hand in mine and guided it to the opening. She reached inside and fumbled about.

"There are some other things in there," said she.

"Then we had better examine them in the morning," I answered.

Delphine sat down beside me on the edge of the bunk.

"You must not think of what you have just read any more than you can help, big brother," said she softly.

"Thank you, little sister," I said, and raised her hand to my lips. "The thing to think of now is how I am to get you out of the hands of this murderer. Once that is done——" I paused.

"Once that is done?" Delphine repeated. "What then?"

"I shall kill him," I answered. "A few hours ago I thought that I was to be eaten by sharks to save me from taking the vengeance which we are told belongs only to God. Now I believe that I was spared that I might take it. I am not a good Christian like my father. Now climb up again and go to sleep, little sister. You must rest, and I want to think."

Delphine reached for my hand, gave it a warm little grip, then climbed obediently back into her berth. I rolled into my own and lay for a long time, flat on my back, staring straight up, my eyes burning. My heart was pounding, my body rigid, and as I lay there and listened to the reverberation of Cullom's snores I began to understand what was meant by a blood lust. I was hungry for him, but I wanted him to know of his doom and the hand from which he was to receive it.

If it had not been for Delphine I believe I should have called him out into the cabin, told him who I was and what I had found, and then shot him between the eyes with the dead mate's pistol. But vengeance was not for me so long as the girl was in my care, and I groaned almost aloud as I thought of the days I might have to wait and how I must take food and drink with him, give ear to his coarse banter, and at night lie and listen to his drunken snores. Cullom was plainly a man of violent temper when he dared to indulge it, and I knew that the least lack of self-control on my part might result in a dénouement of which I could not predict the consequences.

In that bitter hour I understood the savage irony of my fitness to carry on my father's work. Looking back, it seems to me that the only one of my father's multitude of Christian virtues that I inherited was a strong sense of duty, of obligation. This one quality had accounted for my past suppressed life. As I reviewed this past I could see that I had been little better than an automaton. The only real emotion that I could remember having felt was grief at the news of my father's destruction, mingled with a sort of vague, ill-formed desire to avenge him. But within the last weeks great changes had been wrought in me. My fight with Sam Lung's coolie crew had been the awakening, and since then new impulses had been born every hour. I had seen naked passions at their work, free and unrestrained, and these had called to their hitherto imprisoned brethren locked in my own nature; as I lay there tense and still these stormed for their liberty. Rush after rush of flaming impulse raged through me, and in that hour I could have inflicted on Cullom a torture compared to which Sam Lung's water-snake was mild. All the pent-up, suppressed passions of generations of Puritans were struggling for freedom.

In time I grew calmer. From thinking of Cullom's sly and savage treachery and my father's fate, my thoughts passed suddenly to Delphine, and the fires were tempered to a warm, pervading glow. If I had never before felt hatred, neither had I ever felt the emotion of love, and I realized now that both had come together. It was as though I had suddenly awakened from a long sleep. I was in love with Delphine, and my mind passed slowly from chaos to a sort of thrilling happiness. Then physical fatigue asserted itself and I fell into a dreamless sleep.

Cullom's voice and heavy tread above awakened me and I lay for a moment or two listening to the scuffling bustle overhead. Then as I turned I heard a soft rustle and looked up to see Delphine's charming face peering down at me over the edge of the bunk.

"You are awake?" she said.

"Yes," I answered, and reached up my hand. "Did you get some more sleep?"

"After a time. But I have been awake for an hour. Cullom is getting ready to go in to hunt Silverside."

"I'll go up and give you a chance to make your toilet," said I. "But first let me see what else is in this locker."

Striking the panel with the ball of my hand I opened it and reached inside. There were a little canvas sack containing forty-five sovereigns and some French and British silver, a pocket surgical case and a large bottle of paregoric. That was all. I was turning these objects in my hands when I heard Cullom coming down the companionway, so I dropped them back into their hiding-place and closed the panel just as Cullom rapped sharply on the door.

"Hello," I answered.

"I wish ye good mor-rnin'," said he. "Maybe ye'll be comin' out directly for a bite o' breakfast."

"I am coming right out," I answered. "You might send your mess-boy with a bucket of fresh water for Miss Fairfax."

"He has his or-rders to that effect. We are no so verra savage here, Misther Douglas, though unused to entertainin' heiresses," and he shambled off.

I slipped on my shoes and coat and went on deck. The wind had blown itself out, though the sea still thundered over the reef, but the sky was bright and clear, the sun just rising from the sea and the air sweet and warm. Clustered about the foremast was a knot of nearly naked Melanesians, half a dozen of whom were armed with rifles while others carried native spears and knives. A whaleboat was lying alongside and Cullom was leaning over the rail, giving orders to the men aboard her. He looked round and saw me.

"Here's a proper huntin' party," said he with a grin. "And how is the princess?"

"Very well," I answered shortly. "So you're after Silverside?"

"I am. How ever can we start divin' wi' Silverside shootin' at us fra' the bush? 'Tis no more than a precautionary measure, Misther Douglas."

"You are not afraid to arm these fellows?" I asked.

"Not a bit of it. They are devoted to me, and why not? I would have ye understand, Misther Douglas, that I am a kind man when treated fair and spoken fair. Of coorse, like others, I hae me enemies, who would make me out a wastrel, but they are liars."

"How are you going about your hunt?" I asked.

"As ye would for any other wolf or mangy, man-eatin' tiger. The trackers will go first and nose out the trail. A part o' the guns will follow the beaters, while others take their poseetions where the quarry is like to break cover. 'Tis a pity ye cannot take hand in the spoort, but some one must stop aboard and entertain the heiress." He gave me another grin.

The last of the party was embarking when Delphine came on deck. Cullom took off his hat with a flourish.

"I hope ye rested well, me lady, and that the quarters were not too cramped," said he. "As fresh as a primrose, is she not, Misther Douglas? Now we will hae a bit breakfast and then I'll be leavin' ye. Of coorse ye will remain aboard, as 'twould be dangerous ashore wi' my pack at large. I'm leavin' two good men to look after your needs. Should they try to come aft ye have my permeesion to brain them both."

He led the way below and breakfast was served by the mess-boy; a baked mutton fish, chipped beef, tea, ship's biscuit and marmalade and a bowl of fruit. We ate heartily enough. Soon Cullom lighted his pipe and rose.

"A pleasant day to ye," said he. "And now for Silverside!"

### XIII

DELPHINE and I spent the day under the awning, reading my father's diary and talking of many things. Once during the afternoon we heard the faint reports of

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three rifleshots, and later on two more, the last coming from the far side of the lagoon. The girl was evidently worried for Silverside, but when I thought of how he had left me on the sinking fragment of the yawl I could not find it in me to take his danger very much to heart.

As our acquaintance ripened Delphine became a source of growing wonder to me, and I could not reconcile her gifts with what I knew of her past life. She was well read in both French and English and, as I discovered to my intense surprise, a devout Episcopalian. Her mother, she told me, had been of a French Protestant family, but was inclined to be agnostic.

"Where I went to school in Auckland," said Delphine simply, "they were such dear people that I wanted to be as much like them as I could. The vicar was a sweet old man with a face like the pictures of Saint Paul. He had been a missionary, too, like your father, but was in Borneo, where he was a great friend of Rajah Brooke. His wife was a good deal younger, but like a mother to all the girls. We adored her. She was very pretty and used to come in and frolic with us when we were supposed to be in bed. But she could be very strict when it was necessary. The vicar was more of a scientist than a clergyman, really, and he used to take us on excursions about New Zealand and explain the wonderful natural phenomena and tell us stories of the Creation. In New Zealand one can almost see how the world was made."

"Did the people where you went to school know who you really were?" I asked.

"Yes, mother told them the truth. But only the vicar and his wife knew. Everybody else thought that I was the sister of Gaston Berdou."

Delphine asked me a good many questions about myself and I told her how I had been brought up as the ward of the society, ultimately to take up my father's work. I told her also of the secret resolution I had long since formed—one day to avenge his murder. Her gray eyes rested on me with a thoughtful intensity surprising in so young a girl, for she was barely seventeen.

"May I say something, big brother?" she asked presently, with a shyness quite different from her usual positive manner.

"Of course you may," I answered.

"You must not do what you have in mind. There is no doubt that Cullom brought about your father's death, and if you can ever bring him to justice you must do so. But you know in your heart that your father would be the very last person to wish you to take the law into your own hands. It would be against all of his teachings and it would be wrong to his memory."

I made no answer to this, but presently said:

"You preach forgivingness, little sister, but you don't seem very willing to practice it."

Delphine's eyes opened wider.

"What do you mean?" she asked.

"Your own father's dying wish was that your mother and you should profit by his fortune, and you refuse to let him make even that reparation for the way he treated you," I answered.

Delphine's straight brows came lower and her eyes grew hard.

"I don't remember Daniel Fairfax," she answered, "but from what mother has told me I don't think that he deserves, living or dead, the satisfaction of the least atonement. We don't need Daniel Fairfax's money and we don't want it. We are rich now. We have taken thousands of dollars' worth of pearls from this lagoon, and mother thinks that there is a fortune in that heap over there on the beach. So does Keowa Harry."

"With Cullom here, I wouldn't bank too much on the shell-heap," I answered. "Silverside single-handed can't keep them away from it."

Delphine's face grew troubled. "I am very worried about Silverside," she answered. "Oh, I wish that we could get ashore and join him. I wonder what has happened to my women?"

"The chances are," said I, "that Silverside warned them and they have taken to the bush." I did not add that in this case Cullom's black crew would be almost certain to find them, as the cannibals are all wonderful trackers. Delphine no doubt knew this.

About dark Cullom came aboard in a savage humor. Silverside, it appears, had crossed and doubled like a sly old fox, and from a high ledge on the side of the crater

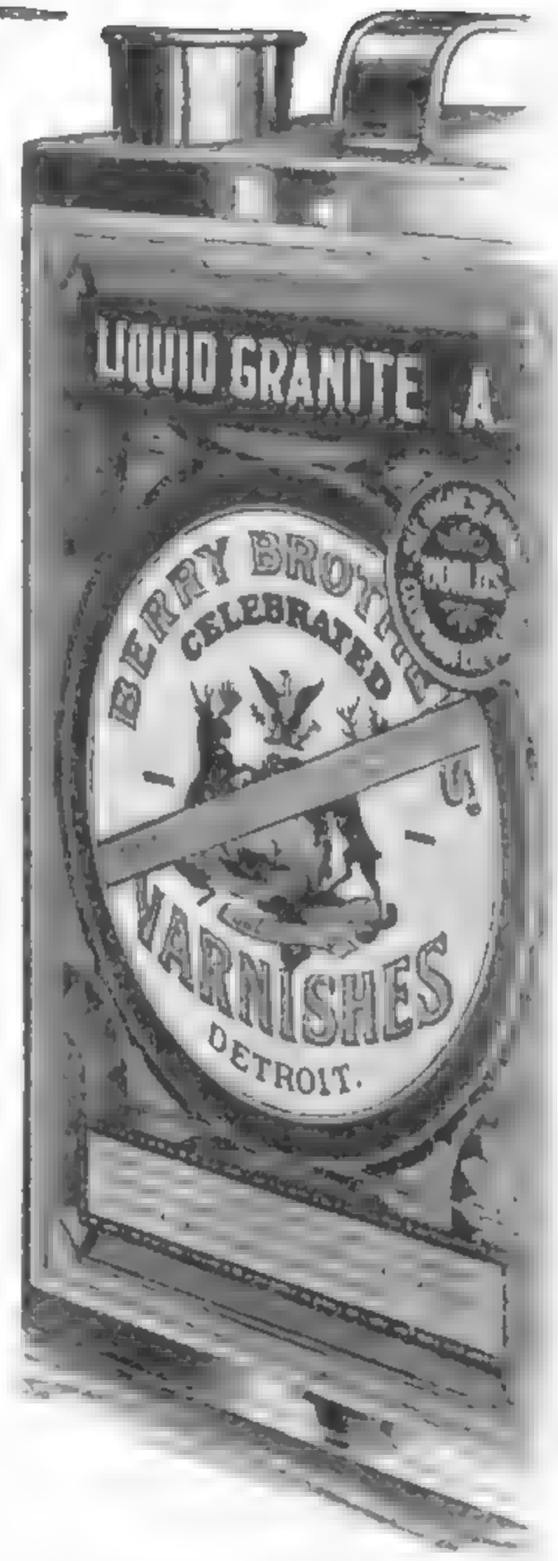

YOU can't be misled in your varnish buying if you accept this label as your guide.

But if you buy on a price basis—

Or simply say, "I want some varnish"

Or pass up the whole question of varnishing as a thing of little or no importance—

Then 99 times out of 100 you will run into trouble and added expense.




**You *Can* Afford to Use the Best Varnish**

And you can afford to take a personal interest in seeing that you get it.

Whether you wield the varnish brush or hire someone else—

Whether you have one floor or an entire building to be varnished—

Whether you are wealthy or in moderate circumstances—

You should always use the BEST varnish, and select or specify the make yourself

Why?

Because the market is flooded with "cheap," inferior varnish.

And it costs just as much in time and labor to put this cheap stuff on as it does to put on Berry Brothers Varnish

What little you save in the gallon cost is eaten up many times over by the expense of more frequent refinishing—

And your disappointment in the looks of the job, plus the annoyance, can't be measured in dollars and cents.

If all dealers sold nothing but good varnish—and all painters used nothing else—

Then you could safely think only of the work to be done, and not at all of the varnish used.

But under existing conditions you must protect your own pocket book—and make sure of it by specifying Berry Brothers Varnish and using no name to say—an easy label to remember.

**This One Label Protects All Your Varnish Needs**

You will never find occasion to buy a substitute for Berry Brothers' Varnish—

No matter what you want to use varnish for, there is a Berry Brothers' product to meet your need.

All of your most frequent needs are met by one of the five varnishes listed below

The label is the same on all of them—with the name of each in bold letters at the top.

The reason they are different kinds is because they are to be used differently—either to produce a hard or flowing finish, just as you want it to become when it has dried.

It is necessary that you remember the names of the varnishes you want. Simply make sure of the Berry Brothers Label. Your dealer or painter can tell you which kind your work requires.

*Liquid Granite:*—For finishing floors in the most durable manner possible.

*Lusterry Wood Finish:*—For the finest rubbed or polished finish on interior woodwork.

*Rubbing Interior Finish*—For interior woodwork exposed to severe wear [illegible]

*Exterior Finish*—For outside woodwork [illegible] that are exposed to the weather.

*Lusterry Spar Varnish:*—For ships, small boats, yachts, canoes and other marine work [illegible]

Any [illegible] can obtain Berry Brothers Varnishes. Those who have used them in the past know them; write us and get the name of a dealer who believes in Berry Brothers' standard of quality.

*Write for booklet "Choosing Your Varnish Maker"—interesting to all users.*

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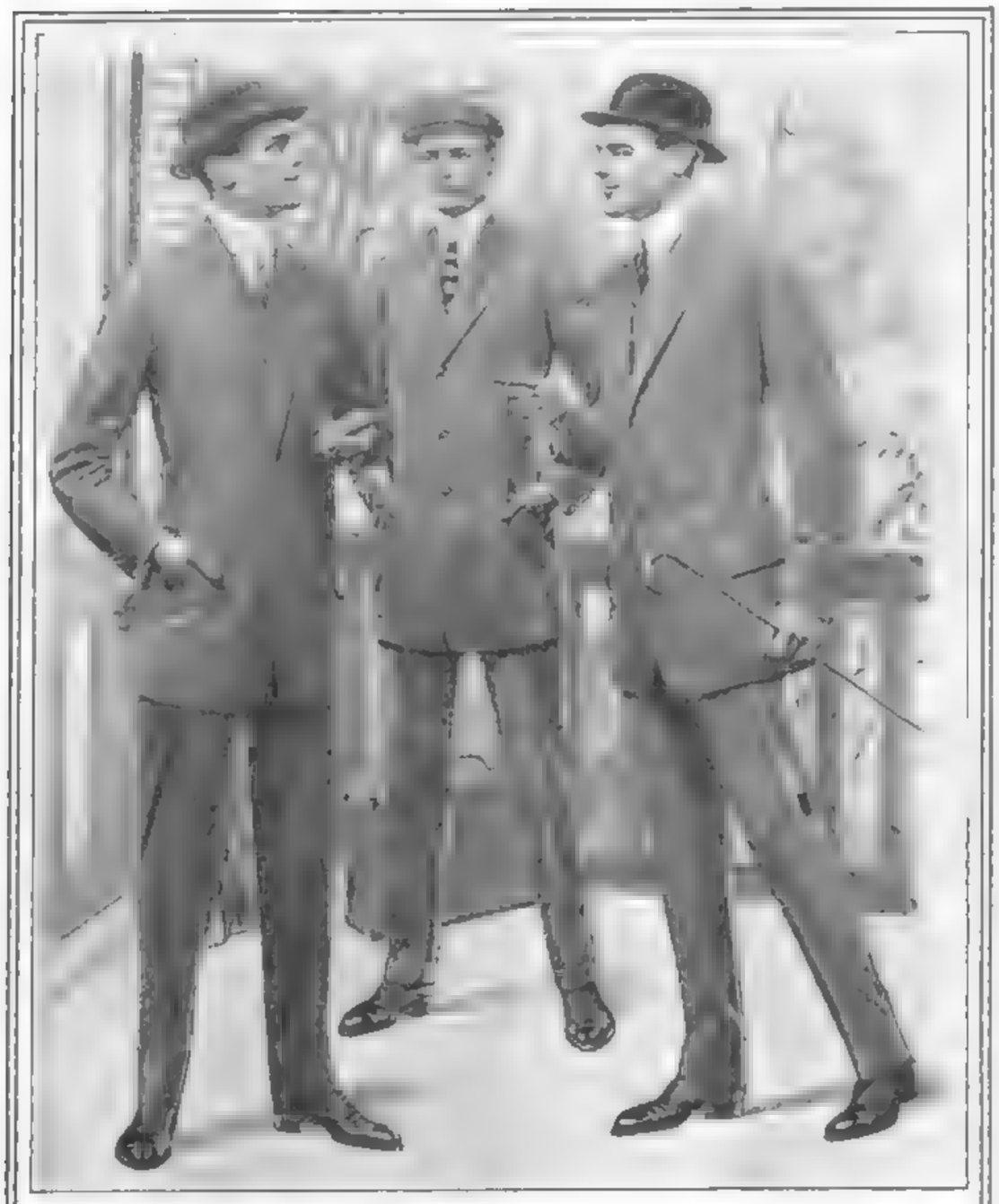

he had picked off another man. I gathered that the trackers were beginning to get a superstitious fear of this mysterious prowler who baffled their skill and shot with such a deadly sureness. Certainly Cullom himself was frightened, and showed it in face and speech and manner. He was surly and uncommunicative at first, but after he had had something to drink his attitude grew more ominous. Several times I caught his eyes fastened on me in a curious, stealthy glare, like a man who is turning some covert act in his mind; and when he looked at Delphine there was something purely devilish in the expression of the dark, congested face. One did not need to be a clairvoyant to see that he was tiring of the strained relations and meditating the pros and cons of some fresh crime. Only the presence of Silverside at large on the island restrained him, I think, for his savage temper was gaining force as his patience diminished.

That night I slept with the dead mate's pistol in my hand; but we were not disturbed, and when we awoke at daybreak I heard Cullom and his crew leaving the schooner. A little later we discovered that the plan of operations for this day was different. Through a glass that I found below I saw a swarm of black figures squatting about the shell-heap, while Cullom himself was walking back and forth with a rifle on his shoulder. He had apparently decided to abandon the stalk of Silverside for the present and cut out the rotting bivalves.

"He has probably got pickets back in the bush," I said to Delphine. "He's not quite sure when Gaston Berdou may come in and wants to make sure of the pearls that are rotting out. There is nothing that Silverside can do. Cullom means to starve him out."

"I wish that we could get ashore and manage to join Silverside," she answered.

"I can't think of how to manage it," I answered. "I could get away with the two men aboard if it came to the scratch, but at the first sign of a row Cullom and his gang would come boiling out here and—and ——" I paused.

"And murder you and leave me in his power," said Delphine calmly. "I realize that."

We remained silent for a while. We were sitting aft under the awning, Delphine on the hatch of the lazaret and I on the rail. Forward the two men were squatting on deck working at a split sail. They were both big fellows for Melanesians and older than others of the crew, one being quite grizzled, with few teeth and rheumy eyes. Both were of savage type, their faces bestial and with features artificially distorted, the lobes of the ears dragged down to the angle of the jaw.

I got up from where I was sitting and walked forward to look at them more closely. They glanced up in a quick, furtive way. Then the older man grinned and made a cup of his hand, lifting it to his mouth with a significant glance.

I shook my head, eyed them for a moment, then walked aft again. The tide was running out of the lagoon and we were lying stern on to the entrance in water as still as new ice. As I glanced toward the opposite side I noticed a huge mass of seaweed drifting slowly out with the current. It was such a tangle of algæ as might be torn from the rocks in a gale, with nothing about it either to catch or hold the eye, but was surrounded by a slight ripple as though some big fish were feeding on the crustacea and small bait that take refuge in such bunches of weed. As I walked aft to rejoin Delphine I saw that she was watching the same object, not idly, but with brows knit and a slightly puzzled expression.

"I've been looking at that driftweed," said she. "It's rather curious."

"In what way?" I asked.

"When I first noticed it it was almost in a line with the main rigging and farther inshore. Now it is nearer and scarcely any farther toward the entrance. Why should it be drifting toward us when the tide is running straight out?"

"The fish are at work on it," I answered. "They are probably tugging it about, trying to get at the small fry inside."

She nodded, then turned to stare out to sea. I picked up the glasses and focused them on the gang at work by the shell-heap. It was then about ten o'clock and the sun was growing hot. Cullom had seated himself under the shade of a palm, getting up

(Continued on Page 48)

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The meaning of the Sign ☞ on page 67

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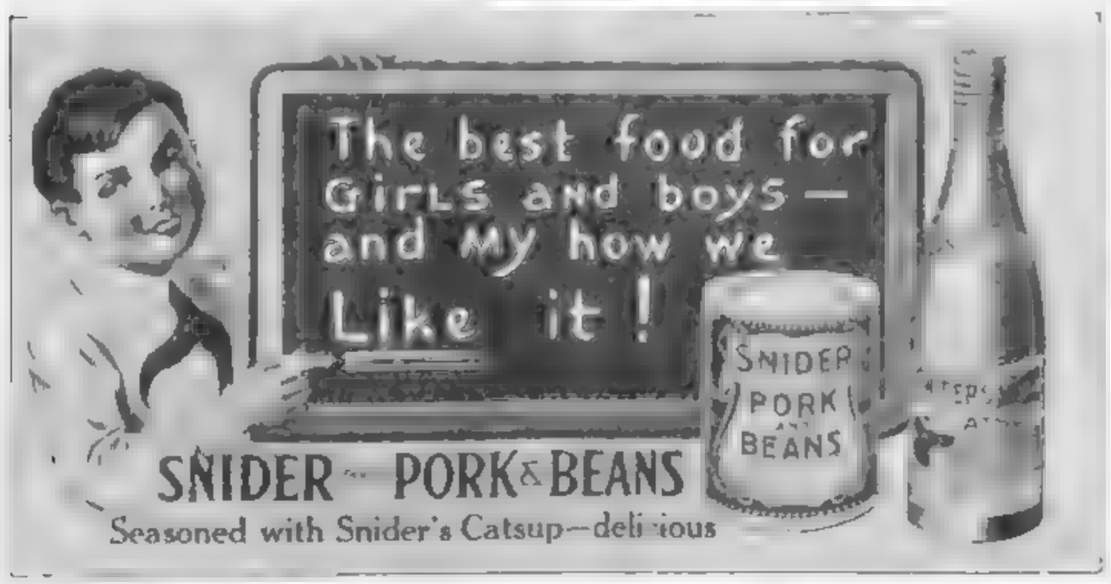
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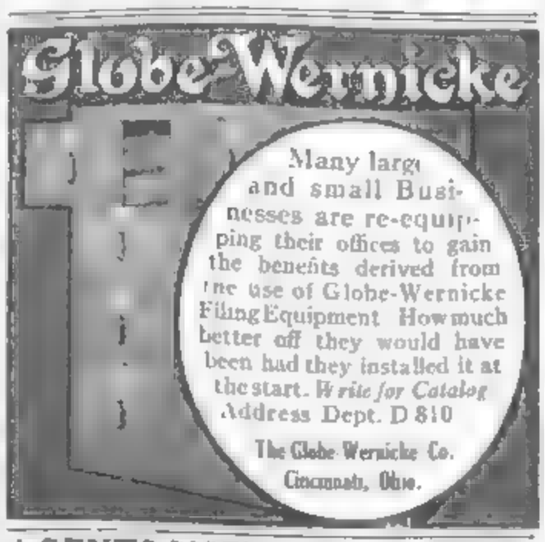
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Model B-40 Touring Car

## SPECIFICATIONS
### for A-40 Roadster
### B-40 Touring Car

MOTOR—40 [illegible] power [illegible]

TRANSMISSION—[illegible]

DRIVE—[illegible]

FRONT AXLE—[illegible] 28" wheel fitted with corrugated black walnut rim.

REAR AXLE—[illegible] floating rear axle 3½ per cent nickel steel. Hyatt roller bearings.

SPRINGS—[illegible] front 40" long, ½ elliptic scroll rear 48" long.

WHEELS AND TIRES—Large second growth hickory spokes, artillery wheels; [illegible]

WHEEL-BASE—Wheel-base 120".

BRAKES—Two sets internal expanding, external contracting, fitted with positive [illegible] large friction [illegible]

BODY—[illegible] type fore-door body; [illegible] all [illegible]

## SPECIFICATIONS
### for C-55 Touring Car

MOTOR—55 horse-power, unit power plant [illegible] suspension, 4½" bore, [illegible] cylinders, offset, three-bearing [illegible] magneto and battery [illegible] oiling [illegible] centrifugal [illegible]

TRANSMISSION—[illegible] speed [illegible] spirally heat treated [illegible] according to [illegible]

DRIVE—Propeller shaft drive, very rigid radius rods and propeller tube construction.

FRONT AXLE—I-beam; ball-bearing hubs, steering gear, special carbon [illegible] hardened worm and gear 18" wheel fitted with corrugated black walnut rim.

REAR AXLE—Full floating rear axle 3½ per cent nickel steel, Hyatt roller bearings.

SPRINGS—Semi-elliptic in front 40" long, ½ elliptic scroll rear 48" long.

WHEELS AND TIRES—Large second growth [illegible] spokes, [illegible] demountable rims 36 x 4½ [illegible]

WHEEL-BASE—Wheel-base 132".

BRAKES—Two sets internal expanding [illegible] locking device, extra large friction [illegible]

BODY—Latest type fore-door body, inside control, nickel trimmings throughout, full equipment.

# 1913 Announcement

**Self Starter**
**Turkish Cushions**
**12 inch Upholstering**

**Great Ease of Riding**
**Demountable Rims**
**Electric Lighting**
**36 in. x 4 in. Tires**

**Increased Wheel-Base**
**Carburetor Dash Adjustment**
**Nickel Trimmings**

**Cutting B-40 120 inch wheel-base, 40 horse power, five-passenger touring car, fully equipped . . . $1475.00**

**Cutting A-40 120 inch wheel-base, 40 horse power, two-passenger roadster, fully equipped $1475.00**

**Cutting C-55 132 inch wheel-base, 55 horse power, five-passenger touring car, fully equipped . . . $2000.00**

WITH the factory running at full capacity and over half of the 1913 output already sold, the Clarke-Carter Automobile Company makes its announcement with the optimistic prediction that within one month the entire output will have been contracted for and allotted to customers.

This assertion is based upon the experience of last year, at which time the Cutting was almost an unknown car.

Only a few dealers appreciated its value.

Only a few knew of the organization behind the product.

If ever cars were sold by demonstration, Cutting cars were.

As was said at that time, any new car to compete successfully with old established lines must possess an excess of value.

Cutting cars did.

They cost less per horse power and per wheel-base inch than any other car in the world selling for $1200.00 and over.

The moment that this truth became known, the cars began to sell.

In one week alone, 357 orders poured in and within a few weeks the product was oversold. Cutting dealers then advised an increased output which was refused.

Instead, work was started upon the 1913 product with the idea of making it as much superior to the competitors' cars as the previous models had been.

This announcement has been purposely delayed until this date because the Cutting management desired to be sure of their ground in making the statement that Cutting cars are the best you can buy for the money, not only in length of wheel-base, size of body and horse power, but in material and structural details as well.

**This year both wheel-base and horse power have been materially increased.**

Space will not permit the enumeration of the many other points of Cutting superiority, but you are asked to take one thing which will show you the careful attention that has been paid to details.

In the assembling of most medium priced cars, where two parts are bolted together, the holes are ordinarily just drilled.

**In assembling Cutting cars, however, the holes are drilled and hand reamed to exact size, making a perfect fit. You can readily see the importance of such procedure inasmuch as a badly fitting bolt allows the joint to work loose and a noisy, shaky car is the result.**

It is such details that mark the difference between high grade cars and mediocre ones. This is only one of the things that makes Cutting cars better than the average.

**A strong equalizing system of brakes and a carefully worked-out spring suspension are two more superior points of construction.**

There are many more.

Let us send you a detailed description of these cars of *exceptional value*. Ask for Booklet "J."

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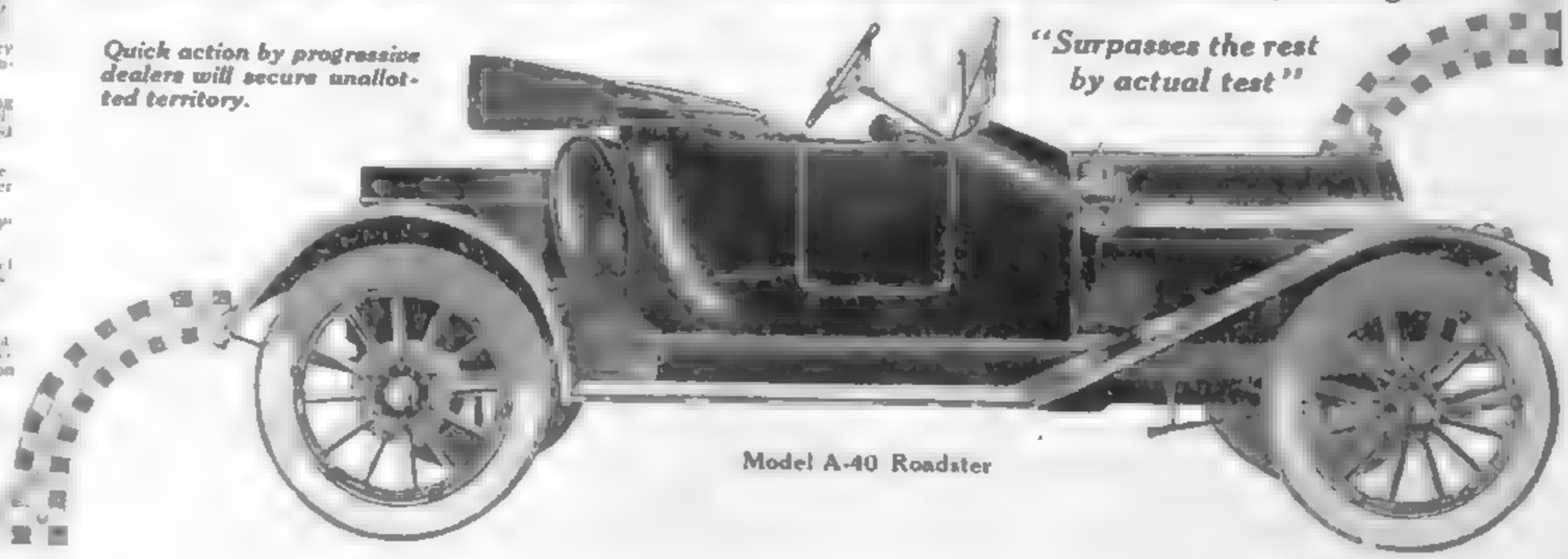
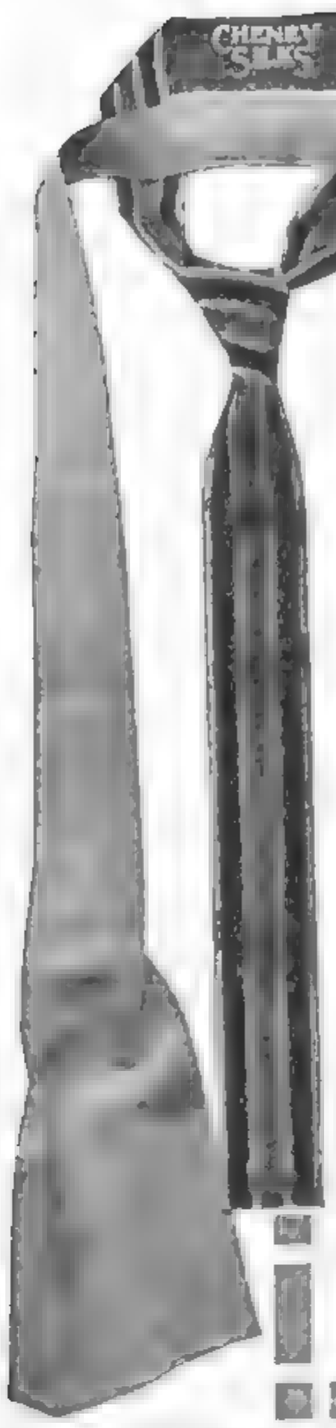
***Quick action by progressive dealers will secure unallotted territory.***

***"Surpasses the rest by actual test"***



Model A-40 Roadster




## Look for the Name

Notice just how the name "Cheney Silks" appears on the cravats illustrated. It is *always* stamped on *every* genuine Cheney Silk Cravat. The quality and wide choice of colors and patterns offered by

**CHENEY SILK CRAVATS**

have, in the past, led dealers to offer imitations and substitutes. For your protection and our own, we are now making and selling all kinds of cravats—and every cravat is stamped with the name.

The reversible tubular tie is, of course, as popular as ever. In addition, Cheney Silk Cravats are made in the various fashionable shapes from the well-known Cheney Silks—in all colors and designs. Also a superior grade of knitted and crocheted four-in-hands.

Ask your dealer to show them to you—and look for the name.

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# The .25 Caliber COLT

(Nine-tenths size of Pistol)

Hammerless!
Solid Breech!
Automatically Safe!

## Here Is Real Protection!

This compact little COLT "Six-Shooter" is only 4½ inches long, weighs but 13 ounces, yet has the **speed, accuracy** and **hard-hitting** qualities that give confidence in an emergency.

Shoots metal-jacketed bullets as fast as the trigger is pulled; ejects the empty shells and reloads automatically for each shot

Combined with these features is **ABSOLUTE SAFETY FROM ACCIDENTAL DISCHARGE**—the Grip Safety automatically locks the action until the trigger is purposely pulled—no worry on your part.

"You Can't Forget to Make it Safe!"

SEE THIS PISTOL AT YOUR DEALER'S. Write for free Catalog No. 85, descriptive of all COLTS in calibers .22 to .45.

**COLT'S PATENT FIRE ARMS MFG. CO., Hartford, Conn.**


(Continued from Page 46)

occasionally to look over the shoulder of some worker. The natives were cutting out the rotten bivalves and I did not envy them their malodorous task.

From watching Cullom and his gang I turned my glasses on different parts of the shore. Behind the bungalow the ground rose steeply in a tangled jungle that farther back gave place to brown, naked rock, rising at first in ledges and then mounting in masses of broken stone and lava to the rim of the crater. At the head of the lagoon was a valley thickly wooded, the land rising gradually as it receded. The opposite side was more even and looked as if it might be swampy, with mangroves growing to the water's edge. Seaward was the sandspit on one side, and on the other a sweeping curve of broad, creamy beach.

"How large is the island?" I asked Delphine.

"About ten miles long and five wide, I believe. The shore is very irregular and there are reefs all about. Vessels always give it a wide berth."

"Have you ever been back inside?"

"No. Keowa Harry goes sometimes with the boys to catch fish in a salt lake over there." She pointed to the low part opposite the bungalow. "The lake is about as big as this lagoon and full of small white fish that are very good to eat." She stopped abruptly. "Look at that seaweed now. It is coming closer all the time and scarcely drifting out at all."

I glanced at the bunch of algæ, or whatever it may have been, and was surprised to see that, as if caught in some eddy, it was working across the current and drifting toward the stern of the schooner. When I had first noticed it it had been at a distance of about four hundred yards, and now in a very few minutes here it was within less than fifty.

"Something is certainly towing it," said I, and leveled the glass. "There is a white thing in the middle and a sort of furrow in the water behind."

We watched, deeply mystified, for if the cluster had been drifting before it was now evidently propelled by some active force. More than that, its course was describing a curve, and as it drew still closer one could see that it was working up steadily under the stern against the set of the tide. Then as I noticed this my heart gave a sudden bound. I raised the glass, focused carefully and looked into the pale, kelp-encircled face of Silverside.

"What is it?" asked Delphine in a low voice, as I turned to her and she saw my face.

"Silverside," I answered.

"In that bunch of weed?"

"Yes. Don't look yet. The men forward might come aft to see what we were watching."

I walked to the rail and hung over it as if idly. The mass of weed was moving faster now, and presently I could see through the clear water the gleam of a white body. The two natives up forward were busy on their sail and did not look aft. Nearer and nearer came the weed. It passed directly under me and disappeared beneath the overhang of the stern.

"All clear," said I in a low voice. "Two natives forward at work on a sail. What do you want?"

"Drop a fishing line over the side," came the muffled answer. "How is the girl?"

"All right," I answered, and turned away from the rail. Delphine was watching me with a white face. I walked past her and slipped down into the lazaret, where I found a fishing line with lead and hooks. Then I went back to the rail and motioned to Delphine. She came and leaned over the rail beside me. I let down the line and made it fast. It tautened, and the next moment we saw Silverside looking up at us, gripping the line in one bony hand. His dark eyes burned like hot coals in his colorless face.

"What is it?" I asked in a low voice.

"You must come with me," whispered Silverside.

"How can we? There are two men forward."

"Kill them. You can do it quietly. Two blows with an iron pin."

I stared down at him in angry contempt. "And what if I did?" I asked. "Delphine can't swim with sharks."

"I will give her the fetish to hang about her neck," whispered Silverside, "and we will keep close to her. She is in more danger from Cullom than from the sharks, and so are you. I know the man."

I shook my head.

"She's safer here," I answered; "besides, I'm not going to murder two unsuspecting men, white or black."

The white face below glared up at me with a sort of savage desperation.

"Don't be a foo'," growled Silverside. "Do as I tell you. Cullom has almost finished cutting out and may put to sea tomorrow. You will come to harm. I tell you I know the man."

I looked at Delphine and her eyes met mine inscrutably. Then I glanced forward. One of the blacks was squatting with his back against the windlass. The sail had dropped from his hands and his head was nodding. The other still sewed on, but in a sleepy, listless way.

Silverside twitched impatiently at the line and I leaned over the rail again. He looked up at me scowling.

"What are two cannibals?" he almost snarled. "You've got to do it, Doctor Ames." He held out one arm to Delphine. "Tell him to do it for your sake," he entreated.

Delphine drew back, white and trembling.

"I can't," she whispered, breathing hard.

Silverside gave a sort of despairing sigh. My heart was going like a trip-hammer and I stole another look forward. The drowsy blacks were side by side, and I thought how easy it would be to slip an iron belaying pin under my coat, walk quietly forward and dispose of both in two quick blows. After all, what did their lives weigh in the balance with the safety of Delphine? More than that, was I not morally bound to protect her even at the cost of my own conscience? My breath came quicker and I looked down again at Silverside, hanging to the fishing line.

"What good would it do?" I whispered. "What could we do ashore?"

He made a gesture of fierce impatience.

"Leave that to me," he murmured thickly. "You do your part and I will do mine. For Heaven's sake, do as I ask!"

He raised both arms imploringly. The drab face with its cavernous eyes and the encircling mass of streaming algæ suggested some Triton of the deep—a weird, mysterious, inhuman creature. I stared at him, repulsed yet fascinated.

"For Heaven's sake!" whispered Silverside, entreating me, a white man and a missionary, to crush the skulls of two unsuspecting savages.

It would be an easy thing to do. Cullom and his party were on the beach nearly a mile away, too far to see the act which I was sure could be accomplished without a struggle or a cry. I looked again at Delphine and began to feel a murderous temptation.

"What could we do ashore?" I asked of Silverside.

"I know of a safe hiding-place," he answered rapidly. "When this vessel came in I recognized her and took no chances. Cullom is a wolf and Therese's worst enemy. The women knew of a cave, so we went there, taking food and the three rifles. I signaled to you from the beach, but you would not look. Oh, for the sake of all you hold dear, do as I ask! What are two old natives anyway to a man of your strength?"

His voice rose dangerously in pitch and I motioned him to be quiet. The men forward were both drowsing now, but I was afraid that their quick ears might catch the different note. The temptation within was growing stronger and with it was a certain savage ruthlessness. I glanced instinctively at the fife rail with its row of iron pins on which the halyards were loosely coiled. Then I looked again at Delphine.

"Wait," I said, and pushed myself away from the rail, and as I did so I was conscious of Delphine's shuddering gasp.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

**Any one of your children, from the baby up, is perfectly safe in drinking**

# CARNATION MILK

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CARNATION cows live in a splendid country where they have the sweetest grass, the clearest water and the purest air—they are contented, and they give good, rich milk.

Within a few hours after the cows are milked their milk reaches our condensery All its freshness, richness and pureness are saved for you. An absolutely clean process in a speckless plant achieves more than this—it positively insures to you that no infection shall be brought into your home by way of the milk supply.

Use Carnation Milk right from the can In coffee; for fruits and cereals dilute with an equal quantity of pure water, making it equal in quality to a rich raw milk. Cook with it; it improves the flavor of pastries, vegetables, sauces, etc.

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PACIFIC COAST CONDENSED MILK CO.
General Offices, Seattle, U. S. A.
Fourteen Condenseries in the States of Washington, Oregon, Wisconsin and Illinois.

# SOME FUNNY FOREIGN CURES

*Concluded from Page 17)*

intelligent creatures; they seem scarcely to like fresh air much better than most human beings do! At dawn they are driven out for the morning delivery, and then up into the mountain pastures for the day.

The principal call for their milk seems to be for young children and invalids. "Who's sick at your house, that you are buying milk?" is a question commonly heard in Italian shops and marketplaces. This is of a piece with the popular belief all over Europe wherever the goat is kept that goat's milk is particularly good for invalids and especially healing in consumption and diseases of the lungs. Very few people will drink goat's milk in health when they can get any other kind, on account of its slight but distinct musky flavor; but this, of course, is just the thing needed to make it valuable as a medicine!

Theoretically this perambulating dairy ought to be an ideal source of pure, fresh milk without suspicion of adulteration or contamination. But not only is the goat a most uncleanly animal—utterly indifferent as to where it rambles or wades or lies down—but the goatherds themselves can scarcely, by any illusion, be regarded as clean. Indeed, they are usually most picturesquely dirty. The bottles and jars brought out to be filled are anything but transparent or spotless, even to the naked eye. And it is even whispered that the wicked ingenuity of commercial greed equips the innocent and pastoral goatherd with a skin or rubber bag of water under his arm, which can be discharged by gentle pressure through a tube which runs down his sleeve, and thus adulterate the lacteal fluid at its sacred source.

You cannot civilize a goat; and his chief sanitary utility so far is that of a mascot in a livery barn or racing stable. Even the boasted germ-free quality of goat's milk is doubtful; for, though fairly free from tubercle bacilli, it has been found to have a germ of its own, the spirillum of Malta fever, which severely attacks human beings all round the Mediterranean and has recently been imported into America, to break out in ranchers' families in Texas and New Mexico.

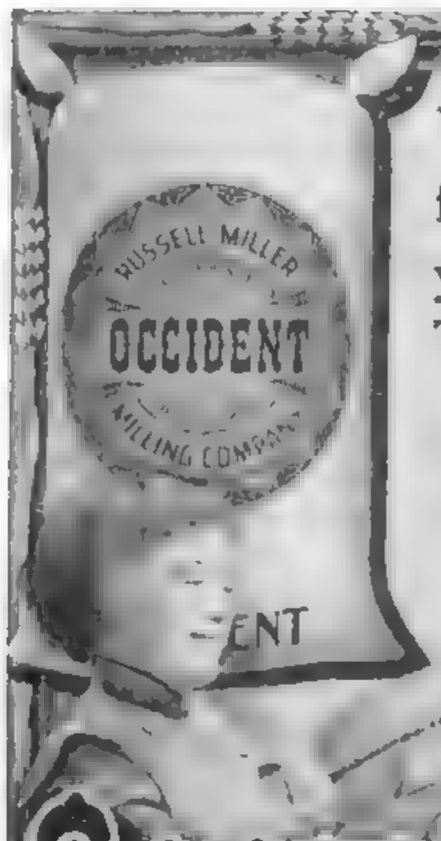
### *Some Cause for Satire*

Another special lacteal fluid which is highly thought of for invalids, especially consumptives and children, in Spain, in Cuba and the West Indies, is asses' milk. Little herds of these patient creatures, usually accompanied by one or two colts as a guaranty of good faith, are driven about the streets of Spanish and Cuban cities to make their daily delivery. Their milk fetches a very high price and is really more nutritious and digestible in the human stomach than cow's milk; but it can be secured only in small amounts.

An important feature of the cure is that the patient must actually see his milk extracted from its source. This furnishes the powerful impression and the nutritious milk does the rest.

Though asses' milk as a regular article of commerce survives only in Latin countries, it is still held in high repute by the peasantry of Northern Europe and England, and was even prescribed for consumption by the medical faculty barely fifty years ago. One of Tom Hood's most delicate satires is the story of the invalid who was ordered to the country and to drink asses' milk. A farmer was engaged to deliver the fluid, and every morning he rode Jenny up to the front door, extracted the milk and handed it to the patient. This, with the country air, worked wonders, and the consumptive was improving nicely when, alas! one night poor Jenny fell ill and died. The farmer had no other stock and was heartbroken over the loss of his milk-money; but, after much scratching of his pate, he hit on an idea. Next morning he rode bravely up to the porch on another donkey, with the announcement: "Sorry to say, miss, poor Jenny's dead, an' so Ah've bro't ye Jack, he canna give noa milk, but he can bra-ay!"

Doubtless the bray, followed by cow's milk, would have produced the same effect!

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**Our Money-Back Guarantee is in Every Sack.**

**Russell-Miller Milling Co., Minneapolis, U. S. A.**



Sold in over 3000 towns. Ask your dealer for them.

Ralston

**Authority Styles**

"BUTTONS" are in high favor this season. Ralston Button Shoes are made over special, extra measurement lasts.

That is one of the reasons for the comfortable, glove-like way in which Ralstons fit—without wrinkling across the instep.

**Ralston Book "STYLE TALK"—Free**

Shows proper footwear for all occasions for men

**Ralston Health Shoemakers**
985 Main Street
Campello (Brockton)
Massachusetts

**$4.00 to $6.00**

New Toledo Model. Black Tuscan Calf Button (Gun Metal finish).

UNION MADE


## GETTING THE FRANCHISE

(Continued from Page 15)

crippled papers of Riverport—had also been after me for nine hundred dollars on a special edition—that the contract was on its way in the office mail. For sixty seconds I lived in dread of this man who was drawing his bread and butter by virtue of my gift of office. Then his tone became soft, as of a mother expressing sorrow to an erring child.

"I suppose they both need the money," I said, "and it's good diplomacy for us to spend money now in the right channels—without asking too many details. The Times man said he surely would see that my check went upon the desk of his managing editor."

"It's rotten; and neither of them will get the money—not more than a half to a third of it. I am on to this special-edition game and you are not. There are teams of pretty shrewd citizens traveling across the country; and wherever they see a paper fairly hard up for advertising revenue they tempt it—just as men hard up are always being tempted. They contract to get out a special edition; and the publisher, for lending his office, his stationery and the good name of his property, gets from thirty-three to fifty per cent of the gross revenue—without lifting his hand for soliciting the business. Chicago has been worked, New York is a good proposition and the other towns are having their turns. It's a good moneymaker of a business; and if I were not helping untie these Riverport kinks I'd probably be doing the half-year stand, with an advertising team of my own."

After that I promised Durredge that I would be good—and he saw to it that the promise was kept.

"We'll need to advertise in this Congress Street situation," he said; "and we'll be generous advertisers—but not at the corporation rate. We'll be thinking up our campaign just as craftily as the Emporium drygoods store uptown. You'll be astonished to see how friendly and interested the publishers will be in our campaign, and the position the editors will give us in the news columns——"

"But we have advertised—sometimes," I protested.

"Do you consider Compliments of a Friend advertising?" he said with a fine scorn. "I don't. We'll hit them between the eyes. We'll get the credit for spending the money and we'll get the benefit of the space. Advertising counts when you give it the punch. Without that punch it's worse than useless. And we will pull the reading notices right alongside. We'll make our big stabs on Monday mornings, though we'll try to give a fair alternation of releases between the morning papers and the evenings, and so keep them both on good terms; but Monday mornings—Monday morning is the prize time for press-agent stuff, and every publicity man from the president of the United States right down the line knows that. Cabinet officers, seasoned campaigners, show people, society leaders—all the rest of them—know it is all a city editor can do on Monday morning to keep his paper from getting choked with sermon stuff and the managing editor landing on him for it."

Durredge was a dandy. I began to have infinite confidence in him and to take him into all our plans.

"Get your staff of pencil-pushers lined up," I told him. "We've no time to lose on Congress Street. They are setting the piers of the new bridge."

We took stock of the situation. There were eight daily papers in English printed in Riverport. Of these the Record had the largest circulation, even when you took its morning and evening editions separately. Durredge decided that it could be reached between the combined persuasive powers of an advertising appropriation and by diplomatic appeals to its owner, whose general outside interests in Riverport were heavy—a great weakness in a newspaper proprietor. The Times, the Enterprise and the Herald-Gazette were all too weak to be of much account one way or the other. A little advertising would probably hold them in line.

"So far as the Enterprise is concerned," I laughed to Durredge, "I have Fennworth, the owner of the paper, bottled up. He's heavily in debt, paying for his paper a good deal of the time with notes—and


# Beauty Lines

Are in **every** woman's face. Those who have **fewest** should **cultivate** them, those who have **most** should **retain** them. Millions of women all over the world have found that

## Bailey's Rubber Complexion Brush

has never failed to give the desired results, in all cases. By its use the blood is put in circulation the muscles are developed the worry lines and dust caps disappear, and the skin is made clear and healthy. It makes, keeps and restores beauty, in Nature's own way. Used in the bath, the whole body receives this beneficial treatment. The flat ended teeth remove the dead cuticle, leaving the skin in a healthy glow without irritation. It is especially well adapted for bathing children. Our name is on every brush.

BAILEY'S RUBBER BRUSHES are all made this way. Mailed for price. *Beware of imitations. All toilet goods dealers.*

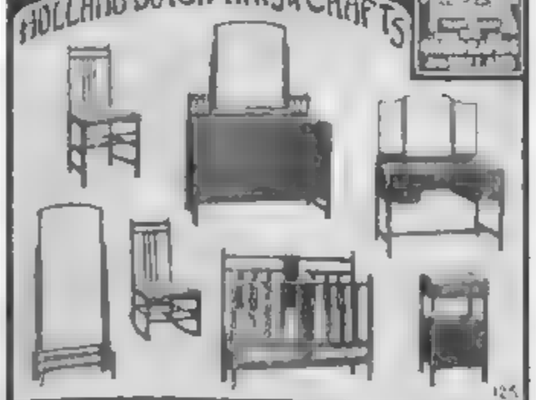
| | |
|---|---|
| Bailey's Rubber Complexion Brush | $ .50 |
| Bailey's Petite Complexion Brush | .25 |
| Bailey's Bath and Shampoo Brush | 1.00 |
| Bailey's Rubber Bath and Flesh Brush | 1.50 |
| Bailey's Rubber Toilet Brush (small) | .25 |
| Bailey's Face Cream (large jar) | .50 |

Postage Extra if Anything in Rubber is Ordered

C. J. BAILEY & CO., 22 Boylston Street, BOSTON, MASS.



LIMBERTS
HOLLAND DUTCH ARTS & CRAFTS



**New Style Book of Dutch Furniture**

The most complete Arts & Crafts Furniture Style Book ever offered will be mailed to you free upon request.

It contains an instructive and interesting story about how, why and where this charming furniture is made—several beautiful colored interiors, and illustrates over 300 patterns of real Holland Dutch Furniture made in a quaint little Dutch city by clever Dutch Craftsmen, who impart a distinctive individuality to every piece which bears our branded Trade Mark.

We will send you the address of our Associate Distributor nearest you. Call on him and ask to see Limbert's Arts & Crafts Furniture.

**Charles P. Limbert Company**
Grand Rapids, Mich. Dept. S Holland, Mich.



KEITH'S 20 WONDER HOUSES

10c

M. L. KEITH
401 McKnight Bldg. Minneapolis, Minn.

The Florsheim SHOE

Shoe Value

Get as much as your money will buy—be sure the name Florsheim is on the strap of your next pair and you will have satisfactory service—"Natural Shape" lasts insure fit and comfort.

Ask your shoeman for The Florsheim Shoe or send us your order and we will have it filled by our nearest dealer.

Price $5.00

"Imperial" Quality $6.00

Write for illustrated loose leaf booklet containing 25 of the leading styles—it's free

The Florsheim Shoe Company
871 Adams Street Chicago, U. S. A.



$1.00 DOWN

And You Get This Complete 3-Piece OUTFIT!

Credit to You

EASY PAYMENTS

1912 Style Books Free

ELMER RICHARDS CO., Dept 2356, 35th St., Chicago



Near-Brussels Art-Rugs, $3.50

Sent to your home by express prepaid

| Sizes and Prices | |
|---|---|
| 9 x 6 ft. | $3 50 |
| 9 x 7½ ft. | 4 00 |
| 9 x 9 ft. | 4 50 |
| 9 x 10½ ft. | 5 00 |
| 9 x 12 ft. | 5 50 |
| 9 x 15 ft. | 6 50 |

Sold direct at one profit. Money refunded if not satisfactory

New Catalogue showing goods in actual colors, sent free

ORIENTAL IMPORTING CO., 634 Bourse Bldg., Philadelphia


most of those notes are in the strong-box of the Comstock National. Comstock has been after me for one of our accounts—and I've given it to them on condition that they keep Fennworth lined up for us."

Durredge did not laugh.

"That puts you in the In-Bad Club again!" he said. "You don't know Fennworth. He must know that—and he will hate you for it. I found him short with me at the Country Club last Saturday, and that was the reason. And you do not know another thing: Fennworth's been picking up backing from somewhere and getting control of the Register. He'll consolidate plants, reduce working expenses and use the power of the morning paper to build up the evening. All he's lacked has been capital. Loosen that crimp."

Again I obeyed the orders of my press agent. I did not propose to have the Register enlisted against us. It was too strong. We could discount the Standard, which, because of heavy mutual owning interests with the Citizens' Company, would be bound to fight us; and Relligan would take good care of the Herald-Gazette. He had sent the veteran editor of that sheet halfway toward being a millionaire. "How could he do it? How about the publisher?" you ask. The publisher was Watson, better known in Riverport as the Little Press Agent of the Rich; and the environment of the Watsons was therefore such as required a bigger income than his weak-kneed Herald-Gazette could give. Watson knew of his editor's weaknesses and condoned them—because he shared in the gross receipts. Those things were common knowledge in Riverport. They were common scandal, but probably no worse scandal than affected banking or railroading or wholesale drygoods or hardware, or any one of the infinite number of businesses that went to make the city.

That left us confronting the really great morning paper of Riverport—the Star. The Star was our real problem. Of large circulation, it also held the keenest city staff in our part of the country. It had never sacrificed editorial cost—which means editorial ability—to moneymaking; and that meant that it had never stopped moneymaking. It was owned by a keen-minded, hard-headed man who, as a matter of principle, put his earnings in Government bonds and refrained from local investment. He had no irons in the fire—save his paper. He lived in his paper and the paper in turn was Patterson's life. It was honest because he was honest. Worse than honest, it was able; and, worse than both, it was popular. Its managing editor knew the inner trails—the dirty, half-hidden scandals of Riverport—as he knew the fingers of his hands; and he was a man after Patterson's own heart, given to speaking the truth.

The Star, without opposing us, gave us no comfort. Instead of hailing our new extension through Congress Street as a benefit to the town, it kept asking why competitive service would not be as valuable to the North Side as to the South Side, and how heavy rental tolls Riverport would receive from us for the use of the new Congress Street bridge. That was a new question. I proposed to pay no tolls. It was absurd for Patterson to raise that point about rental for a non-revenue-producing bridge; and I told him so one day.

"We add to our haul and get no increase in fares," I explained to him.

"And, of course, get no development of your territory," he answered. There was no use in arguing the merits of the situation.

"We are just out of the shadows of bankruptcy," I pleaded, throwing myself on his mercy. "Can't you forget that matter of bridge rentals?"

He looked at me sharply.

"You can go to hell!" he said softly, then smiled and handed me a cigar—to show there could be no offense between friends. After that I gave it up with him. The man was impenetrable. Durredge might have handled the thing better, but Durredge was away at that critical moment. His mother, away down East, lay hovering between life and death, and it would have been inhuman of me not to have sent him back to her—I had not forgotten when I bade the last goodby to my own!

VI

WITHIN twenty-four hours my self-confidence was back again, however, and I felt myself capable to handle the thing without my press agent. For opportunity—opportunity in the form of a man

Yes, Good Butter Makes a Good Breakfast

Here is a typical American breakfast:

*Oatmeal, with butter (or cream) and sugar*
*Soft boiled eggs, with a lump of butter*
*Toast, buttered*
*Griddle cakes, with butter*

Millions of men begin their day's work on such a meal—***butter with every course.*** If the butter is not first class, the meal is spoiled because the butter is everything. All the other good things depend upon it to make them appetizing.

Meadow-Gold Butter

Meets every requirement. Its fine flavor never fails to tickle the palate, and you know it is pure and wholesome because it is made from good, rich cream that has been pasteurized. Three times wrapped in air-tight, water-proof papers to preserve its goodness.

*Makers and Distributors*

THE FOX RIVER BUTTER COMPANY

Albany, Atlanta, Augusta, Aurora, Baltimore, Birmingham, Boston, Buffalo, Chicago, Charleston, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Jacksonville, Memphis, Newark, New Orleans, New York, Norfolk, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Richmond, Rochester, St. Louis, Savannah, Scranton, Syracuse, Tampa, Washington

*To Dealers:*

Meadow-Gold Butter is fast becoming the Butter of the Nation. Trade grows naturally. Write for particulars to nearest distributing house.

The Continental Creamery Company
Oklahoma City, Okla. Pueblo, Colo. Topeka, Kan.

The Littleton Creamery Company
Denver, Colo.

Beatrice Creamery Company
Des Moines, Ia. Dubuque, Ia. Lincoln, Neb.

$150
Burroughs key-driven adding-listing machine, backed by the Burroughs reputation; 9 rows of keys, totals to $9,999,999.99.
$200
In the Burroughs [illegible] adds to $99,999.99; 12½-inch carriage.
$250
Burroughs High-Keyboard [illegible] 10½-inch carriage; adds [illegible] totals, sub-totals, [illegible] correction key.
$300
Visible Burroughs, new model, low [illegible] 99 total, sub-total, [illegible]
$400
[illegible] months and days in red, total, sub-total, non-add, non-print and repeat keys; totals to $9,999,999.99.
$500
Direct Shuttle [illegible]
Other machines at prices between these and up to $950

# Your Price Will Buy a BURROUGHS

Some business men have a mistaken idea that *all* Burroughs Bookkeeping Machines are costly. Far from it. We make Burroughs machines at from *$150 to $950*.

Burroughs machines range from a plain 6-column machine, adapted to the business that employs but one clerk, to our big 17-column Electric Duplex machine, the largest, most complete adding machine ever built.

The man who buys the $150 Burroughs does so because *that* machine will meet all the requirements of *his* business. It produces for him exactly the same results as the $500 machine produces for the man whose business *needs* are that much greater.

The price of every Burroughs is based entirely upon what it will *do*—the only *fair* way, because *value* always has and always will determine *price*.

A Burroughs at $150 is not a "cheap" machine, nor is the $950 model an expensive machine. The price of the former is low only because the scope of its adaptability and the cost of manufacture are less than the more complete models.

The quality of material that goes into the low and the high-priced Burroughs is exactly the same.

The same engineering skill designs them both.

The same skilled labor puts them together.

And the same guarantee of continuous service stands back of them—a guarantee that is as good as a bond, because it is backed by twenty years of promises *kept*.

The value of a Burroughs in your business lies in what it *saves* for you. The price and the terms on which you buy, are for *you* to decide.

Tell us in what large ways you use figures in your business and name the price you would be willing to pay to handle them in half the time at half the cost—neatly—no errors. Then we will send to your office the machine that meets that price and demonstrate its possibilities on your individual work, all without cost or obligation. But remember this, *price* needn't keep you from owning the best built and the greatest labor-saving device in office work—the Burroughs Adding Machine.

*Ask for our systems books, which illustrate this work—sent* Free

BURROUGHS ADDING MACHINE COMPANY
99 Burroughs Block, Detroit, Michigan

*These prices apply in the United States only*


six feet tall—had stalked into my office. Opportunity's name was Sam Dwiggins. Sam Dwiggins was the star reporter on Patterson's paper, and he was a daily caller at my office during those strenuous times. It was Sam Dwiggins who had told me informally time and time again of the plans of our enemies, as they were given to him for publication—their retaliation schemes for not only occupying Congress Street and the new bridge with their tracks, but for fairly gridironing our North Side territory with their lines. It was his hope that he might exasperate me into so sharp a reply as to make good copy for the Star. It was Sam Dwiggins who had first told me of his paper's plan to make the Public Utilities Commission, up at the state capital, to which had been given entire control of the franchise matter, demand the heavy bridge rentals. The idea was popular—Dwiggins said that Patterson had recognized it as a circulation builder. This time Dwiggins sat in the chair beside my desk and hinted to me that the Citizens' Company was going to make a suggestion of giving some slight percentage of its increase in gross to the city of Riverport in return for the coveted new franchises—the privilege of having us come to them on bended knees, with our hats in our hands.

It was revolutionary! It was preposterous! We had perpetual franchises and a hard enough fight to pull even with them, let alone any fool divisions of revenues when American towns had been educated not to expect anything of that sort. Pete Arnold was playing with fire and breaking all the rules of the traction game. I began wondering how far he would go in this business—what his suggested percentage of city income would be. If I could find out that—— If I had but the means——

I lifted my head. The lanky figure of Sam Dwiggins sat there, his long fingers thrumming on the table. Sam Dwiggins! There was the man who could find out for me! I got to the subject easily.

"Do you know Pete Arnold well?" said I.

"As well as I know you. I see him every day."

My mind was settling itself.

"You reporters have opportunities. I suppose you get close to the whole bunch in a fight like this?"

"Rather!" said Dwiggins. He was one of the fools who boast when you give him the chance. "I think I know what Governor Harkness has in his mind on this whole proposition. He is pretty confidential with us fellows—and we respect his confidences."

He was my man—no doubt of that! I plunged in—waist-deep.

"We need a man of your sort here with us, Dwiggins," I began.

"Durreuge?"

"Durreuge is a brick, but there's work for both of you."

He shook his head slowly. "I'm not much for the press-agent game myself," said he.

Bless his heart. I did not want him as a press agent—I wanted him in another capacity. I wanted him to keep his place on the Star and draw fifty dollars of our money a week. It was hard work explaining that to him and I recall that I perspired, though my office was chilly that morning. Sam Dwiggins cried—cried like a woman. He was hard up and I knew it. It had been pulling for him and I had seen that by a single glance at his face—before he began to stammer out something about his awfully sick wife. He had been whacking his fist upon my desk at first in anger at my suggestion—a moment later he stretched forth the slim fingers of his white hand.

"God help me!" he said. "I can't help myself!"

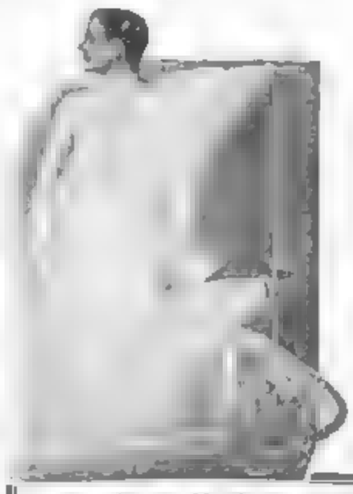
I am not blasphemous, but I reached out and grabbed Dwiggins' fingers, saying:

"Let me help you, Dwiggins. I understand!"

I had my man! It seemed hours, but it could not have been more than five minutes before he was mine—heart and soul. He had ability. He was almost the only man on the papers who had any real understanding of the transit situation in all its ramifications—legal, financial and constructive. The other reporters leaned upon his ability. They worked in concert with him and they had chosen him to represent them when he called on me. It was easy!

I had my man! I could give some points to Durredge in the newspaper game myself. Why, here was Dwiggins already pouring


# Bath Enjoyment Doubled by the Kenney Needle Spray Shower



All Metal—
Needs No Curtain—

10 Days' Free Trial—

Only $5 if You Keep It

The Kenney Needle Spray Shower gives you a most stimulating and luxurious warm shower. Water strikes directly against the body with full force. Makes bathing doubly enjoyable. Owing to patented feature, water does not splash or spatter on walls or floor. No curtain or hood necessary.

Throws four generous needle-spray streams. You can let the sprays play on you from head to foot, or from the neck and shoulders down only, just as you like. No rubber cap needed to keep your hair dry.

Can be attached to any bath tub or taken down in just a few minutes. No tools needed. Never in the way. Always ready to use. Nickel finished—very rich-looking. Nothing to wear out or get out of order.

**Our Special Offer** We will send you a Kenney Shower on 10 days' Free Trial. If satisfactory send us $5.00. If not, return it at our expense. You don't have to send us a cent in advance—just order on your business letterhead or the letterhead of your firm or enclose business card or one reference.

Reddan Specialty Co., 27 W Broadway, N Y.

*Mr. Auto Owner*
**Aren't you sick and tired of paying garage bills?**

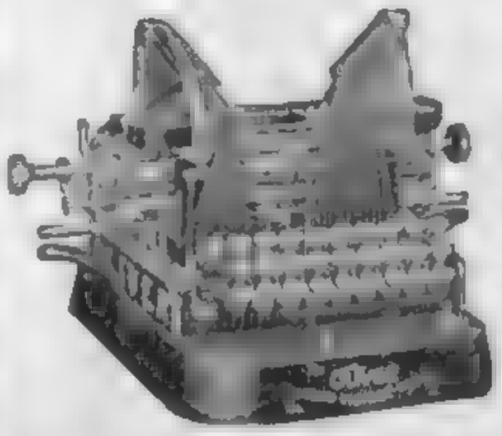
The first year you [illegible] Pruden System"—[illegible]
Strong, durable and handsome [illegible] Write for catalog stating name of car [illegible] Prices $100 up. Immediate shipment from stock. Freight prepaid anywhere East of Rocky Mountains.
METAL SHELTER CO.
5-42 W Water St., St. Paul, Minn.
Patentees and Sole Mfrs of Pruden System Buildings

**Pruden System**
PORTABLE FIRE-PROOF **GARAGES**

**MOVING WEST?**
Don't sell your Household Goods. Ship them at Reduced Rates in Through Cars avoiding transfer, to and from Western States. Write today for colored maps and information.
TRANSCONTINENTAL FREIGHT COMPANY
805 Railroad Bldg Chicago 29 Broadway New York
1004 Old South Bldg Boston Mass

**I Want a Salesman**
in every city to sell merchants high-grade advertising specialty. Pleasant and profitable work—no collections. Side line or full time. Big money for hustlers. Get my offer—and proofs. Sales Mgr., Dept. 6, T. B. Thermometer Co., Rochester, N. Y. Estab. 60 years.

# $5 a month
## Buys This Visible Typewriter



This is the famous model No. 3 Oliver—the machine with the type bars that strike downward, the machine that makes the "write-in-sight" [illegible]. It is simple, fast and strong—a world's standard typewriter.

You pay no cash until you see it, operate it, try it in your own home or office. Then you make your own decision with no salesman to influence or hurry you.

If you keep it you pay only $5 down and the balance in small monthly sums in a way so easy that you hardly miss it. The total cost is only $55, with no interest to pay and with no collectors to bother you.

If you own a typewriter now you can trade it in to us as a first payment. We will allow [illegible] the highest typewriter value ever [illegible] and the [illegible] you [illegible] Our only caution to you is that [illegible] supply of these machines is limited.

Typewriter Distributing Syndicate
166 U N No. Michigan Blvd., Chicago

You may send, without [illegible] me under any obligation, further information [illegible] typewriter offer.

Name

Address

My old machine is a [illegible] No.

TYPEWRITERS DISTRIBUTING SYNDICATE
166 U N No. Michigan Blvd., Chicago (114)

No. 1 **Hang Your Pictures** (weighing up to 100 lbs.) with Moore Push devices. Their tool-tempered steel points will not disfigure plaster walls.

# Moore Push-Pins

glass heads, steel points. Try them for calendars, small pictures, etc. Push them in; no hammering. Nos. 1 and 2, ⅓ doz. 10c.

Moore Push-less Hangers (brass hooks, steel points inclined downward) will support hall-racks, mirrors, etc. No moulding required. [illegible] put up. No. [illegible] No. 20 (100 lb.) [illegible]

Moore Push Thum-tacks [illegible] At stationery, hardware, photo stores or by mail.

No. 25

*Send 2c stamp for samples.*

MOORE PUSH-PIN CO., 1148 Samson Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Lock speed is all important. [illegible] FREE, 18 grades, $17.45 net to $400 list. Five bores—28, 20, 16, 12 and 10. Our 5¾ lb. 20 bore is a bowling success.

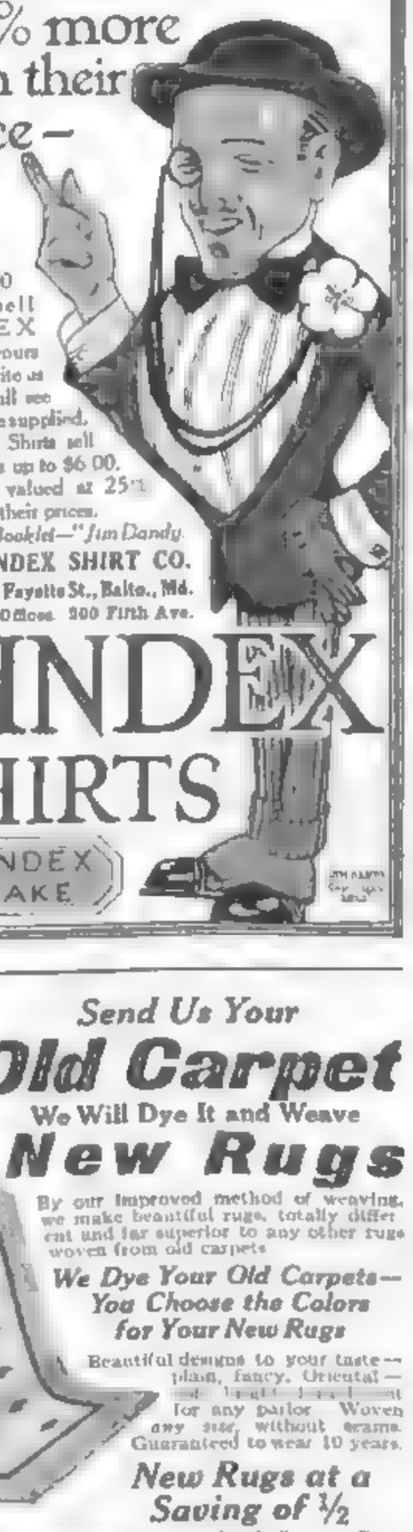
**Ithaca Guns**

*Jim Dandy Says:*

"VINDEX Shirts will bring low cut vests back into style. Their live, new, attractive patterns and fine fabrics are the last word in style, and the first choice of discriminating dressers. And this VINDEX Guarantee leaves no other choice for men who know:—"

If a VINDEX Shirt doesn't give 25% better service than other shirts at its price, the makers will buy it back at its regular price plus 25%. In other words, they are

Guaranteed worth 25% more than their price—



Over 3000 dealers sell VINDEX Shirts. If yours doesn't, write us and we will see that you are supplied. VINDEX Shirts sell at all prices up to $6.00. They are valued at 25% more than their prices.

*Write for Booklet—"Jim Dandy."*

THE VINDEX SHIRT CO.
112-124 W. Fayette St., Balto., Md.
New York Office, 200 Fifth Ave.

VINDEX SHIRTS

VINDEX MAKE



*Send Us Your*

**Old Carpet**

We Will Dye It and Weave

**New Rugs**

By our improved method of weaving, we make beautiful rugs, totally different and far superior to any other rugs woven from old carpets.

*We Dye Your Old Carpets—You Choose the Colors for Your New Rugs*

Beautiful designs to your taste—plain, fancy, Oriental—[illegible] for any parlor. Woven any size, without seams. Guaranteed to wear 10 years.

*New Rugs at a Saving of ½*

[illegible], no matter how badly worn. Don't [illegible] nothing—we make liberal [illegible] Every order completed within 3 days.

FREE Write today for book of designs, in 12 colors, prices and full information. IT WILL SAVE YOU MONEY.

OLSON RUG CO., Dept. 158, 40 Laflin St., Chicago



$1 English Knockabout Hat

Genuine Felt Stylish and serviceable. Folds into compact roll without damaging. Can be shaped into any style desired. Silk trimmings. Colors: Black, Brown, Steel Gray. All head sizes. Actual value $1.00. Sent postpaid promptly on receipt of $1.00. Money refunded if not satisfactory.

PANAMA HAT CO., Dept. A 1, 330 Broadway, N. Y. City



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22 YEARS OF SUCCESS. Instruction by mail adapted to everyone. **FOR AMBITIOUS MEN who want to prepare for practice or who want to take our business law course so as to better their business prospects. Take spare time only.** Can refer to successful graduates located in every section of the country. Handsome catalogue and Easy Payment Plan free.

The Sprague Correspondence School of Law
256 American Building, Detroit, Mich.


into my ear the results of a confidential talk he had with Harkness—stuff that I could not have purchased through my own staff for one hundred thousand dollars cash! And when he was done I gave him a drink of whisky! He was going through something of an ordeal—even for a reporter.

. . . . . .

Durredge was delayed in Boston nearly a fortnight, but we spared him easily. With Sam Dwiggins' help I now had the Citizens' Company checkmated. Arnold, Harkness—and the members of the Utilities Commission were pouring out their plans to him, and he was hurrying to me each time as fast as his long legs could carry him. I lost no plans. Still, when Durredge did burst in upon me I had no opportunity to boast of my new secret alliance with the Star, for my press agent was angry. I had seen him fairly well upset two or three times, but they were as nothing compared with this time. This time he was in seventeen kinds of temper. He gave me no greetings of any sort whatsoever—merely came over to my desk and said:

"What's all this monkey-doodle business about Sam Dwiggins?"

"Dwiggins?" I began slowly. "He's been ——"

"He's been fired, and Patterson's looking for you with a club!"

"Dwiggins ——" I began again.

"My resignation is in your hands," said Durredge. "I'm sick of this game! I'd rather get back into the show business."

Of course I could not have him leave me then. I told him so.

"I'll not leave you—in the middle of a round," he said; "but I will take some little pleasure in telling you what I think of you: You're of the old generation, boss—the generation that big business has got to kick out of its ranks. You're the sort of railroad man that used to tell the public to go to hell and then laugh at the poor devils! You're of a day that thought money was all powerful and that diplomacy was a mere back-door hanger-on. Brace up, boss! You're far too good for such associations; and I like you too much ever to want to be ashamed of you again."

I could have cuffed the young brute but all I could gasp was:

"Dwiggins?"

"Dwiggins," he repeated. "Give the poor devil every cent of bonus you promised him. It's dirty money, but he will need every cent of it; for Dwiggins is an outcast from this day forward—a vagrant reporter to go across the face of the land, getting jobs and then losing them as fast as his reputation catches up with him! You've murdered Dwiggins—morally!"

"And the plan?"

"I'm glad you were decent enough to put it second—after the man," he said. "That was really like you, boss. I'll have to work like the devil—but I'll hush this business up."

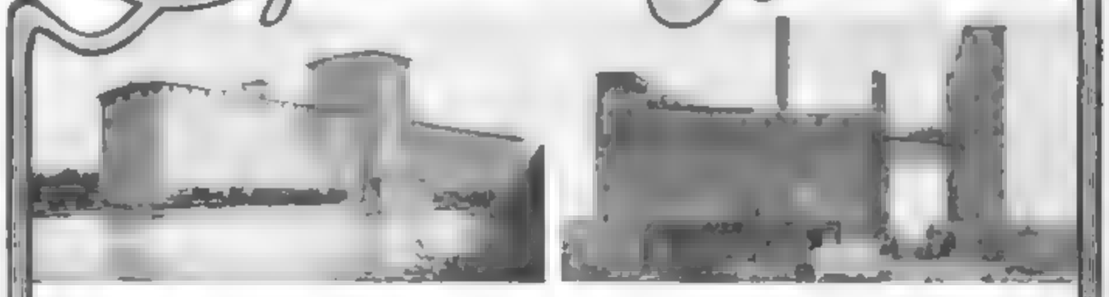
How he ever did it I do not know to this day; but Durredge earned every cent we paid him—and more too. And I was given the one great lesson of my life!

*VII*

WE PULLED off our coats and went into the final round of the battle. It was a hard fight, but it looked as if we were going to win it. I thought our advertising campaign really was going to win the battle. It was a novelty for a big corporation to buy whole pages of newspaper space to state its position and to enlist public sentiment—the one absolutely necessary adjunct to every successful fighter—for our side. Our advertisements were novel and they were readable. They were vastly more successful than Brimmer's meeting in the armory. He had his two thousand dollars, for he produced the governor. He was as good as his word, was Major Brimmer; but that night it rained—rained as it had not rained before that year—and the big place was less than a third filled and desolate. The governor was cross and his speech entirely political. The meeting was a disappointment.

Our advertising was not. Of course we bettered the Citizens' offers at every turn. It was awful. It was in the dead of winter, and night after night I went home with the perspiration standing on my brow. We debated publicly and we bid against one another publicly, while the town and its newspapers urged us on. The Citizens' Company agreed finally to give ten per cent of their increase in gross to the city as rental for the new tracks; and, under steady whacking and suggestion from Patterson


*Barrett Specification Roofs*



On Four Great Granaries

TO COVER the four huge granaries illustrated herewith the Canadian Pacific R. R. engineers chose Barrett Specification Roofs for good and sufficient reasons.

These practical men know that these roofs will last *20 years or more.*

They further know that they will need no painting or maintenance expense of any kind and that the net cost per year of service will be infinitely lower than could be shown by any other type of roofing.

It is for these very reasons that Barrett Specification Roofs are used on more first-class buildings in the United States and Canada than any other kind.

A big roof generally means a Barrett Specification Roof, for the reason that the cost of big roofs is carefully scrutinized and ultimate economy carefully considered. Small roof areas ought also to have Barrett Specification Roofs, because they are just as economical and satisfactory there.

*Special Note* We advise incorporating in plans the full wording of The Barrett Specification, in order to avoid any misunderstanding. If any abbreviated form is desired, however, the following is suggested:

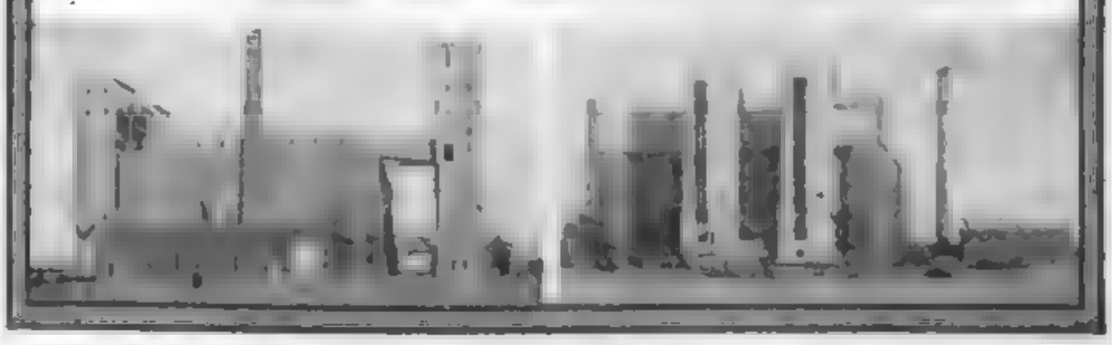
ROOFING—Shall be a Barrett Specification Roof laid as directed in printed Specification, revised August 15, 1911, using the materials specified, and subject to the inspection requirement.

*Copy of The Barrett Specification with tracings ready for incorporation into building plans free on request. Address nearest office.*

BARRETT MANUFACTURING COMPANY

New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, St. Louis, Cleveland, Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, Kansas City, Minneapolis, New Orleans, Seattle, London, Eng.

THE PATERSON MFG. CO., Limited
Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, Vancouver, St. John, N. B., Halifax, N. S.



REMINGTON UMC

# AUTOLOADING RIFLE

This Remington Cub can look through the barrel and see that it is clean.

**All the advantages of the old big game arm with none of its discomforts or annoyance.**

The recoil does the work of loading and ejecting instead of pounding your shoulder.

Five shots—just pull and release the trigger. Your action stays open and warns you when it's time to shove in a fresh clip.

**You can never get in a tight place—the gun never clogs. Each shot strikes a one ton blow.**

**Simple action—simple take down.**

**Send for a motion picture booklet explaining the *Remington-UMC* Autoloading Rifle's big points.**

***Remington - UMC* Metallic Cartridges**
**Combine the highest velocity with the greatest shooting accuracy. Made in all calibres for every standard Firearm.**

**When *Remington-UMC* cartridges are used, the arm is guaranteed to the full extent of the manufacturer's guarantee.**

***Remington - UMC* — the perfect shooting combination.**

Remington Arms-Union Metallic Cartridge Co.
299 Broadway New York City


and his paper, they said they would accept a twenty-five-year limited franchise. I agreed to give fifteen per cent and to accept a franchise for twenty years. They came back with a twenty-five per cent offer, and I promptly made it thirty.

The Citizens' Company beat me. It offered forty per cent of the gross and was content to take a fifteen-year franchise. Riverport gasped! The reporters came to me on a run and asked if I would raise that bid.

"We have gone as far as any sane business corporation could ever go," I told them solemnly. "Our stockholders and bondholders have rights in these things, and I have no right to sell them out."

The last of the reporters was hardly out of my office, however, before I was busy with my statisticians and we were figuring the whole question over again from every angle—the ratio of the remarkable growth of Riverport during the past ten years projected forward into the next ten and just how it would show itself in our receipts for the coming decade; and, on the other hand, just how the expenses of operating the property were likely to increase. When we were done I tried to get Sam Kearney over the long-distance telephone, for there was no time to be lost. His secretary told me Kearney was unreachable, though if I had been a few hundred miles nearer New York I could have found him. I tried Relligan. He was nearer, but word came over the wire that our chairman was flat on his back. An autocratic doctor had given orders that nothing from the outside world, save the healing grace of science, should penetrate to his bed; but I was sure of myself and of the men who employed me. This was not the hour for errors. The Congress Street matter was coming before the state board in the morning—and might the best bidder win!

We were the highest bidder. Our offer paralyzed Riverport and made some of its conservative money-lenders wonder if we had not gone mad! We offered the city one-half of our gross increase in revenue, some dozens of detail concessions and, as a final triumph, a recognition of the city's privilege to oust us after a mere ten years. In that day Riverport might be ready for a municipal street-railroad system and the North Side property would go to the city upon appraisal. Harkness called it a triumph as he took the credit for having forced the issue. While the tumult over the offer was still echoing, the Public Utilities Commission gave us the ten-year franchise in Congress Street and across the new bridge. It was an hour of some triumph for us, though I realized all the responsibilities. Yet we had won—the Citizens would have to come to us, hat in hand and crawling on bended knee. I got a wire through to Sam Kearney.

"Congress Street is ours!" I wired.

The answer came back within half an hour. After expurgation by the Western Union operators, it read:

"You blankety-blank idiot! I sold North Side three hours ago to Einstein, the new backer of Citizens! Agreed not to use Congress Street until Riverport came down the pole. S. K."

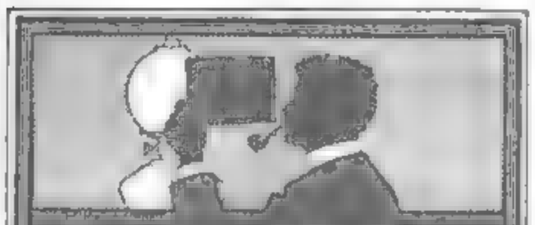
I reached across the desk, took a sheet of notepaper and wrote my resignation. It was accepted without a dissenting vote.

. . . . . .

After all was said and done, both Kearney and Relligan forgave me; in fact, Kearney sent for me only the other day. When I went down to Wall Street he asked me to take charge of the traction property of one of the finest cities in the Northwest.

I declined. There is not enough money in the land to get me into the street-railroad business again! In Cleveland and in Toledo they are already getting three-cent fares, and soon the whole country will be demanding them. In every big American city the entire question of local transportation is in a muddle. Even in Riverport the cars are not yet running over the new bridge, though it has been completed for two years—and conditions on the old grow incredibly worse. The new merged company is constantly sparring for better terms from the city, now that it has no rival to threaten.

It is all a muddle and I am well out of it. It is far, far pleasanter to walk down Fifth Avenue; to loaf where they sell delicate prints and fascinating books; to drop in at the club each afternoon, where a group of us like to live over and over again the battles of our youth.

**Prints by Gaslight**

For clear, snappy, brilliant prints from your Kodak negatives insist on Velox—the only paper that is made exclusively to meet the requirements of the amateur negative.

The best finishers of Kodak work use Velox exclusively.

NEPERA DIVISION,
EASTMAN KODAK CO.,
ROCHESTER, N. Y., *The Kodak City*

**New Business**

Quick profits. No canvassing. Work all or spare time operating our

**MANDEL Post Card Machine**

Unlimited sales

**Photos Direct on Post Cards — No Plates — No Films**

One minute post cards. One minute post cards. Our Mandel machine takes, finishes and delivers 2 original photo post cards a minute RIGHT ON THE SPOT. In the country, on the streets, at picnics, carnivals, fairs, the one minute Mandel is the money maker. Takes little space, weighs about 100 lbs., can be moved from place to place in a wagon. Takes in $10 to $20 per hour. Costs little to operate. Write for full particulars.

CHICAGO FERROTYPE COMPANY
870 Ferrotype Bldg Chicago Ill or Dept. 870 Public Bank Bldg New York N Y

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Every Amateur Photographer who desires the best possible results should know Sternman Photo-Craft Laboratories, the largest operators in the United States, doing work for thousands of Amateurs the World over. Quality and perfection guaranteed

Sternman Photo-Craft Laboratories
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Passaic N J

**AGENTS STEADY INCOME**
**SELLING GUARANTEED SHOES**

Every pair guaranteed one year to give homewear service or new pair free. Plain and tipped Juliettes, Oxfords and Lace tops, oak tanned. Flexible Soles—Rubber Heels. Cushion inner soles. Any [illegible] can take orders. Sell every day. Build up a permanent business. [illegible] for outfit to workers. You [illegible]

THOMAS SHOE CO., 9668 Barny Street, Dayton, O.

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*Become a Lawyer* *LEGAL DIPLOMA*

We make [illegible] Correspondence Law Course [illegible] Guarantee [illegible] post bar [illegible] Business Law Course Legally trained [illegible] Catalog and Partic[illegible]ars Free
LASALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY Box 2359 Chicago Ill

**SALESMEN WANTED**

New office specialty. Sells for cash. An indispensable as a typewriter. First class salesmen only need apply. Sales Manager, Box 14, Newton, Iowa.

**PATENTS** Inventors of wide experience employ my method. So will you eventually. Why wait? Just send [illegible] free book. W. T. Jones, 501 G Street, Washington D. C.

**PATENTABLE IDEAS WANTED.** [illegible] facturers want Owen patents. [illegible] prizes, etc. I get [illegible] free. RICHARD B. OWEN, 33 Owen Bldg., Washington D. C.

**Homes of Character**

Two of the larger types of Aladdin Ready-Cut Houses are here shown. Architecturally they offer a distinct contrast. Almost every taste will be satisfied by the Aladdin catalog of one hundred styles ranging from two-room, at $125, up to twelve-room houses. The actual material for these complete Aladdin houses is being shipped from eight different mills situated throughout the country. You should at least investigate the remarkable money-saving advantages of the Aladdin system

**DWELLING HOUSES, BUNGALOWS BARNS, SUMMER COTTAGES**

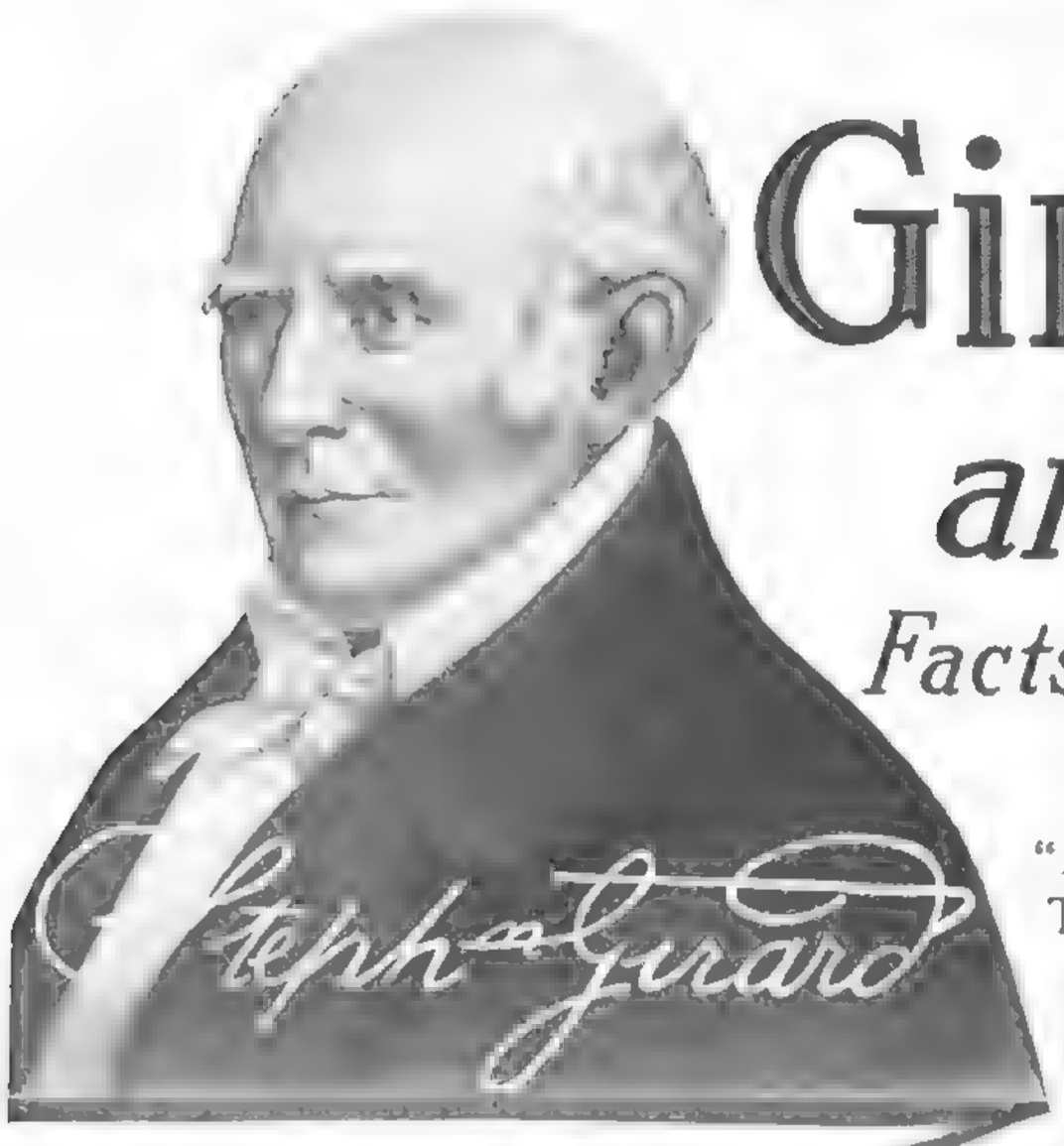
[illegible] in Ready-Cut Houses are shipped everywhere. Every piece of material comes to you cut and fitted and ready to nail in place. No skilled labor required! Permanent, attractive, warm and lasting. Not portable.

COMPLETE 5-ROOM HOUSE $298

ALADDIN HOUSES SAVE MONEY

[illegible] for our cut [illegible]

NORTH AMERICAN CONSTRUCTION CO.
Bay City, Michigan




*GIRARD, the great American patriot and philanthropist. Founder of* **Girard College.** *Remember this name,* **Girard,** *when you want a good cigar. And look for this portrait and signature in the lid of the box.*

# Girard—*the man and the cigar*

## *Facts which every American ought to know*

"How did you come to name it the **Girard?**"

This is what smokers sometimes ask us about our famous cigar. Some even ask us, "Who was Girard?"

One of the greatest Americans that ever lived!

That is the answer—And born a Frenchman at that. He began as a poor sailor-boy. (This was 150 years ago.) He became a sea-captain; built a vast fortune in honest trade; devoted millions to the cause of his adopted country, and millions more to rescue the plague-stricken poor, to educate needy orphans, to help his fellowmen at every turn while he lived, and carry on the good work perpetually when he died. And it is going on grandly **today.**

Isn't that a name for Americans to be proud of?

Isn't it a good name for us to give to the best cigar we know how to make? And it is worthy of its name, the

**GIRARD Cigar**

Honest all through, and made in a new way, the **Girard** is unique among cigars. It is **rich** and **tropic-flavored, yet mild.** Did you ever find such a combination before?

Selected Havana tobacco is used for the **entire** filler—**real** Havana, grown in Cuba; not "doped" nor flavored, but seasoned slowly and thoroughly without artificial sweating. A ripe, sweet, mellow leaf. A cigar that even a nervous man can smoke freely and enjoy. Our own peculiar method of blending the leaves insures a positively uniform quality. And like all good cigars the **Girard** is hand-made.

Your nearest dealer sells the **Girard**—or will get it for you quickly if you ask him. He cannot lose by putting in a stock of the **Girard.**

The "BROKER"
Actual Size

**10¢**

***We refund the money of any dealer who does not find a ready sale for Girard Cigars***

We will send you, if necessary, a trial box of ten **Girards** for $1, or fifty for $5—Your money back if you are not suited. But the **Girard** is **not a mail-order proposition** nor a prize scheme. We prefer to sell it through dealers. It has made its way on **quality alone.** And all we want you to do is to **try** it. We will gladly abide by **your** verdict.

**Three standard 10-cent sizes**

| The "BROKER" | The "MARINER" | The "FOUNDER" |
|---|---|---|
| 5¼-inch Perfecto | 5⅝-inch Panatella | 5-inch Blunt |

**Other sizes up to 15 cents straight**

***Insist on giving the Girard a trial***

**Antonio Roig & Langsdorf**
Philadelphia

Established 1871

# Whole Business Section of Town Roofed with J-M ASBESTOS ROOFING

In the city of
Coshocton, Ohio, practically every good business block and factory erected or re-roofed within the last 15 years is covered with J-M Asbestos Roofing.

The Meek Co.—with about 4 acres of roof space—has covered all its buildings with J-M Asbestos Roofing. So has the James B. Clow & Sons Co., with nearly 3 acres of roof, and the H. D. Beach Co., with nearly 2 acres of roof. Likewise, the Pope-Gosser China Co., Coshocton Brick Co., Coshocton Glove & Garment Co., Hunt-Crawford Corrugated Paper Co., Hay Huston Axle Co., Coshocton Ice & Cold Storage Co., Novelty Advertising Co., and others too numerous to mention.

Could we induce such shrewd business men as the heads of these mammoth manufacturing plants to use J-M Asbestos Roofing if it had not given their next-door neighbors entire satisfaction?

The business men of Coshocton, as well as in all parts of the country, have been so unanimous in adopting this ready-to-lay *stone* (asbestos) roofing, because we have proved to them, *as we can also prove to you*, that it affords perfect fire protection; that it contains nothing that can rot, melt, crack or deteriorate with age; and that, because of its long life and the fact that it never needs coating or repairs, *the cost per year of service is less* than for any other roofing.

J-M Asbestos Roofing is suitable for all types of buildings. Our nearest Branch will fill your order if your dealer cannot do so. Write today for Booklet No. 1649, which tells all about the advantages of this roofing over other kinds.

## H. W. JOHNS-MANVILLE CO.

Albany, Baltimore, Boston, Buffalo, Chicago, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Dallas, Detroit, Indianapolis, Kansas City, Louisville, TRADE ASBESTOS MARK, Los Angeles, Milwaukee, Minneapolis, New Orleans, New York, Omaha, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, St. Louis, Seattle, San Francisco, Syracuse

For Canada:—THE CANADIAN H. W. JOHNS-MANVILLE CO., LIMITED
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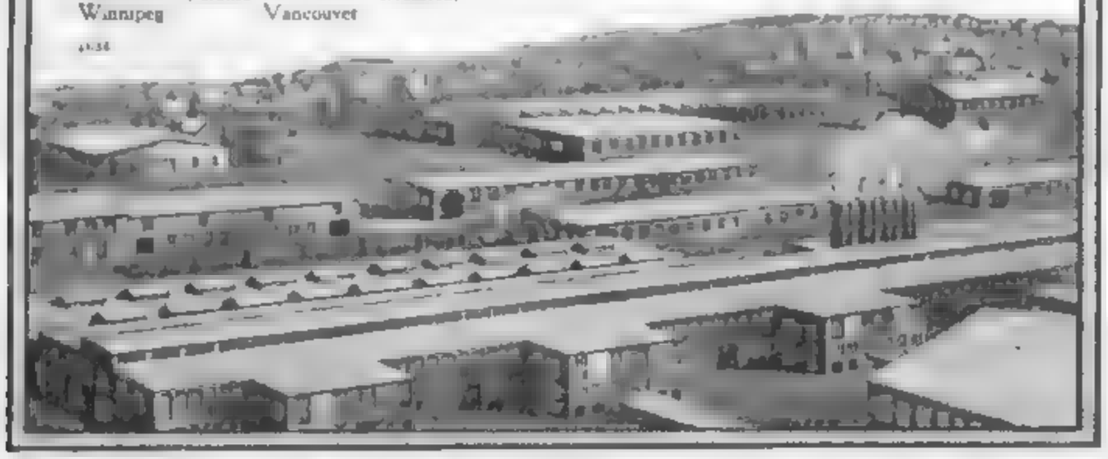

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Branch Offices, 625 F Street, N. W., Washington, D. C. 1429 Chestnut St., Phila.
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Nelson's Sportsman's Vest
Fine English Corduroy Suit, Mocha leather sleeves and facings, Wool lined, 24 oz. Wind and weather proof. Special price $7.50. Money back if not satisfied. Catalog of sporting goods free. Dealers wanted.
L. A. NELSON MFG. CO., 310 Main St., Lacrosse, Wis.

Buy Good Gloves

Without considering the better style and better fit which you will secure in a pair of Fownes Gloves, the cost per month of service is very little. Invariably you will find that a good glove is the most economical . . . and

FOWNES GLOVES

have been the Standard of good value in good gloves for 135 years.

It's a FOWNES—that's all you need to know about a glove.

Try a pair of our $2.00 street gloves and see for yourself the real economy of FOWNES workmanship and material. Should you have difficulty in securing the genuine Fownes Gloves, send us the names of the shops visited and your address, we will see that you are supplied.

Fownes Brothers & Co.
119 W 23rd St.
New York


# BILLY FORTUNE AND THE SOLEMN TRUTH

(Continued from Page 12)

That man certainly was a terrible hand to ask "Why?"

"Well," says I, "there's several different ways you might explain it if you wanted to. You might say they don't know any better; but that ain't the way I figure it. Didn't you ever hear tell that away back yonder some of the men folks was deceitful? Don't it seem reasonable to you that the poor, ignorant women got fooled so often them days that they go right foolish after while about refusin' to believe what the men told 'em any more at all? Anyway, it's no use—is it? They'd rather believe what they find out for theirselves, even if they know it ain't so, than believe the solemn truth if a man tells it to 'em. And the only way to make 'em take stock in you is to let 'em think you think so too."

He set and moped over it for a considerable while, lookin' as if he was tryin' to remember whether he'd ever read anything like that in his books. Do you expect he had? Pretty soon he come back to me.

"Well," says he, "it's all a mystery to me. But see here." And then he commenced to blush. Blush, I said. Would you have thought he could do it? But he did. "If that's all true, Mr. Fortune," says he, "then life with a woman is a compromise, isn't it?"

I tried to be just as sober as I could. "Why, so it is!" I says. "I never thought of that. It takes a real bright man to notice a thing like that. But, then, come to think of it, there's a heap of different compromises in this world. Livin' with sheep is a compromise, for one—I'd rather they was cows and you'd rather they was books. And gettin' your soul saved with religion is another one, because it means you've give up tryin' to save it by yourself. It's all a compromise, takin' just what we can get when we can't get any more. I don't know as the woman business is so much worse than the others—if you want her bad enough."

"Ah!" says he. "'If you want her bad enough'! You have never married, Mr. Fortune?"

"Oh, sugar! No!" says I. "But it ain't the compromise part that's the trouble with me. The trouble with me is I can't ever make up my mind which one of 'em I want the most. I want 'em all—all the nice ones I ever look at—and it ain't allowed. But you just let me tell you this: One of these times I'm goin' to meet up with the one I want more than all the rest. I'm goin' to know her when I see her. And when I do see her I'm goin' to be plumb willin' to give up everything between hell and Heaven but just her; and I'm goin' to take her just exactly the way she stands and no questions asked. That's what! I ain't tryin' to fool you now—not a speck."

"You'd abandon your convictions?" says he. "You don't mean that!"

"Convictions?" says I. "Convictions be jiggered! I'm tryin' to tell you I wouldn't have but one real one after I'd saw her; and if I didn't get her all the rest of my convictions would go sour on my mind. What good would they be to me then?"

His pipe had went out, but he was suckin' away on the stem and millin' the thing over.

"Yes," says he, sort of slow and far-away. "Of course it's always possible that the woman will change her opinions after marriage, under proper influences."

Wasn't he one fool, though?

"Change?" says I. "What the Sam Hill would you want her to change for? Just to make her like you are? For pity's sake! A man don't want one of these he-women any more than a real woman wants a she-man! What the mischief is it you want to change in her, anyway? What's this that don't suit? What's she said?"

He hung back a while, as if he felt some awkward about it; but it come out.

"Why," says he, "you and I have been touching upon the matter, in a way. It was merely a discussion at first, but it became an argument. I maintained, Mr. Fortune, that in the relations between the sexes the profounder convictions of the man ought to rule—must rule, for the reason that his intellect is more scientific and his perceptions therefore clearer. That's a perfectly plain proposition, isn't it?"

Did you ever hear anything so plumb ridiculous!

"Why, so it is!" says I. "And you don't mean to tell me she was so unreasonable as not to come a-runnin' to agree with you! It ain't possible!"

"You're laughing, sir," says he; "but you can't fail to see the perfect truth of my position. History proves it absolutely absolutely!"

"That part of it's all right," says I. "It don't matter, though. Nor it don't matter a sniffle how true your little old proposition is if it won't work. And it sure won't. Us men have found out millions and millions of true things that we've just got to keep to ourselves on account of just that very reason—because they won't work."

He stiffened up straight in his chair and slapped the flat of his hand against his leg

"I'll not do it!" says he. "I'll never abandon my position—never!"

"Oh, well," says I, "suit yourself; but you can just wave her goodby if you don't, because she's gone from you. I'm tellin' you!"

It's real nice to have one of these firm minds, ain't it? It must be horrible consolin' to a man. I used to have one of 'em, by spells, when I was a kid—only they called it stubborn then and licked it all out of me. They'd say they was doin' it for my own good. I don't know but they was too; it strikes me I'm a heap more comfortable with a mind that'll change round whenever I want it to.

Frederick Albert wasn't comfortable a mite with his firm one. He didn't even pretend to be. There was a whole week when there wasn't a soul round the place that heard so much as a grunt out of him—unless it was the nigger. He didn't hardly show himself at all anywheres; he was just drawed back in his shell like an old turtle with a sore ear. That was all right. We didn't want him; he wasn't any use except just to clutter up the scenery. The farther he kept away from us, the better our work would go. We didn't care if he never come round any more.

Then, along about the end of the next week, I rode over to the Hungerford ranch to talk to the Englishman and find out somethin' about the water-rights on Willow. That was every blessed thing I went for—honest! I'd come pretty near forgettin' by then all about Frederick Albert and his proposition. Anyway, I wasn't intendin' to stick my bill into it. It was nothin' to me, was it? It just happened.

It was pretty near noon when I got over there. I hadn't more than started to tellin' the Englishman what I'd come for before his cook come to the kitchen door and commenced hammerin' on the dishpan to call 'em to dinner; and then the Hungerford lad wouldn't say a word only to chop me off.

"All right, Billy," says he. "Let's go up and eat first. There's a roast lamb today, good old mother-country style, and a mess of trout I caught this morning—and a few other little trinkets. I won't talk ditches with anybody on an empty stomach. Come along."

It was one good dinner, that one was; and the thing that helped it to taste all the better was that nice little brown-haired girl settin' at the end of the table, keepin' perfectly quiet and lookin' after you and ready for you to rest your eyes on betweenwhiles.

I hadn't took to her much that time over on the porch; but I certainly didn't hate her a speck this time. I ain't sayin' I'd have picked her out to make a fool of myself over, understand—but she was sure right quaint and sweet. I didn't care how long it was goin' to take that brother of hers to work round to the talk; but he come to it after while.

"Well, now, Billy," says he—"about those ditches. The rights never have been settled exactly; but I dare say it can be arranged someway without a quarrel. Just what does Mr. Pruyn want? What does he think would be right?"

It was out of me before I stopped to think:

"Who? Little old Frederick Albert?" I says. "Him? What's the sense of askin' him what he thinks about it? He wouldn't know a ditch from a Dutchman if he was to meet one in the middle of the road. What would I ask him for?"

# Conspicuous Nose Pores

## How to reduce them

Complexions, otherwise flawless, are often ruined by conspicuous nose pores. The blood circulation in the nose is sometimes poor, thereby causing the pores to become permanently enlarged, the skin coarse and blackheads appear.

**Begin tonight to use this treatment**

Wring a cloth from hot water, lather it with Woodbury's Facial Soap, then hold it to your face. When the heat has expanded the pores, rub in a fresh lather of Woodbury's. *Rub it in.* Repeat this hot water and lather application several times, then finish by rubbing the nose for a few minutes *with a lump of ice*

Woodbury's Facial Soap cleanses the pores. This treatment brings the blood to the nose, and promotes a better circulation, which is just what the nose needs. It strengthens the muscular fibres of the nose pores so that they can contract properly. This is what gradually reduces the enlarged pores, causes them to contract, making them practically inconspicuous.

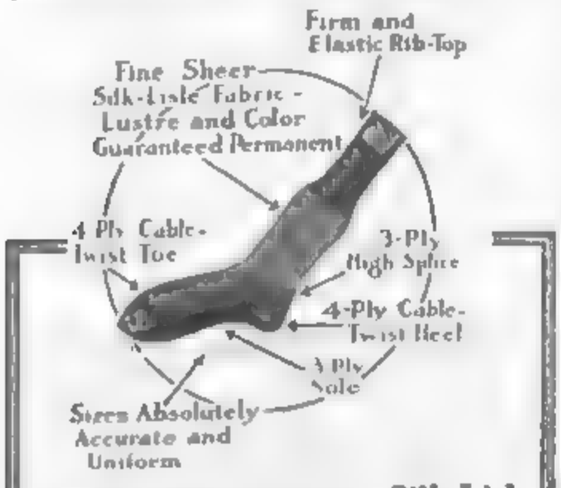
Woodbury's Facial Soap costs 25c a cake. No one hesitates at the price *after their first cake.*

## *Woodbury's Facial Soap*

*For sale by dealers everywhere.*

*For 4c we will send a sample cake. For 10c, samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Powder. For 50c, a copy of the Woodbury Book and samples of the Woodbury preparations. Write today to Andrew Jergens Co., 2603 Spring Grove Avenue, Cincinnati, O.*




Firm and Elastic Rib-Top
Fine Sheer Silk-Lisle Fabric - Lustre and Color Guaranteed Permanent
4 Ply Cable-Twist Toe
3-Ply High Spliced
4-Ply Cable-Twist Heel
3 Ply Sole
Sizes Absolutely Accurate and Uniform

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*Costs but 25*

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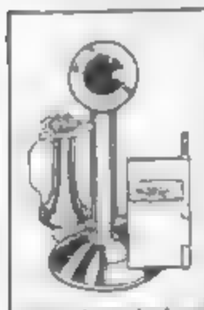

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Wasn't that a bright thing for me to say, considerin'? I expect you'd think it would mess things all up. If I'd wanted to have it turn out like one of these story-books I wouldn't have said it that way, would I? But you let me tell you somethin': There's just about as much real good gets done in this world by our blunderin' mistakes as when we set out to fix things up with our wiseness. Haven't you noticed that? Don't it make you wonder sometimes what's the good of tryin' to figure things all out? It does me. Anyway, that's what I said. The next thing I knew I felt somethin' touchin' my foot. It was the Englishman reachin' over and pressin' it with his foot down under the table.

"Mr. Pruyn?" says he, with his eyebrows up. His voice sounded just perfectly polite, but when I shot a look at him I could see the devilment in his eyes. A man can tell the signs. "Why," says he, "you surprise me, Billy! We had a very different impression of Mr. Pruyn over here. He impressed us as being a man of rather uncommon intellect."

I was kind of up against it, wasn't I? It bothered me some. "Well, gee-whiz, Billy!" I says to myself. "What's he after? What is it he wants you to say? He don't know that you know anything about it. What you goin' to say?" There wasn't anything for me to do but just go it blind, was there?

"Oh—intellect!" says I. "Well, I should say he has! That man has certainly got more kinds of plain and fancy intellect than anybody I ever had truck with!" That would do for a starter, wouldn't it, till I could find out what he was tryin' to get at?

"Yes," says the Hungerford lad—"exactly! That's the way I made him out myself—a man of remarkably clear understanding and strong convictions. Didn't you think so, Elizabeth?"

It come to me then. He wasn't proddin' at me—he was just pokin' fun at the girl. That was it. I knew I was right when I sneaked a sideways look at her out of the corner of my eye, because she was settin' up in her chair straight as a ramrod, with her pretty lips held tight and a couple of hot little red spots right in the middle of her cheeks. Can you tell a mad woman when you see her? Well, she was one—her brown eyes was just shinin' with it.

"You Billy!" says I to myself. The notion struck me all of a heap. "You've bungled into it," I says; "but don't you try to back out. What's the matter with buckin' right ahead and fixin' it up for the young folks? Frederick Albert won't ever have the gumption; but don't you reckon you and me could do it? Come on; let's see what kind of a couple of liars we are when we're put to it. I dare you to!" That suited me all right and I went at it.

"Yes, indeedy!" says I. "I sure would like to have a mind like hisn sometimes. But don't he surprise you with it? Ain't he just the little joker though?"

"Joker?" says the Englishman. "Joker, Billy? I hadn't discovered that in him."

"That's just it," says I. "A man don't, him bein' so bright at it. My land, how that man does fool you! Arguin', you know. Ain't he got the string of words? If I could ride a bad horse as good as Frederick Albert can ride the dictionary, wouldn't I be a wizard at it? My soul!—sayin' one thing just as plain when he don't mean nothin' in the world but the other thing. Ain't he the accomplished person? Don't I know, because ain't he been amusin' himself on me with it this couple of weeks? He's got me so I shy off from him every time I see him takin' a deep breath. As much as forty times he's made me come out flatfooted and agree with him about somethin' he'd proved to me was just perfectly true, and then swapped ends on me like a streak of lightnin' and showed me I was dead wrong before I could tell he'd changed round at all. Yes, sir; he sure has got the mind—Frederick Albert has."

The Englishman's eyebrows was up higher than ever and he was watchin' me close. He couldn't tell what to make of it. He must have knew I was up to somethin', but he couldn't find any of the marks of it on my face. He couldn't make up his mind to say a word till I'd got started again.

"What I like about him best, though," says I, "is the way he feels about the women. It's just exactly the way I've always felt myself, only I couldn't ever say it as good as he can."

"About the women?" says the Hungerford lad. "The women, Billy! Why, I

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*Try Little Red Devil Recipe No. 37—Deviled Cakes*

To small can of Underwood Deviled Ham add three mashed potatoes; one egg; four soda crackers, rolled to fine crumbs; salt and pepper to taste. Mix thoroughly and shape into small cakes. Fry brown in hot lard. Delicious with poached egg

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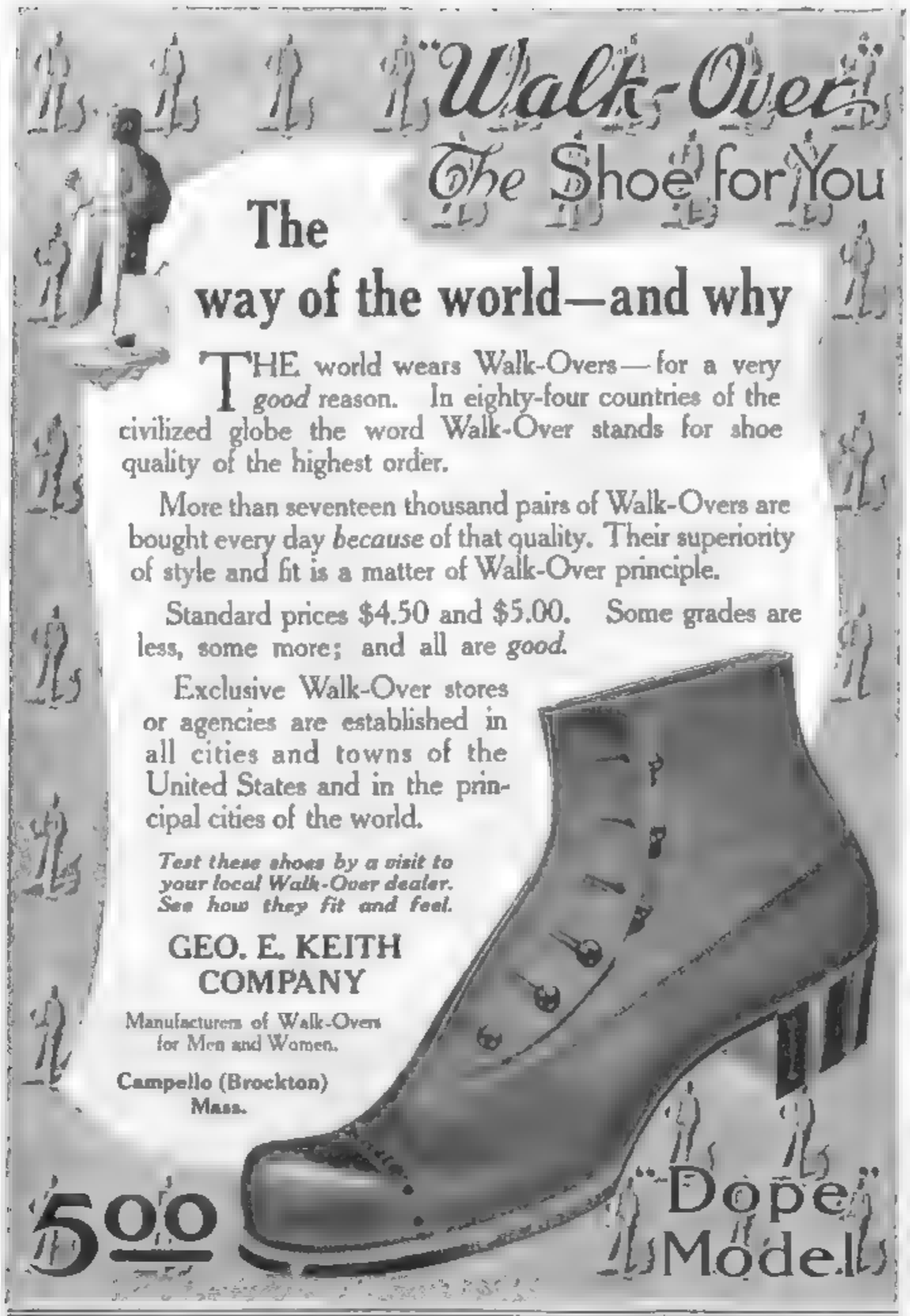
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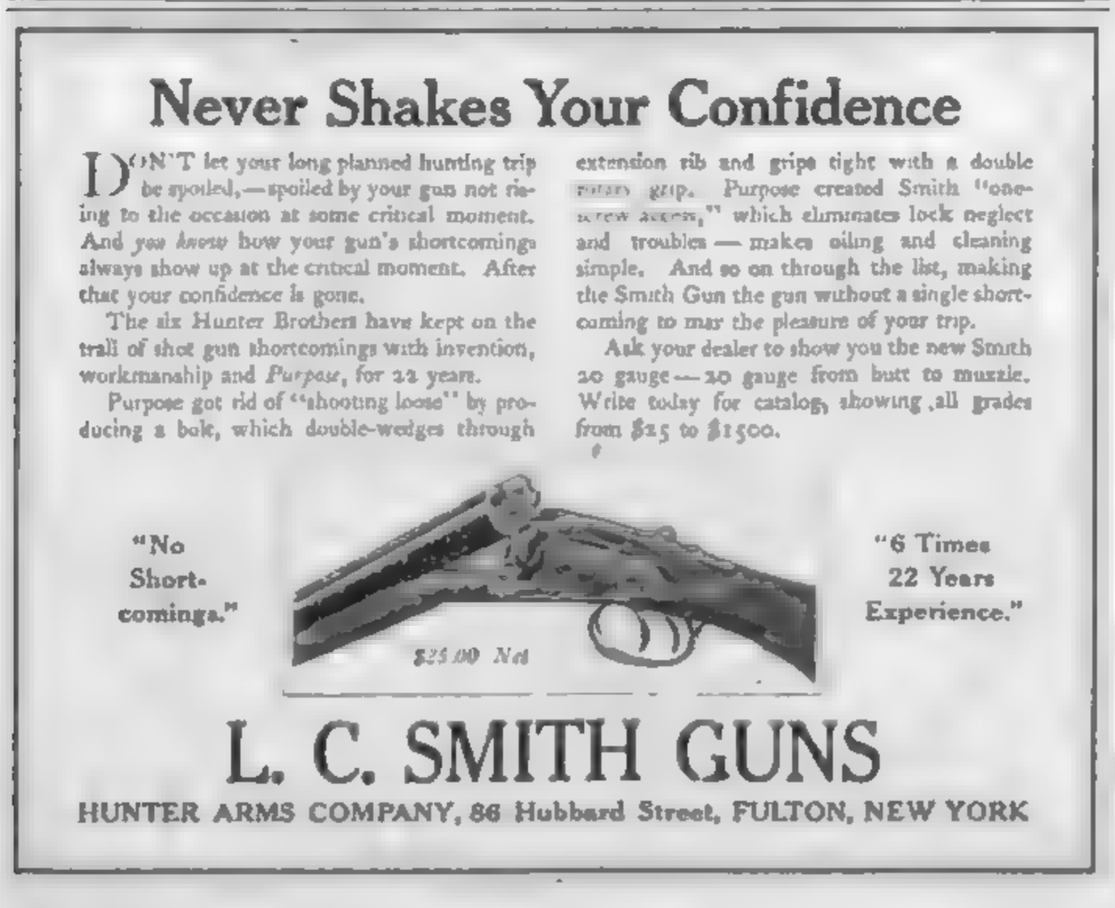
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thought you were a sort of knight among the women. You don't mean to say ——"

Well, it had worked—hadn't it? Yes, sir; I'd fooled him! The girl—she was just settin' and listenin'.

"What?" says I. "I don't get you. I've always felt just like him. You wouldn't hardly think it of him, would you? I didn't till I just surprised it out of him. It wasn't but a couple of days ago I said somethin' to him to josh him about him bein' poked away off here—as nice a man as him—and not havin' brought a wife along with him. Of course I reckoned he'd just whirl in with some of his eternal jokin' about it; but he didn't. No, sir! It sobered him right off. You'd have been surprised. He talked to me just as melancholy. 'No, Billy,' he says to me, 'I couldn't. I never met up with the right girl back East, in the first place; and if I had I wouldn't have dared. Don't it make you feel solemn,' he says to me, 'to think of a man ever havin' the nerve to ask a woman to marry him, us bein' the poor stuff we are and them bein' the like of what they are? Why,' says he, 'the best man that ever lived don't match up with the worst side of the poorest scrub of a woman—let alone a good one.' That's what he said to me. 'They've got us beat four ways, Billy,' says he—'in heart and mind and every other way. It makes me ashamed.' 'Well,' I says to him, 'but ain't you figurin' that you're ever goin' to?' He just shook his head at me. 'Heaven knows, Billy,' he says. 'Mebbe the time'll come when I'll find the right one, so I ain't able to resist any more; but if I ever do,' he says, 'I'm sure goin' to make a queen out of her!' Them's his very words—'a queen!' 'It may never come,' he says. 'I don't deserve to have it come. If it don't, or till it does, the best the like of you and me can do is just to put up a front and bluff it through.' Yes, sir. You wouldn't think it of Frederick Albert, would you now, to look at him?"

I had 'em both listenin' to me, and I couldn't tell to save my life which one of 'em was listenin' the hardest. The Englishman's jaw was droppin' away down and the girl's pretty cheeks was the color of a big bonfire. I certainly did want to laugh; but all I could do was to make my voice sound mournfuller than ever.

"He sure is one deceivin', fine man—little old Frederick Albert is," I says. "It's nothin' against him that he don't know the sheep business."

When I got back home I went straight in and hunted him up. I might as well see it through, mightn't I? He was stuffed back in his bedroom with as much as four days' beard on him and the snap all gone out of him, and lookin' like the last end of a dry summer. It wasn't agreein' with him—havin' convictions wasn't. I went right to it.

"Say," I says to him, "I was over to the Hungerford Ranch for dinner today."

He shut his teeth down on his pipestem and cracked it square in two. He didn't say a word, but he was lookin' at me like a hound that's got a cactus spike in its foot.

"Look here!" says I. "What's the use? Have you been changin' your mind any about that man-and-woman notion of yours?"

It brought him up on his feet, eager.

"What do you mean, Mr. Fortune?" says he. "Tell me what you mean!"

"Because we had a little conversation over there about the same thing," says I, "with me doin' the conversin'. I guess I've fixed it so if you wanted to go over you could go now without riskin' bein' froze to death when you get there."

He come clear over to me and put his hand on my arm.

"Tell me!" says he. "Tell me!"

"I didn't tell her none of your solemn truths," says I. "I lied to her. I told her a real, good, old-fashioned lie—the same old lie they've been listenin' to and believin' in ever since the year one. You can sail in and finish it up now if you want to." And with that I went ahead and told him.

What do you reckon he said to me? He grabbed holt of my hand and commenced to waggle it, with his face breakin' out all over in the rosy grins.

"God bless you, Mr. Fortune!" he says.

Well, what do you think of it, anyway? Which do you reckon is the best way to make all of us the happiest—to try to fool 'em with one of them solemn truths and fall down at it, or to start off with tellin' 'em one of these cheerful lies and then tryin' to live up to it?

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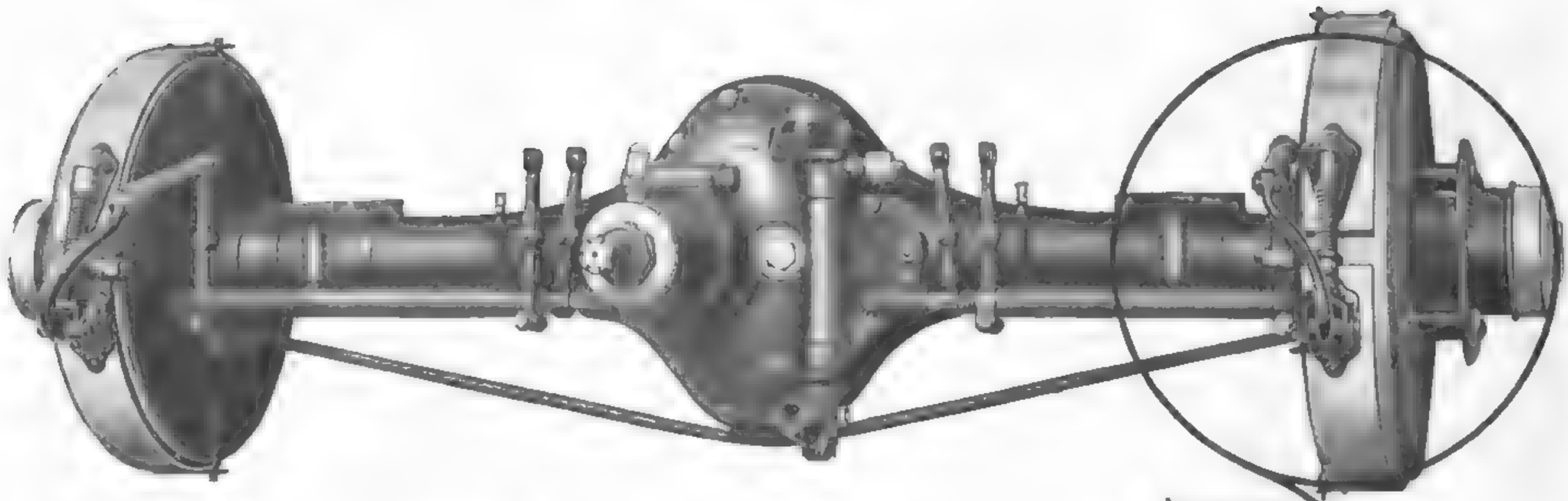

# Like the Jewels in a Watch

So are the bearings in the axles of a motor-car.

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So good bearings are the prime service-essentials in the axles that are to carry you in safety and comfort during the life of your car.

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## BEARINGS & AXLES

### Rear Axle Bearings Must Do Far More Than Cut Down Friction

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*Roller* Bearings do this along the whole length of their rollers.

2. They must stand end-thrust — present at every turn.

*Tapered* Rollers do this because they revolve at an angle to the shaft.

3. At the differential and the driving-pinion they must keep shafts in line and hold gears in perfect mesh as well as carry vertical and end-pressure.

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The Timken-Detroit is built for strength—plenty of strength and then more to make sure—without useless weight.

2. The rear axle is next to the road and gets all the jar and vibration.

This necessitates the careful construction which, in a Timken-Detroit Axle, extends even to the grinding of hundreds of separate pieces of steel to an accuracy of less than the thousandth part of an inch.

3. The rear axle must deliver maximum power from the engine.

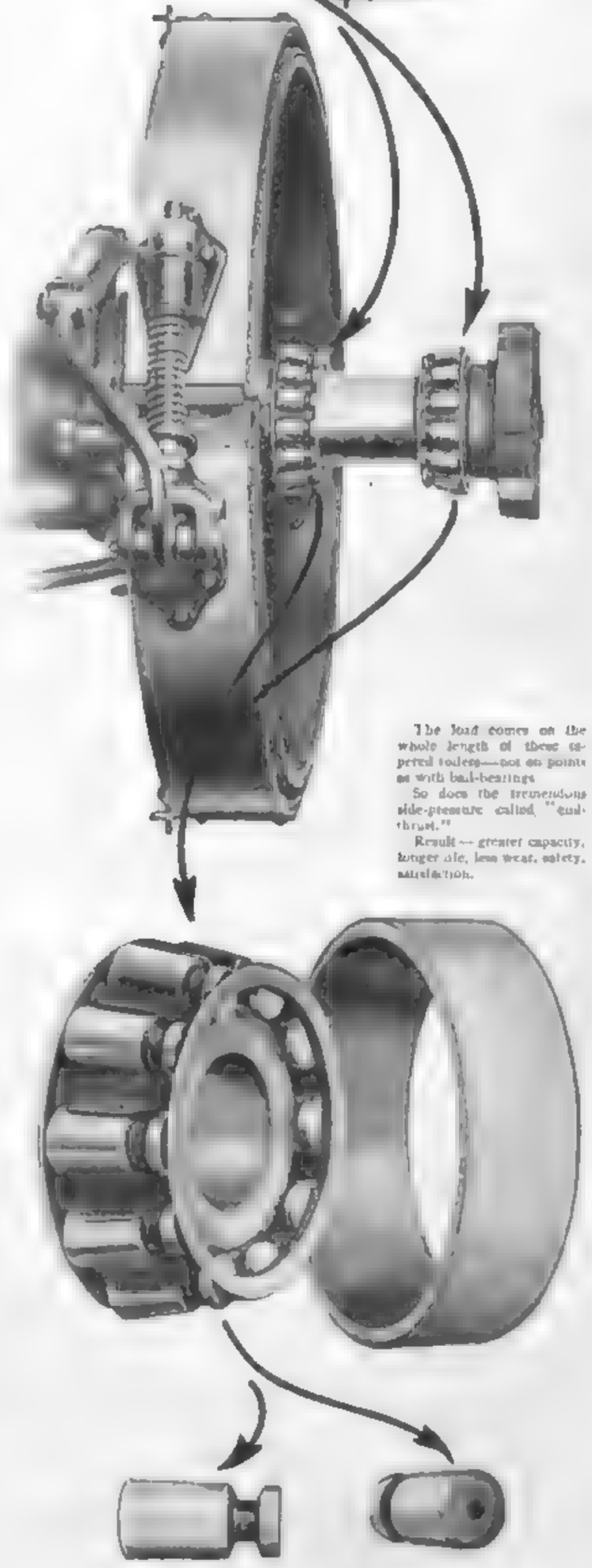
The accuracy of Timken-ground gears; the long life of Timken Bearings; the unit-construction of the entire driving-plant—all work to this result.

4. Through its brakes the rear axle takes up the stresses of stopping the car.

Timken brakes hold like a vise, but stop the car without chatter or jolt.

*No matter how good a rear axle is, it is not good enough without the best bearings.*

You can get the whole story of axle and bearing importance and construction by writing to either address below for the Timken Primers, A-5 "On the Care and Character of Bearings," and A-6 "On the Anatomy of Automobile Axles."



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The tapered rollers are held in position by a pressed steel "cage" and revolve about a hardened steel "cone." This cone has two ribs which keep the rollers in alignment. The very minute wear is therefore uniformly distributed. By advancing the cone in a Timken Bearing, but a little, the wear is wholly corrected. The parts are in the same perfect relationship. The bearing is as good as new.

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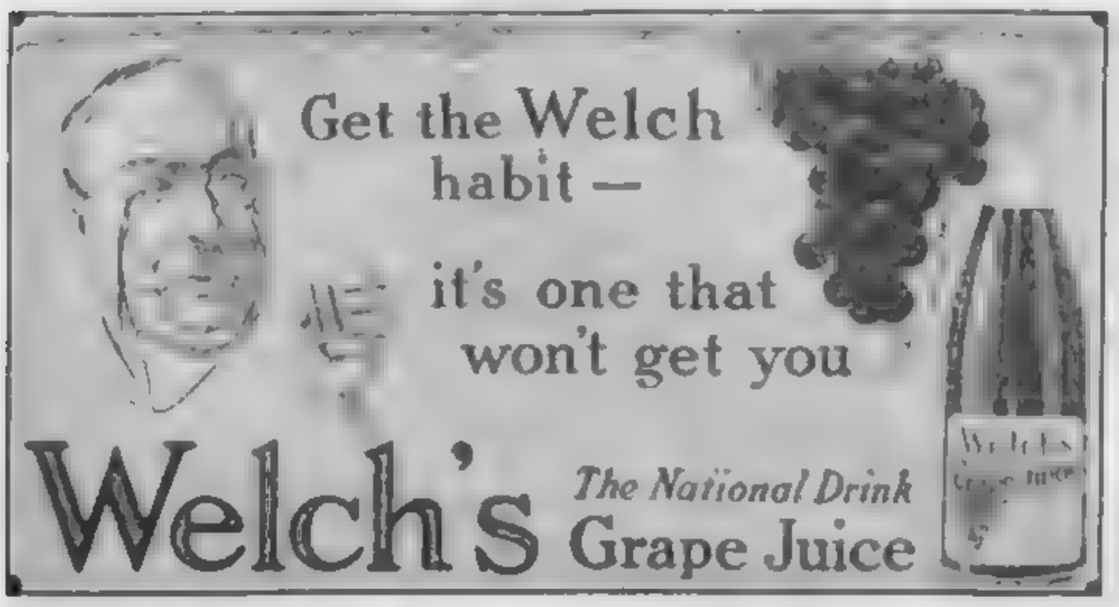



## SUMMER RESOURCES

(Continued from Page 7)

"Well, I wish her luck," said Mrs. Blondheim's sister-in-law.

"I smell fried smelts. Let's go in to lunch."

Mrs. Blondheim stabbed her crochet needle into her spool.

"I usually dip my smelts in breadcrumbs. Have you ever tried them that way, Hanna?"

"Julius don't eat smelts," replied Hanna.

They moved toward the dining room.

Late that afternoon Miss Sternberger and Mr. Arnheim returned from a sail. Their faces were flushed and full of shy, sweet mystery.

"I can't show you the models the way I'd like to, dearie, but I got 'em in colors just like the real thing."

"Oh, Simon, you're doing a thing like this for me without me even asking you!"

His hold of her arm tightened.

"I wouldn't show these here to my own sister before the twenty-fifth of the month. Now you know how you stand with me, little one."

"Oh," she cried, "I'm so excited! It's just like looking behind the scenes in a theayter."

He left her and returned a few moments later with a flat, red-covered portfolio. They sought out an unmolested spot and snuggled in a corner of a plush divan in one of the deserted parlors. He drew back the cover and their heads bent low.

At each turn of the pages she breathed her ecstasy and gave out shrills and calls of admiration.

"Oh, Simon, ain't that pink one a beauty! Ain't that skirt the swellest thing you ever seen!"

"That's the Piquette model, girlie. You and all New York will be buyin' 'em in another month. Ain't it the selectest little thing ever?"

Her face was rapt.

"It's the swellest thing I've ever seen!" she declared. He turned to another plate. "Oh-h-h-h-h!" she cried.

"Ain't that a beauty! That there is going to be the biggest hit I've had yet—watch out for the Phœbe Snow! I've got the original model in my sample trunks. That cutaway effect can't be beat."

"Oh-h-h-h-h!" she repeated. They passed slowly over the gay-colored plates.

"There's that flame-colored one I'd like to see you in."

"Gee!" she said. "There's some class to that."

After a while the book was laid aside and they talked in low, serious tones; occasionally his hand stroked hers.

The afternoon waned; the lobby thinned; dowagers and their daughters asked for room keys and disappeared for siestas and more mysterious processes; children trailed off to rest; the hot land breezes, dry and listless, stirred the lace curtains of the parlor—but they remained on the plush divan, rapt as might have been Paolo and Francesca in their romance-imbued arbor.

"How long will you be down here?" she asked.

"As long as you," he replied, not taking his eyes from her face.

"Honest?"

"Sure; I don't have to get into New York for a week or ten days yet. My season ain't on yet."

She leaned her head against the back of the divan.

"All nice things must end," she said, with the cello note in her voice.

"Oh, I don't know!" he replied with what might have been triple significance.

They finally walked toward the elevator, loath to part for the interim of dressing.

That evening they strolled together on the beach until the last lights of the hotel were blinking out. Then they stole into the semi-dark lobby like thieves—but soft-voiced, joyous thieves. A few straggling couples like themselves came in with the same sheepish but bright-eyed hesitancy. At the elevator Miss Blondheim and Mr. Epstein were lingering over good nights.

The quartet rode up to their respective floors together—the girls regarding each other with shy, happy eyes; the men covering up their self-consciousness with sallies.

"Ain't you ashamed to keep such late hours, Miss Blondheim?" said Mr. Arnheim.

"I don't see no early-to-bed-early-to-rise medals on none of us," she said diffidently.


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**Set Six Screws**
**And See What You Save**

on this settee of Quartered White Oak; shipped in [illegible] freight, etc. Just [illegible] six screws and it's complete. **Your Money Back** if this or any other piece in our big free catalog does not more than please you. Six money saving [illegible] all mailed free. Write today.

Come-Packt Furniture Co., 914 Fernwood Av., Toledo, O

**10 DAYS FREE TRIAL**

We ship on approval without a cent deposit, freight prepaid. DON'T PAY A CENT [illegible] used ten days after using the bicycle 10 days.

**DO NOT BUY** *a bicycle or a pair of tires from anyone* [illegible] until you receive our [illegible] catalog and learn [illegible] of [illegible] and marvelous new offers.

**ONE CENT** is all it will cost you to write a postal and everything will be sent you **free postpaid** by return mail. You will get much valuable information. Do not wait [illegible] know TIRES, Coaster-Brake rear wheels, [illegible]

MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. T-55, Chicago



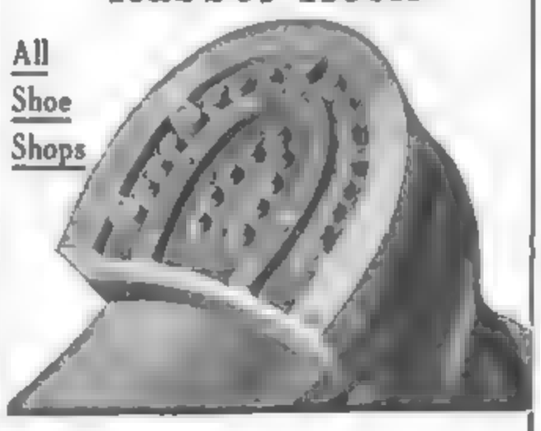
**CHALLENGE**
Brand WATERPROOF
**COLLARS & CUFFS**
*YOU CAN'T TELL THEM FROM LINEN*
SAME DULL FINISH SAME PERFECT FIT
SAME CORRECT STYLE SAME LINEN TEXTURE
*All dealers. Collars 25c. Cuffs 50c. Style Book Free*
The Arlington Company, 725 B'way, N. Y.



**Chewing Gum** Be our exclusive agent in your territory. Clean, profitable business built up quickly with our new brands. Four flavors, novel packages. Write today. **Kalmet Gum Factory**, Cincinnati. We make Vending, Slot, Premium and Special Gums.

## Bailey's "Won't Slip" Rubber Heels

All Shoe Shops



Are made of both *brains* and *rubber*. It's a compound and construction not to be *found* in others.

Made by the Man who knows *how*: the inventor of the Bailey Tread Auto Tires, Crutch Tips and Rubber Brushes, sold throughout the World.

*Thousands* of users have proved this *scientific* construction to be *superior* to *all* others. *Insist on having them and enjoy life.* Dealers, write for prices. At dealers, 50c applied. Mailed 35c. *Send diagram* of the *heel* of your *boot.*

*To you* we will mail a pair on receipt of 25 cents and dealers' names in your town.

C. J. BAILEY & CO., Manufacturers
22 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.



*For Luck Play*

*Roodles*

The most elaborately and artistically designed card game ever published. Each card beautifully illustrated in colors. By the author of Flinch and said to be a better game.

**Great for two players, Still better for more.**

Embodies a combination of luck and skill which delights children and fascinates experts. You'll like Roodles — it's irresistible.

**Of your Dealer, or Postpaid from us 50 cents a Pack**

Write today for sample cards and Rules FREE.

Flinch Card Co., 124 Burdick St., Kalamazoo, Mich.
America's Greatest Game Center

Columbia
Cufturn Shirt
$1.50 & $2.00
Plain or Pleated
A CLEAN CUFF FOR A SOILED CUFF
Ask for COLUMBIA "CUFTURN" SHIRTS
If your dealer cannot supply you write to
NEW COLUMBIA SHIRT CO., 719-721 B'way, New York



**SALESMEN WANTED** A [illegible] successful experience selling exclusively high grade advertising specialties in leather, celluloid, metal and paper, including art calendars, cutouts paster broadly extending its business and invites strictly confidential correspondence with competent men.

AMERICAN ART WORKS, Coshocton, Ohio


"These thummer rethorts sure ain't no plathe for a minithter's thon," said Mr. Epstein.

Laughter.

"Remember, Mr. Arnheim, whoever's up first wait in the leather chair opposite the elevator."

"Sure thing—Miss Sternberger."

Her last glance—full of significance—was for Mr. Arnheim. The floor above he also left the elevator, the smile still on his lips.

Left alone, Mr. Epstein turned to Miss Blondheim.

"Good night, dearie," he whispered, "thweet dreams."

"Good night, Louie," she replied, "same to you."

Mr. Arnheim woke to a scudding rain; his oceanward window-sill was dripping and a great patch of carpet beneath the window was dark and soggy. Downstairs the lobby buzzed with restrained energies; a few venturesome ones in oils and turned-up collars paced the veranda without.

Mr. Arnheim, in his invariable soft collar and shadow-checked suit, skirted the edge of the crowd in matinal ill humor and deposited his room key at the desk. The clerk gave him in return a folded newspaper and his morning mail.

Mr. Arnheim's morning aspect was undeniable. He suggested too generous use of soap and bay rum, and his eyes had not lost the swollen heaviness that comes with too much or too little sleep. He yawned and seated himself in the heavy leather chair opposite the elevator.

His first letter was unstamped and addressed to him on hotel stationery; the handwriting was an unfamiliar backhand and the inclosure brief:

*Dear Mr. Arnheim:* I am very sorry we could not keep our date, but I got a message and I got to go in on the 7:10 train. Hope to see you when I come back.

Sincerely, MYRA STERNBERGER.

Mr. Arnheim replaced the letter slowly in the envelope. There were two remaining—a communication from a cloak-manufacturing firm and a check from a banking house. He read them and placed them in his inside coat pocket. Then he settled the back of his neck against the rim of the chair, crossed one leg over the other, rattled his newspaper open and turned to the stock-market reports.

. . . . . .

One week later Mr. Simon Arnheim, a red portfolio under one arm, walked into the mahogany, green-carpeted, soft-lighted establishment of an importing house on Fifth Avenue.

Mrs. S. S. Schlimberg, senior member, greeted him in her third-floor office behind the fitting rooms.

"Well, well! *Wie geht's*, Arnheim? I thought it was gettin' time for you."

Mr. Arnheim shook hands and settled himself in a chair beside the desk.

"You know you can always depend upon me, Mrs. Schlimberg, to look you up the minnit I get back. Don't I always give you first choice?"

Mrs. Schlimberg weighed a crystal paperweight up and down in her pudgy, ringed hands.

"None of your fancy prices for me this season, Arnheim. There's too many good things lyin' loose. That's why I got my opening a month sooner. I got a designer came in special off her vacation with some good things."

Mr. Arnheim winked.

"Schlim, I got some models here to show you that you can't beat. When you see my samples you'll pay any price."

"I can't pay your fancy prices no more. I paid you too much for that plush fad last winter, and it never was a go."

Mr. Arnheim chuckled.

"When you see a couple of the designs I brought over this trip you'll be willin' to pay me twice as much as for the hobble. Come on—own up, Schlim; you can't beat my styles. Why, you can copy them for your import room and make ninety per cent on any one of 'em!"

"They won't pay the prices, I tell you. Some of my best customers have gone over to other houses for the cheaper goods."

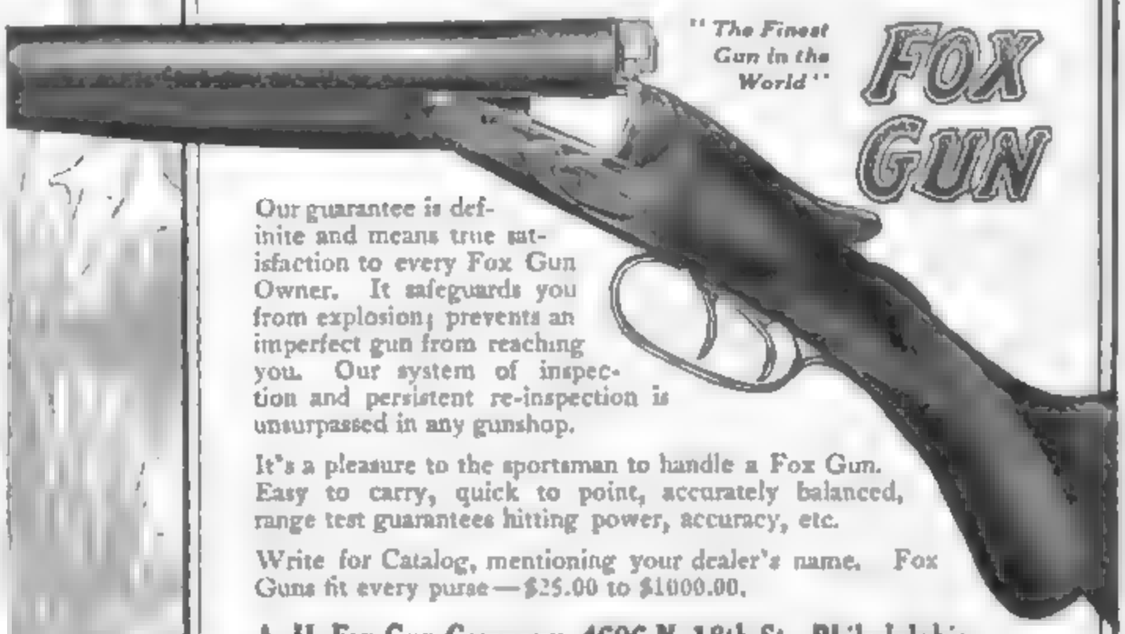
"You can't put over domestic stuff on your trade, Schlim. You might as well admit it. You gotta sting your class of trade in order to have 'em appreciate you."

"Now, just to show you that I know what I'm talking about, Arnheim, I got the best line of new models for this season I've had since I'm in business—every one


# Feathers!

## *A Fox Gets the Game!*

Wouldn't you be proud to own a gun that would keep your hitting average in a healthy lead of your friends? Isn't it mighty fine to feel from your first shot that you carry a guaranteed gun—one that has passed through rigid overcharges and withstood the strain?




Our guarantee is definite and means true satisfaction to every Fox Gun Owner. It safeguards you from explosion; prevents an imperfect gun from reaching you. Our system of inspection and persistent re-inspection is unsurpassed in any gunshop.

It's a pleasure to the sportsman to handle a Fox Gun. Easy to carry, quick to point, accurately balanced, range test guarantees hitting power, accuracy, etc.

Write for Catalog, mentioning your dealer's name. Fox Guns fit every purse—$25.00 to $1000.00.

A. H. Fox Gun Company, 4696 N. 18th St., Philadelphia



First Aid Always,—

# Dioxogen

keeps little hurts from getting big



## *Exasperating — Isn't It?*

THAT rusty pen will stick in the holder, your fingers are sore and you're in a hurry, or perhaps it's a nail in your shoe, a broken umbrella and it looks like rain, a leaky water faucet or gas jet and the plumbing shop is closed, or any of the thousand and one other things that happen every day to everybody. Did it ever occur to you how quickly and easily you could remove that pen from the holder, that nail from your shoe, repair the umbrella and fix the water faucet and gas jet with a Utica Plier? Do you know that a Utica Plier occupies the relative position among tools that the hand does to the body? It has fingers of steel that will do many things the hand lacks the power to do.

UTICA

**PLIERS**

for

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|---|---|
| Householders | Linemen |
| Mechanics of all kinds | Autoists |
| | Aviators |
| Jewelers | Milliners |
| Electricians | Weavers |
| Plumbers | Everybody |

Get a Utica Plier to-day at your hardware or electrical supply store and if you are "Dissatisfied for any reason, we will cheerfully replace your plier with a new one or refund your money," a guarantee with no strings to it. If your dealer cannot or will not supply you, send us his name and $1.00 and we will send you, post-paid, one of our No. 700-7 pliers, "The most useful tool in the world."

We will mail to any address on request a copy of our Plier Palmistry which illustrates THE QUALITY LINE of nippers and pliers. A post-card will bring it to you. "Don't take a just as good." "There are none."

THE UTICA DROP FORGE & TOOL CO., 800 Whitesboro Street, Utica, N. Y.

# BEECH-NUT PEANUT BUTTER

WHY are children so "wild" for Beech-Nut Peanut Butter? Because the child's nature craves it, and the child demands it.

The aroma and flavor of peanuts when fresh roasted are delicious. Beech-Nut Airlem-Sealing keeps that elusive flavor in "full cry" till you pry off the lid of the Beech-Nut glass jar.

It's just peanuts and salt ground to a creamy, golden brown butter. Eat it like jam or jelly. Great for children after school. Very nourishing. Try a 15c jar from your grocer *today*. But be sure it's Beech-Nut brand.

**Made by the makers of famous Beech-Nut Bacon. Visit the clean, sunny Beech-Nut plant in the picturesque Mohawk Valley.**
BEECH-NUT PACKING COMPANY, CANAJOHARIE, N. Y.

*ORIGINAL—GENUINE*

# HORLICK'S

**Delicious, Invigorating**
**MALTED MILK**
The Food-Drink for all ages.
Better than Tea or Coffee.
Keep it on your sideboard at home.

Rich milk and malted-grain extract, in powder. A quick lunch.

*Avoid Imitations—Ask for "HORLICK'S"—Everywhere*

$1.00 PER SECTION Without Door — On Approval, Freight Paid — $1.75 With Door

# Lundstrom

IT GROWS WITH YOUR LIBRARY
SECTIONAL BOOKCASE

**Endorsed "THE BEST" by Over Fifty Thousand Users**

M[illegible] *as few sections as you like*, and [illegible] *guaranteed* to be as good as you can buy at *any price*. They have *non-binding, disappearing glass doors* and are highly finished in SOLID GOLDEN OAK—other styles and finishes at correspondingly low prices. *Send at once for our handsome Catalog No. 25.*

THE C. J. LUNDSTROM MFG. CO., Little Falls, N. Y.
Manufacturers of Sectional Bookcases and Filing Cabinets
Branch Office: Flatiron Bldg., New York City

## *The High School Left-Tackle*

and his team-mates don't play the game in pick-up uniforms. They wear cleated shoes, cane-ribbed trousers and padded jerseys—and they play with the regulation Rugby ball. If you are "going-out" for the team you can secure these articles *free of charge*—you can take your choice of over five hundred other prizes—and you can earn the money you want at the same time. Let us tell you about it.

*SALES DIVISION*

***The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia***


of them domestics too. I'm puttin' some housework in the import room today that will open your eyes."

Mr. Arnheim laughed and opened his portfolio.

"I'll show you these till my trunks come up," he said.

"Just a minute, Arnheim. I want to show you some stuff—Miss Sternberger!" Mrs. Schlimberg raised her voice slightly: "Miss Sternberger!"

Almost immediately a svelte, black-gowned figure appeared in the doorway; she wore her hair oval about her face, like a Mona Lisa, and her hands were long and the dusky white of ivory.

"Mr. Arnheim, I want to introduce you to a designer we've got since you went away. Mr. Arnheim—Miss Sternberger."

The whir of sewing machines from the workrooms cut the silence.

"How do you do?" said Miss Sternberger.

"How do you do?" said Mr. Arnheim.

"Miss Sternberger is like you, Mr. Arnheim—she's always out after novelties; and I will say for her she don't miss out! She put out a line of uncut velvets last winter that was the best sellers we had."

Mr. Arnheim bowed. Mrs. Schlimberg turned to Miss Sternberger.

"Miss Sternberger, will you bring in some of those new models that are going like hot cakes?"

"Certainly." She disappeared from the doorway.

Mrs. Schlimberg tapped her forefinger on the desk.

"There's the finest little designer we've ever had! I got her off a Philadelphia house and I ain't never regretted the money I'm payin' her. She's done more for the house in eight months than Miss Isaacs did in ten years!"

Miss Sternberger returned; a stockboy wheeled in the new models on wooden figures while Mrs. Schlimberg and her new designer arranged them for display. Mrs. Schlimberg turned to Mr. Arnheim.

"How's the wife and boys, Arnheim? I ain't seen 'em since you brought 'em all in to see the Labor Day parade from the store windows last fall. Them's fine boys you got there, Arnheim!"

"Thanks," said Arnheim.

"Now, Arnheim, I'm here to ask you if you can beat these. Look at that there peachbloom Piquette—look! Can you beat it! That there's the new butterfly skirt—just one year ahead of anything that's being shown this season."

Mrs. Schlimberg turned to a second model.

"Look at this here ratine cutaway. If the Phœbe Snow ain't the talk of New York before next week, then I don't know my own name. Ain't it so, Miss Sternberger?"

Miss Sternberger ran her smooth hand over the lace shoulder of the gown.

"This is a great seller," she replied, smiling at Mr. Arnheim. "Lillian Russell is going to wear it in the second act of her new play when she opens tomorrow night."

"I guess we're slow in here," chuckled Mrs. Schlimberg, nudging Mr. Arnheim with the point of her elbow.

Miss Sternberger spread the square train of a flame-colored robe full length on the green carpet and drew back a corner of the hem to display the lacy avalanche beneath. Then she bowed slightly and turned toward the door.

Mrs. Schlimberg laid a detaining hand on her sleeve.

"Just a minute, Miss Sternberger—Mr. Arnheim's brought in some models he wants us to look at."

## *Poor Arithmetic*

ONE way that many business men deceive themselves is by putting a high-altitude mark on the item of good-will. If a man runs behind in his business a thousand dollars the first year it is convenient to calculate his good-will at two thousand dollars; then he tells his friends he has done very well, thank you—a thousand dollars to the good and all expenses paid. That's very well for the first year; but he needs a little more capital. Along comes a chap with five thousand dollars in cash that his father left him; he hears about the fine opportunity and hastens to get a grip on it before somebody snatches it away. Neither of these men stands much chance of success. The first is inflating his business with disaster, and the second hasn't learned how to subtract.


**This pencil saves you time and money**

Yes, *yours*. And no matter whether you are an employer or employee. No whittling. No waiting. No soiled fingers. No broken points. Just nick the paper, and pull. There's your new point. All in 5 seconds.

There's a *Blaisdell* for every use. And each is the *best-quality pencil that can be made*. Ask your stationer for the particular *Blaisdell* you want. Try 202 for general use. And be sure it has the *Blaisdell* name on it.

**Blaisdell Paper Pencil Co.**
Philadelphia

*Blaisdell* Paper Pencils

**"Handy as a Pocket in a Shirt"**

Everybody has to "pry into things" occasionally [illegible] they need [illegible] Household Utility Tool to [illegible] has the most useful features of a nail hammer and puller, crate opener and ice pick, and, besides, does a score of odd jobs that can't be catalogued.

**BONNER**
**HOUSEHOLD UTILITY TOOL**

is a sturdy little helper of fine quality steel and well tempered. Drop [illegible] well organized house [illegible] other necessary hardware [illegible] Ask your dealer and don't [illegible] his name and we will ship tool, prepaid, upon receipt of price.

C. E. BONNER MFG. COMPANY, Champaign, Ill.
[illegible]

**Trade Marks an Asset — ?**

The Trade Mark not fully protected is anything but an asset—it's a big risk. Market your goods under a name or design that can be protected. Don't take a chance of having your popularized trade-marked goods confused with inferior articles. Learn about the expert service we offer you. Write us today for complete information. We will send you a copy of the U. S. Law and sample copy of The Trade Mark News, our monthly publication invaluable to every brand user. *BOTH FREE!* Protect your own interests—write us *today!*

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"Marks of Trade That Stand for Grade"

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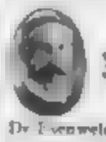
You are no greater [illegible] than your memory. Send today for my free book "How to Remember"—Faces, Names, Studies—Develops Will, Concentration, Self-Confidence, Conversation, Public Speaking, Address.
DICKSON MEMORY SCHOOL, 932 Auditorium Bldg., Chicago

**LADY WANTED**

[illegible] required. New Fall; [illegible] free. Standard Dress Goods Co., Desk 70 K, Binghamton, N. Y.



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A course of forty lessons in the history, form, [illegible] Short Story [illegible]
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THE HOME CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL
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25 years' experience without loss of a dollar. Illustrated booklet and reference on request.
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# *Self* AMERICAN UNDERSLUNG *Starting*

**NET SALES GAIN 194% over corresponding 11 months of previous year.**

**The American Scout (Type 22A)—$1475**

**Fully Equipped**

Strictly a two-passenger car. Motor, four cylinders, 3-in. stroke, 3¾-in. bore. Wheel base 105 inches; tires 36x3½-inch; front and rear on Q. D. demountable rims.

**NOT SILENT but "a sound so faint one can scarce distinguish it from silence."**

THE AMERICAN SCOUT is the world's motor car *unique*. It is a rare combination of the best and choicest of everything. It has beauty and strength, power and grace, comfort and charm, all harmoniously rolled into one of the most exquisite little motor cars the world has yet produced. It is an exceptional car. And yet, instead of being exceptionally high priced, it is unusually low priced.

In action this car is a perfect wonder. On "high" it throttles down to a slow, steady gait. Instantly it will jump to 40 miles an hour without the least bit of effort. It fairly sails—smoothly, swiftly and sweetly—while you hear nothing but a gentle, faint hum, to remind you of the fact that beneath the graceful hood is abundant power.

Unlike the average car of short wheel base, it rides beautifully. No jarring or jolting. No quivering or shaking. Not a particle of vibration. Just lots of comfort and loads of ease. There is an indescribable and fascinating charm in the "American Scout" which has never before been attained in any automobile short of the immense touring cars.

The "Scout," like all of our models, is built on the famous "American Underslung" principle, which makes possible additional safety, economy and comfort.

The low center of gravity means *safety* and added comfort.

The straight line drive means *less wasted power.*

The larger wheels mean easier riding, tire economy and *maximum road clearance.*

The "American Underslung" frame permits the direct and practical introduction of all these distinct and exclusive advantages.

The "Scout" is priced at $1475 and comes fully equipped. All of this equipment is listed above. The "American Underslung" accessories for 1913 are the very finest made.

This car is being made in a very limited quantity. We advise you to see the "American" dealer in your locality just as quickly as possible. It will insure you of an early and prompt delivery. Make it a point to enjoy a "Scout" demonstration. It will certainly be worth while.

We will be glad to send you a 1913 catalog on request to our factory. Address Dept. J.

**The "American Traveler" (Type 56A) Fully Equipped—$4500**

Six passengers. Motor, four cylinders, 5½ in bore, 5 [illegible] Wheel base 140 inches, 41x4½ inch tires front and rear on demountable rims

**The "American Tourist" (Type 34A) Fully Equipped—$2350**

Four passengers. Motor [illegible] Wheel base 118 inches [illegible], front and rear on Q D demountable rims

# American Motors Company

**Indianapolis, Indiana**

# How A Hoosier Cabinet Solves Your Problem Of Kitchen Work

You take miles of steps in your kitchen every day. You walk from table to sink, from table to stove, to refrigerator, to dining room and to cellar.

Every extra step takes time—one to two hours every day.

You save these countless steps with a Hoosier Cabinet. It groups everything you need in one spot around a big table covered with pure aluminum. The Hoosier gives you an ideal kitchen.

## Your Time is Worth Too Much to Waste

Do you realize what such convenience would mean to you? The added enjoyment; the fresher afternoon clothes; better health; less dependence on costly kitchen help; more reading; sewing; calls on friends; church; walks and rides out of doors. An endless chain of things worth while—ready for you with the extra hour or two the Hoosier Cabinet offers you.

You will get the same enjoyment out of owning a Hoosier Cabinet that an efficient engineer gets from a perfect new tool. You will find delight in your own greater efficiency; in your ability to do better work with less effort; in the easy system which suddenly makes itself part of your kitchen work, in the compact completeness with which the Hoosier Cabinet places everything within easy reach.

Wait for the first day when you are ready to clean the cabinet. See then how easily you can take it apart from top to bottom, roll it in front of an open door or window if you like, and let sunshine and fresh air into every corner. You will be glad a hundred times a day that you own this wonderful, simple, labor-saving machine—the Hoosier Cabinet.

The Hoosier
Saves Miles of Steps

## Delivered for $1.00 on the Club Plan—Number Limited

The last barrier to your owning a genuine Hoosier Cabinet is removed by the great Hoosier Club Plan. Now you can join the vast army of half a million Hoosier Cabinet owners on payment of just a single dollar.

Join now. Act quickly. The number of Hoosier Cabinets is limited

### Here is the Club Plan in Detail

FIRST.—The "Hoosier Club Plan" is held in each town [illegible]. The low price is fixed by us everywhere to give you full benefit of low cost from enormous manufacture. You pay not a penny extra to join the club.

SECOND.—Your Hoosier Cabinet is delivered immediately after the club opens in your town, provided you have paid the Hoosier agent merely your membership fee of $1.00. Balance is due in a few small weekly payments of $1.00.

### Will You Be a Hoosier Member?

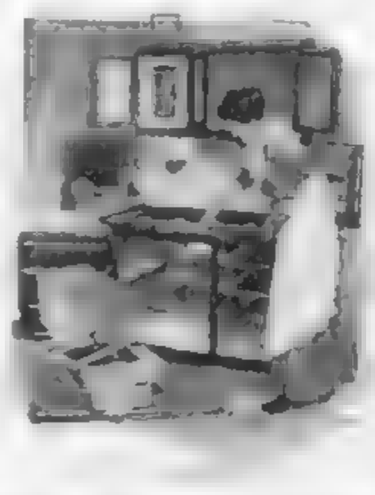
THIRD.—Owing to the enormous demand this season we recommend that you go to the Hoosier agent immediately and enroll your name now. In many towns the entire club will be enrolled in advance. Those who are too late may have to wait six months.

FOURTH.—The Hoosier Cabinet fall model 1912 is [illegible]. Don't fail to go to the store of the Hoosier agent. Investigate and compare at your leisure the "genuine" Hoosier. Be absolutely certain your cabinet is a "genuine" Hoosier.

## How This Woman Solved Her Kitchen Problem

A woman who bought a Hoosier Cabinet put 50 pounds of flour in the metal bin; she put her sugar in the hygienic (approved) rust-proof metal sugar bin; she filled the ten glass jars with spices, and fitted on the aluminum lids; her tea and coffee she put in air-tight glass jars; the big, crystal glass salt box she filled ready for instant use; she stored a hundred dishes and more than 40 packages in the dish cupboard; her rolling pin was in front of her; below were racks filled with lids; a cupboard of 12,000 cubic inches filled with pots and pans; a large metal bread and cake box thoroughly ventilated; her linen went into one drawer, cutlery into another

Her Hoosier dial-faced want list helped her keep her kitchen stock complete. She pulled out the sliding Hoosier table of pure aluminum, sat down on her handy stool in front of the Hoosier and prepared her family meal almost without a step. The kitchen looked neat and tidy. Everything was put in its



place as soon as used. After dinner the dishes were cleared away so quickly that she had practically her entire afternoon and evening free.

## 3000 Hoosier Agents

*Good Men to Know*

There is *one* Hoosier agent (*only one*) in nearly every town big enough to have a furniture store. The Hoosier agent is a reliable furniture merchant. He believes in high quality and low prices. You will see this blue and white sign in his window.

HOOSIER KITCHEN CABINETS

## Accept "Model Kitchen Book" Free

Sign This Coupon

Good for one "Model Kitchen Book;" tells how to arrange your kitchen to save steps; how to have meals ready on time; how to improve an old kitchen; how to work sitting down; a hundred facts about the famous Hoosier Cabinet and where you can get it on the club plan; 25 illustrations. Yours free. Sign and mail this coupon right away.

*(Your Name)* _____

*(Your Address)* _____

**The Hoosier Manufacturing Company**

129 Sidney Street, New Castle, Ind.

Branch, Mezzanine Floor Pacific Bldg., San Francisco. Sold also throughout Canada


Mens "Ease"

A MOST COMFORTABLE every-day shoe for the out-door worker; also for the in-door man when on out-door pleasure bent. You will find them all that an every-day shoe should be. Neat stylish lasts, fit like a glove, comfortable all the day long, and full of service. Made also in the "American Boy" for boys. *Name always on sole and yellow label.*

Mens "Ease"
—illustrated—
7-Inch Boot Good year Sewed Sole
$5.50

"American Boy"
1 to 5½—$4.00
10 to 13½—$3.50

CATALOG "C" illustrates all heights Mens "Ease" and "American Boy"

Mens "Ease" and "American Boy" are cut from Mens "Ease" Special Elk Tannage, the best wearing upper ever put in a shoe, still it's as soft as a glove and always stays soft.

WRITE FOR CATALOG "C" containing a sample of Mens "Ease" Elk. We probably have a dealer near you, but if we haven't we can introduce the shoes direct to you from our factory at regular retail prices, delivery prepaid.

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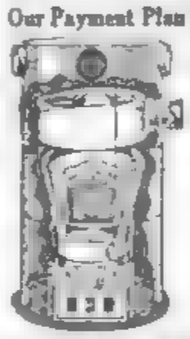
Save ⅓ to ½ on Fuel Bills

Our Payment Plan Makes it Easy for You to Purchase a



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# THE RADICAL COAST

(Continued from Page 4)

give Taft enough votes. This former big majority—of about two to one—was attained by the Republicans without the aid of the women. Also, Poindexter, as a Progressive, carried the state two to one over standpat opposition when he ran for the Senate. The women are supposed to be progressive in their general tendencies. Taft has not much support among them. There is an enterprising woman's organization for Wilson, which claims the bulk of the female vote—and has considerable basis for the claim, also, it may be said.

There already has been some wrangling among the Progressives, and there is bound to be more; but when things are composed and differences settled, in so far as they can be, this situation will be found to exist: Roosevelt will get far more Republican votes than Taft, provided, of course, the Roosevelt movement continues as ardently as it began. Wilson will give Roosevelt a close race. It is practically certain that one or the other of these candidates will carry the state, but it is too early as yet to say which one. If the Roosevelt movement keeps its stride Wilson will be aided by a lot of votes in Washington that in settled times would rightfully go to Taft. If The Colonel begins to look formidable as a candidate the Taft men will go to Wilson in greater numbers than otherwise, for the one thing the Taft men in Washington, as elsewhere, do not intend to allow, if they can prevent it, is the election of Roosevelt.

Oregon was the first Progressive state in the Far West, but Oregon has been Republican in national issues and in general tendencies. Oregon stood firm in the free-silver days of 1896, due largely to the efforts of the late Harvey W. Scott, editor of the Oregonian. Still the Oregon Republicans have made a lot of advanced laws, particularly election laws, and have ranged in their theories all the way from rank populism to hidebound conservatism.

Roosevelt carried the Oregon primaries previous to the Republican National Convention, and had the Oregon delegation. The old-time Republican machine in that state has lost power and effectiveness. It was done for by the primary law. Still there are a great many old-timers left in Oregon, and they never will be reconciled to the new order. They were for Taft naturally, not because they cared particularly for Taft, but because Taft was regular. They were beaten in the primaries, but that doesn't mean there are not many conservative Republicans in Oregon. As is the case in many of the Progressive states, the conservatives in Oregon are most conservative. They deplore conditions, see disaster, and froth at the mouth at the mention of Roosevelt's name.

### *Oregon's Political Pulse*

There isn't a chance that Taft can carry Oregon. He is out of the question, and will remain so in about any contingency that can be imagined, unless that contingency comprises the total collapse of the Roosevelt movement and the breaking down of Wilson's campaign. As in Washington, the fight in Oregon is between Roosevelt and Wilson, with the long end of it at the present time favoring Wilson, not because the Progressives in Oregon are not for Roosevelt, but because the old guard, the standpatters, having been deprived of their power and patronage and perquisites by the new laws relating to primaries and elections, are desperately sore and intend to take no chances. They would like to vote for Taft, but the situation at home is intolerable already to men who believe as they do, and they do not intend, if they can help it, to have it rubbed into them again by giving the Progressives a chance to carry the state for Roosevelt. So they are preparing to vote for Wilson in large numbers.

Taft's majority in Oregon in 1908 was less than 25,000, while Roosevelt's majority in 1904 was almost 43,000, so it will be seen how much of a job these old-line Republicans have let themselves in for, inasmuch as the Democratic vote has fluctuated from 17,000 in 1904 to 46,000 in 1906, when a Democratic governor was elected, and back to 38,000 against Mr. Taft in 1908. Moreover, to show the variable sentiment of the state, Oregon recently defeated Senator Jonathan Bourne in the primaries, who has always called himself a Progressive, and selected as the Republican nominee a quite regular citizen named Selling to run against the Democrat.

The continuity of sentiment rests largely with the old-line Republicans. They continue consistently sore and revengeful, and they have no hope of doing anything for Taft. Thus they intend to do what they can to Roosevelt. The Democrats have never had much of an organization, but they are perky and hopeful, and are helping along the anti-Roosevelt sentiment among the old-guard Republicans in every way they can. Bourne, it is announced, may decide to run for senator independently. He has already been nominated for that place by a convention in one of the counties, which is permissible under the Oregon law, although he will not be able, if he does run, to use the word Republican on his ticket and in his party designation. The Oregonian, the great organ of the old guard, is strongly for Taft and against Roosevelt, and the Oregon Journal enthusiastically for Wilson.

Considered progressively, on past performances, it would seem that Roosevelt has a good chance in Oregon, but past performances do not count for much in Oregon. It is quite likely that if Roosevelt seems capable of carrying the state the Taft men may go over to Wilson in large enough numbers to make the result very close. That must develop. The situation now is that Roosevelt and Wilson will fight for the state; that at present Wilson has the better chance, and that according to present indications Taft has no chance at all. Taft may improve. Certainly there is room for it.

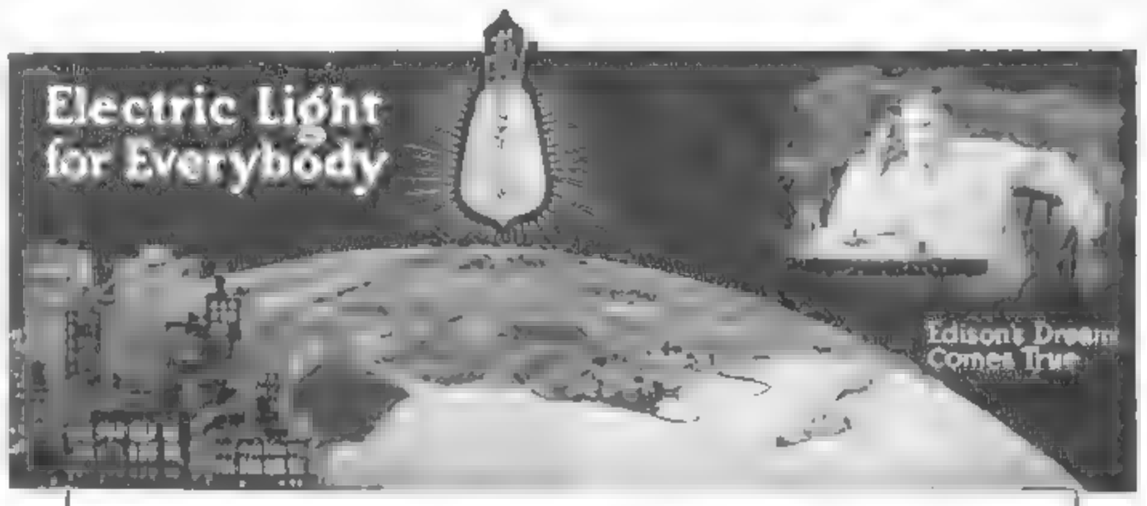
### *California's Candidates*

On public political form Theodore Roosevelt will carry California, which is normally a Republican state, and in this election will have enough women voting to increase the total vote from about four hundred thousand to double that, if not more, together with the increase in population in the past four years. Roosevelt swept the state in the primaries preceding the Chicago Republican Convention. Hiram W. Johnson, who is the governor of the state and a big political factor, is the candidate for vice-president with Roosevelt, and Johnson has a political machine that is as powerful as the old machine Johnson wrecked when he won his election. California is radical. Johnson is more radical than his state. The combination, on public form, as I said, makes California seem the one certain state for Roosevelt.

But the same situation exists in California that exists in Oregon and Washington. There are a lot of Republicans who are not Roosevelt Republicans or Progressives or Johnsonites. They are just Republicans, believing in a protective tariff and other Republican principles, and they have but one set idea politically. They hate Johnson and they hate Roosevelt, and they intend to do what they can to defeat them both. They have figured it out that the way to do this is not to try to elect Taft or to carry the state for Taft, but to vote for Wilson. That is, this is the view of a large number of them. Of course there are many men who will vote for Taft as regular Republicans, not hoping to save him, but thinking to preserve their political faith with themselves. Others—and these include a large number of Republicans in San Francisco and the northern end of the state—will, as I said, go the extreme limit and vote for Wilson. This will be so if Johnson controls the convention that shall name the electors and these Republicans have no electors to vote for but Roosevelt electors, although there will be a fight in the courts before this is managed.

Johnson isn't so popular now as he was when he carried the state triumphantly on the wave: Down with Southern Pacific domination! But he is tremendously popular nevertheless. He is criticised for being a boss and for playing politics; but all that aside, Johnson is a big, forceful, fighting person, and he has enormous strength in California.

The business interests of San Francisco will deprecate the election of Roosevelt. To that end the said business interests, in good part, will vote either against Roosevelt and Johnson or for Wilson. There are a few people who think Taft may squeeze through, but if there is one place in the country where the squeezing through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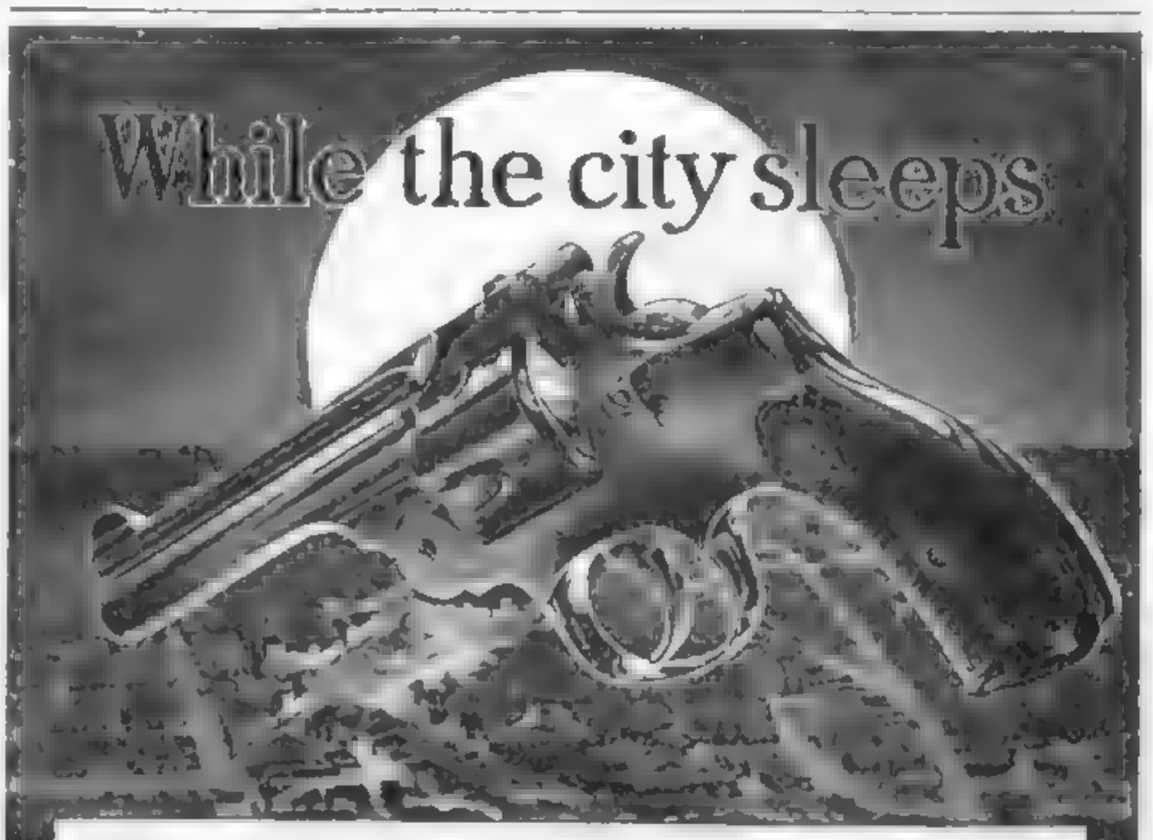


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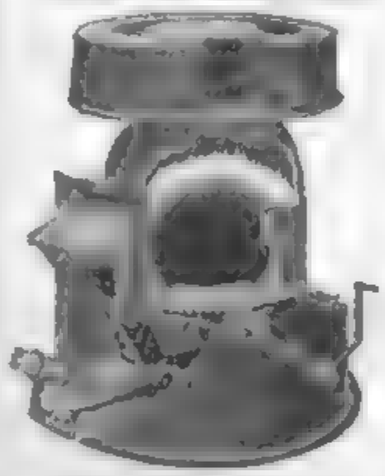

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facilities for Taft seem more restricted than in another, that place is California. Always mindful of the political miracle that may happen; always regardful of the possible failure of the Roosevelt campaign to stand up under its own weight, to keep its stride; always cognizant of the unexpected, and in full knowledge that what seemed apparent in August may be absurd in November, the political conditions in San Francisco and the northern end of California are brighter for Roosevelt than for Wilson, while in the southern part they give Roosevelt a distinct advantage.

The nomination of Governor Johnson for vice-president with Roosevelt helped Roosevelt, especially in Southern California. Johnson is strong there. Also the original California Progressives live there. The movement that resulted in the overthrow of Southern Pacific Railroad domination of the politics of California really began in Los Angeles, although there had been many other attempts at it originating in other parts of the state. It was in Los Angeles that the Progressives had their first city victory and perfected the organization that grew into the Lincoln-Roosevelt league that triumphed in the election of Johnson as governor.

Los Angeles is a Republican city—or was—and so was the populous territory surrounding it; but Los Angeles took up Progressivism a number of years ago, and that city is now radical in its tendencies. Though Taft and the Standpat Republicans have some strength, they are weak when compared to Roosevelt and Wilson. The Taft Republicans in Southern California, like those in the northern part of the state, are at present declaring they will vote for Wilson, even if they should have a chance to vote for Taft, which they may not have. There are numerous Socialists in the southern end of the state. These have a candidate for president, but many of them intend to vote for Wilson. They are generally of the section of the party known as Social Democrats, and they say they intend to see whether Wilson will really be the type of president they think he will be.

### *A Chance for the Emancipated*

The women of California, who are entitled to vote and who are registered in great numbers, decided at a non-partisan meeting held some time ago not to urge women candidates for any of the important state offices. All the women—Taft, Roosevelt and Wilson sympathizers, Prohibitionists and the non-partisan element—decided that it is too early for the women to demand office, and they will keep off the ticket. This does not prevent their taking a most lively interest in the election. Each candidate has active organization support among the women. The Democratic women have a state-wide organization in process of formation, which will have county central committees and precinct organization in every county. The Roosevelt women are active also and the Taft women getting ready. In a general sense the women divide politically about as the men do. That is, there are more Republican women in California, using the broad party designation, than there are Democratic women, and far more Roosevelt women than there are Taft women among the Republicans. The Clark women have been mollified and are now for Wilson.

The women will have a large part in settling the vote of California, and it is probable that more of them will vote for Roosevelt than for any of the other candidates. As this is written, California seems most likely to be for Roosevelt.

Thus, with three candidates in the field, so far as the Pacific Coast states are concerned, the fight is between Roosevelt and Wilson, with Taft holding the third position. There is no doubt that large numbers of men who in usual circumstances would vote for Taft will vote for Wilson, if what they term the Roosevelt menace becomes really menacing. If they think there is a chance Roosevelt may win they will surely vote for Wilson. Many of them will do so, anyhow, just to make the rebuke to Roosevelt stronger. No matter what happens there is small consolation in the situation for Mr. Taft, unless the Roosevelt campaign bogs down entirely, and a considerable amount of cheerful anticipation for Mr. Wilson. That is how it seems so far as the Pacific Coast is concerned, in these early days of August, just after the Bull Moose party has nominated.

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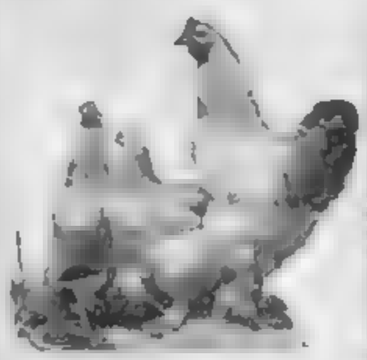
## $13,400.31 on the Side



Mr. F. H. Dunlap of West Salisbury, N. H., in the past twenty-five years has cleared $13,400.31 from hens. This is a remarkable record, when it is known that Mr. Dunlap is employed ten hours a day in a store and all the time he has spent in attending to his hens was what he could get morning, noon and night. This $13,400.31 was all made on the side. Besides Mr. Dunlap's get fancy prices for what he has to sell. He ships to Boston and [illegible] current quotations from the commission men there. Mr. Dunlap began in 1887 with twenty hens. In 1910 [illegible] he had cleared $11,000.00 and [illegible] Mr. Dunlap's book tells [illegible] how he did it. It tells about the boys to [illegible] and keep them on the farm by making it pay. Can it be done? Sure thing, says Mr. Dunlap, if they will [illegible] the poultry business. The story of Mr. Dunlap's success is told in the book "Side-Line Poultry Keeping," a statement of a store [illegible] the world over and make one resolve to get next to a $600,000,000 spent in the United States each year for poultry and eggs.

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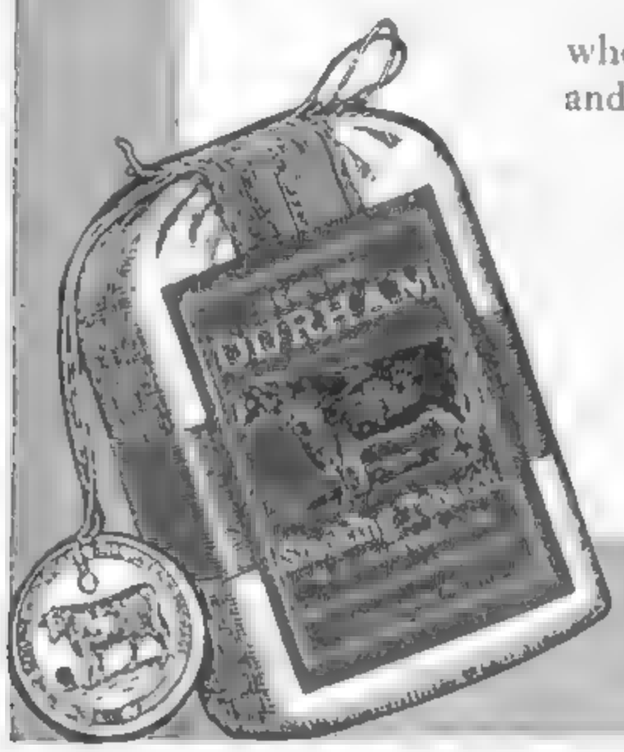


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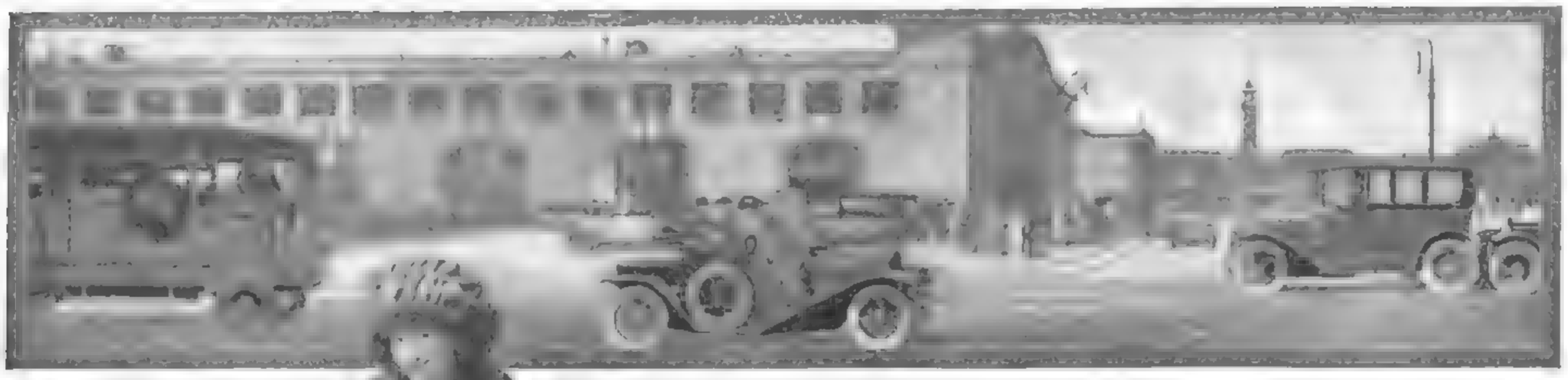

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Mennen's Shaving Cream makes a lather which requires *no "rubbing in"* to soften the beard. You *lather* and then you shave. *Saves time,* and does away with tender faces.

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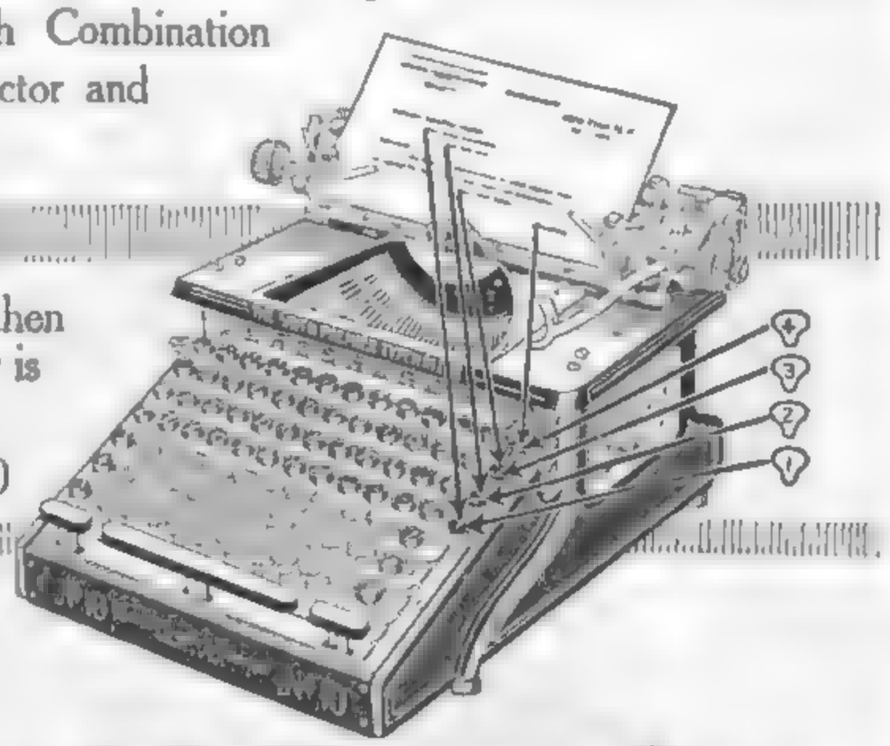


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# SENSE AND NONSENSE

### *Flying in the Future*

THE other day a solid business man of Chicago—a common-sense-looking man with whiskers and a million dollars or so—lost his afternoon train to his country place at Lake Geneva, a hundred miles across the country. He only smiled and telephoned for his airship. In due time he climbed aboard with his aviator and reached Lake Geneva in time for dinner. This same solid business man has been up very many times. Indeed, he has practically abandoned street cars and automobiles as a means of getting to his country club. He flies there. This is almost literally an accurate statement. It removes one more excuse for being late to dinner.

There are a great many solid business men in many cities who are going in for flying—not as a fad, not as a matter of cheap bravado, not as a matter of social distinction, but as actual sport; and it is probably true at this stage of the flying game that aviation should be recognized seriously as a sport, if nothing more.

It is a sport plus something else that no other sport has ever had. The Aero Club of Chicago, for instance, is simply a long list of well-known business names, over one hundred of the city's best men being enrolled as officers or committee members of the club. Last year this society held a meet that cost something like a quarter of a million dollars and came out with something like a forty-thousand-dollar deficit, which latter fact did not disturb any one. The society will this year hold another meet, unless politics should become too absorbing. One man of this club has spent over thirty thousand dollars in building fliers, has three on hand now, and says he will never stop until he has proved out some machine safer than any now on the market. Eight of the officers of this club own airships and all have used them.

What is true in that one city is more or less true in others. It does not seem in the least likely that aviation will be dismissed as an impractical sport or as a mere fad. Makers of the first automobiles had it all figured out that only a few rich men would ever own motor cars. They never saw the real business situation at all and they guessed the exact opposite of the business truth. The whole automobile industry today is one vast smile at the wisdom of its founders.

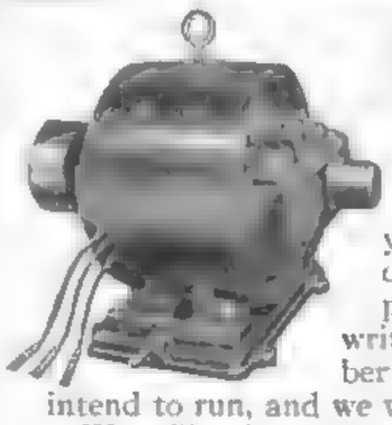
A few weeks ago a young man carried some drygoods in an aeroplane from Chicago to Milwaukee, partly as an experiment, partly for cash and partly for advertising. It may not be wholly wise to smile at the thought of a yet more extended use of the airship. We should remember the history of the automobile!

The art of flying has even now advanced to a stage where we can make use of a certain law of averages in its phenomena. It is not so much a mystery now as once it was; and already it has passed through more than one stage of development. At first aviation was a thing of wonder—flying was only a marvel. Then came a period of doubtful recognition and reluctant acceptance, of study and doubt and slow advance. Now we are in the third period of aviation—the day of hysterics and thrill-making. Our interest in it at this stage is largely morbid, and this morbidity is increased by the terribly long list of casualties.

It is this ghoulish or horror stage of the art that the best men interested in it most deplore; and they recognize this to be the crucial stage of the development of aviation—its least healthy period. All the time, however, good business men are trying to work past this period into a day when the problems will have been mastered within a certain percentage of variation. To some degree, the risks and problems of automobiling were thus once pondered.

### *Old Days Recalled*

SINCE W. R. Hearst went actively into politics he has sported a wide-brimmed black slouch hat, of the style affected by Southern and Western politicians. One night, not so very long ago, a group of Washington correspondents were discussing the garments of a somewhat spectacularly attired young member of one of

# More Efficient Power at Lower Cost

Our Engineering Department wants to solve your power problem free of charge or obligation on your part. Thousands have allowed our power experts to prescribe for their needs. Just write us the amount of power you are using, number of machines operating, or the number you intend to run, and we will give your case individual attention.

We will solve your problem and show how Robbins & Myers "STANDARD" Motors will cut chunks out of your power bills.

**Robbins & Myers "STANDARD" Motors**

**1/30 to 15 Horsepower**

There are more than 2,000 different kinds and combinations of machines that are being run more economically since Robbins & Myers "STANDARD" Motors have been installed.

The splendid efficiency and economy of "STANDARD" motors are the result of seventeen (17) years' *specialization*.

Write today for free expert information and catalog.

**THE ROBBINS & MYERS CO.**

**Springfield, Ohio**

BRANCHES: New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, St. Louis, Cleveland, Pittsburgh, New Orleans, Atlanta and Rochester

*We also manufacture a complete line of Alternating and Direct Current Fans Desk, Bracket, Ceiling, Oscillating and Ventilating for Office, Factory and Home*

The trouble with this man is that he has seen, but hasn't read

*Life*

Reading LIFE doesn't make a full man, but a joyful one. If you doubt this, take a chance and send a dollar for a three months' subscription. This is a special offer.

**SPECIAL OFFER**

Enclosed find One Dollar (Canadian $1.13, Foreign $1.26). Send LIFE for three months to

Open only to new subscribers; no subscription renewed at this rate. Trial subscriptions should be sent to us direct, not through an agent or dealer

**Free**

A copy of the MISTAKEN LIFE, in colors, will be sent on receipt of a 2c. stamp.

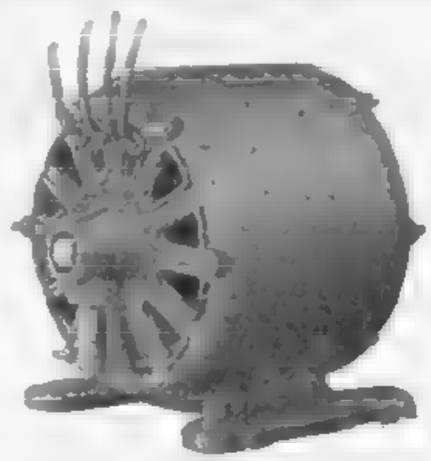
*LIFE*, 70 West 31, New York

**One Year $5.00 (Canadian $5.52, Foreign $6.04)**

## Your Electrical Dealer Can Give You Valuable Suggestions For Doing Home Work With The Westinghouse Motor

IF YOU do not know what the small electric motor will do for you, you haven't gone to the right place for your information.

All good electrical dealers carry a line of Westinghouse Motors from one-twelfth horse-power up. Any one of them can show you that light or heavy labor can be performed by electric motors cheaper than by any other means. The Westinghouse small motor is used in most of the well-known makes of electric vacuum cleaners and washing machines now on the market. You will be surprised at the tremendous amount of work a reliable electric motor like the Westinghouse Motor of say one-quarter horse-power will do.



This is a matter of interest to you, or any person reducing housekeeping and living problems to a scientific basis.

Write to us, saying: "Recommend an electrical dealer in my neighborhood for consultation." Address your post card or letter to

**Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Co.**

**Dept. M P, East Pittsburgh, Penna.**

Sales Offices in 45 American Cities Representatives all over the World

*Says Home Oil Tommy:*

## The Best Caster Oil

When casters grow tired and stubborn, a drop or two of HOME OIL will quickly make them right. Or, if it's a clock, lock, hinge or sewing machine, HOME OIL will oil it just as quickly and effectively. No fussy directions—just go ahead and oil.

**HOME OIL**

Made by the LIQUID VENEER People

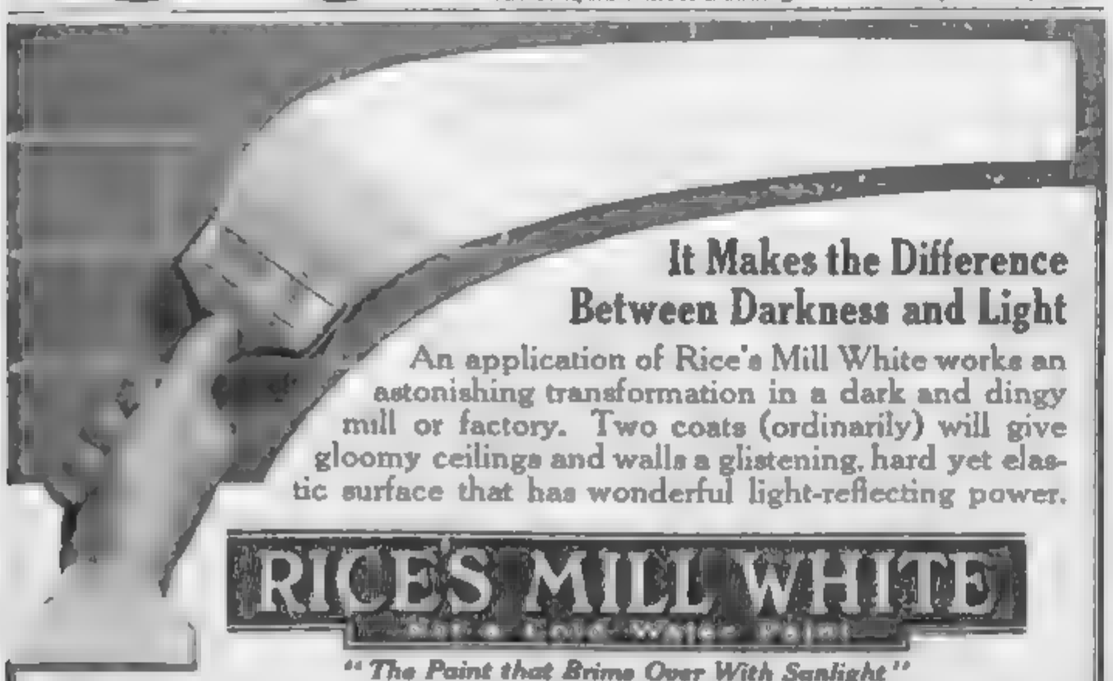
Is the safest and best all 'round lubricant for indoor and outdoor use. Best *every* way. *Most* oil for your money. *Greatest* efficiency in every drop. Cannot gum, stick or turn rancid.

Write today for a free trial bottle and learn what a really good oil HOME OIL is.

**Trial Bottle Free**

BUFFALO SPECIALTY COMPANY
326-I Liquid Veneer Building Buffalo, N.Y.





## It Makes the Difference Between Darkness and Light

An application of Rice's Mill White works an astonishing transformation in a dark and dingy mill or factory. Two coats (ordinarily) will give gloomy ceilings and walls a glistening, hard yet elastic surface that has wonderful light-reflecting power.

**RICE'S MILL WHITE**

Flat Cold Water Paint

*"The Paint that Brims Over With Sunlight"*

Stays white longer than all other interior whites. It covers most surface, gallon for gallon. Its tile-like finish will not flake off and cannot harbor filth or germs—hence it is sanitary. *Rice's Mill White* lessens the need of artificial lighting. *Its use pays dividends.*

*If you have 20,000 or more square feet of ceiling and wall space to cover, write to us on your letter-head and we will send you free a sample board showing its fine surface and high reflective power, and our booklet, "Make the Most of Daylight in Your Plant." Address*

**U. S. GUTTA PERCHA PAINT CO., 13 Dudley St., PROVIDENCE, R. I.**

*Originators of the Mill White Idea.*


the foreign legations. Among other items, the diplomat's high hat was mentioned.

"What kind of a high hat is it?" asked one of the company.

"I'll tell you," said another; "it's the kind of a high hat that William Randolph Hearst used to wear before he became a peasant."

### *A Natural Inquiry*

IMMEDIATELY following the murder of the gambler Rosenthal, in New York, the papers were full of stories to the effect that members of the uniformed police force cleared the street in front of the Hotel Metropole in order that the assassins might pot their victim without interruption.

A night or two after the killing a very tired man was clinging to an awning post opposite the Metropole, in Forty-third Street, when a patrolman came by and ordered him to move on.

"Very well!" said the weary one thickly. "Very well, ossifer; but I'd like to ask you a civil ques'n first?"

"Well, what is it?" demanded the policeman.

"Who you fellers fixin' to shoot now?"

### *Affectionate But Careful*

A NEGRO woman in Savannah was preparing to get married. For four weeks before the ceremony she saved up her wages; and immediately after the wedding she hunted up her mistress and asked her to take charge of the fund.

"I'll take it, of course," said the puzzled lady; "but, Mandy, won't you be needing your money to spend on your honeymoon?"

"Miss May," said the bride, "does you think Ise goin' to trust myse'f wid a strange nigger and all dat money on me?"

### *She Knew the Symptoms*

THERE is a certain bright English actress who comes over here every year or two to play an engagement. Among her admirers on this side is a middle-aged theatrical man of a serious turn of mind. He is courtly, but has been called tiresome in conversation.

One afternoon at her suite in a New York hotel the sprightly lady was brewing a dish of tea for a couple of newspaper men. The telephone bell rang and the hostess answered the call.

"Yes," she said, "this is Miss Blank.—Who?—Oh, Mr. Blink calling, is it?" Then, in a tone of weary resignation: "Very well, send him right up."

She hung up the receiver and turned to the newspaper men.

"Boys," she said, "you'll have to toddle away. My sick headache is coming on."

### *The Ruling Passion*

A YOUNG woman who teaches a class in one of the public schools of Pittsburgh was instructing her youngsters in the geography of their country.

"Does any one," she asked, "know where Denver is?"

"Sure!" answered a small towheaded boy. "It's in de Western League."

The answer appealed to her sense of humor, and when she went home that night she started to tell about it. Her brother, a rising lawyer, was in the room, and was listening, with his mind on something else.

"I asked the children if any of them knew where Denver was," she began, "and only one of them undertook to say ——"

Her brother broke in on her.

"Anybody, almost, ought to know that," he said; "Denver is in second place."

### *What Ailed Him*

THERE is a veteran actor in New York who suffers from some digestive affection that, after a heavy meal, causes him to make mysterious, muffled, far-away sighing and moaning sounds, down deep in his chest.

He was playing cards at the Lambs' Club one evening when an especially severe attack of this malady came on him. Ben Hapgood Burt, the song writer, who had strolled in, was standing behind the sufferer's chair, listening with unfeigned interest to the rumbling manifestations which seemed to proceed from nowhere in particular. Just as he located their source the person responsible for them spoke.

"I don't know what's the matter with me—really, I don't," he lamented.

"Old man," said Burt instantly, "I know, you're haunted!"


## *A Living From a Little Land*

Is the "little farm well tilled" merely a dream or does it actually exist? Are the returns from a small place adequate to keep a family in contentment and plenty, or is the small farm merely a stepping-stone to bigger business for the capable beginner or a refuge for the incapable and careless?

## *Is "Back to the Land" a Myth?*

**Do you know of cases where persons untrained and inexperienced have worked, learned and earned a satisfactory living from a little land? If you have managed ten acres or less to make it produce enough to support a family in comfort with a little to spare the story should be passed on.**

Write your experience as a simple, personal story of how you began—the kind of land and buildings you had, the improvements you made, the tools you bought, the crops you grew and how you handled them to make them pay best; what lessons in farming, marketing and business you learned and how you plan to improve your situation in the future. Draw a plan of your place showing sizes of the fields, gardens, orchards and buildings. Send photos of livestock or crops, if the prints are clear enough to reproduce. Inclose a balance sheet of income and expenses and the profits of several years. Tell the whole story; include accounts of failures as well as successes. Let it be a true history of your farm. Interesting, accurate and complete articles will be paid for at liberal rates. Address:

*The Editors*

***The Country Gentleman***

*The Curtis Publishing Company*

*Independence Square Philadelphia*

# Essenkay a Tremendous Success

## Punctures and Blowouts Ended

## New Substitute for Air Cuts Tire Bills in Half

Essenkay, the greatest substitute for air ever invented, has won unbounded fame. Thousands of satisfied and enthusiastic users heartily endorse it. Essenkay dealers everywhere report enormous sales.

Actual use *has proven* that *Essenkay* makes *punctures and blowouts impossible*, because there never is any air in the tire.

Actual use *has proven* that it *cuts tire bills in half.*

Actual use *has proven* its remarkable resiliency—its *wonderfully smooth, easy-riding qualities.*

Actual, rigorous road tests have proven *Essenkay.* There's a practical reason for this.

### Essenkay Eliminates the Air-Filled Inner Tube Entirely

That's the secret. Essenkay gives you certainty instead of doubt—safety instead of danger—ease instead of trouble—economy instead of expense.

It is totally different from anything you have ever known. There's not an atom of rubber in it. It won't rot, run or crumble. It's impervious to heat, cold and moisture—proof against acids, chemicals and gases. It's neither a fluid nor a semi-solid. It is put into your tire in moulded cylindrical form—ready for use the moment it's inserted—and ready for *miles* and *years* of service.

### Essenkay Lasts Indefinitely

It is interchangeable in tires of the same size. As fast as one casing wears out Essenkay can be used in another. It is practically indestructible and pays for itself time and again in what it saves.

### Install Essenkay Today

You may think you know what real motoring is, but Essenkay will multiply your pleasures. You may think you know something about Essenkay, but you can't form any idea of its merits until you have tried it.

Get Essenkay into your tires today. Let it tell its own story.

Let it prove to you how easily and effectively it will save you time, trouble and money.

### Essenkay Sold Everywhere On 30 Days' Trial

There is an Essenkay dealer within your easy reach, waiting to wait on you now. Drive your car to him today. Let him equip your casings. But insist on a bonafide Essenkay dealer. Get the *real Essenkay.* Don't put up with a "just-as-good"—for *real Essenkay* is unequaled. And—it's *fully guaranteed.*

The Essenkay organization is nation-wide. If you cannot locate the Essenkay dealer nearest you, write us—we'll send you his name and address. Besides, we'll send you our illustrated booklet, "The Remarkable Story of Essenkay", with full particulars of this wonderful discovery.

## Essenkay Opens Enormous Opportunities for Agents

Our state agents everywhere are on the lookout for big, broad-gauged men to represent them throughout their various territories. If you find that there is no Essenkay dealer in your town, and if you are the right man, get in touch with your state agent immediately. To save time, phone or wire him now. It's an opportunity *too big to neglect.*

Where no state is mentioned in the following list, the territory has been divided among town and county agents. If you live in one of the unmentioned states and if you desire territory, wire us immediately. If the territory is still open, we will send you our agency proposition—but to take advantage of this you must wire us immediately.

## ESSENKAY STATE AGENCIES

ALABAMA—The Essenkay Sales Co., of Alabama, P. O. Springhill, Mobile, Alabama.

ARIZONA and CALIFORNIA—The Essenkay Sales Co., of Arizona and California, 1038 South Main Street, Los Angeles, California.

ARKANSAS—The Essenkay Sales Co., of Arkansas, Little Rock, Arkansas.

COLORADO—The Essenkay Sales Co., of Colorado, 1242-48 Broadway, Denver, Colorado.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA and MARYLAND—The Essenkay Sales Co., of District of Columbia and Maryland, 2 East North Avenue, Baltimore, Md.

FLORIDA—The Essenkay Sales Co., of Florida, 212 South Orange Avenue, Orlando, Florida.
Greenville, Florida.
119 South Baylen Street, Pensacola, Florida.

GEORGIA—The Essenkay Sales Co., of Georgia, 34 Luckie Street, Atlanta, Georgia.

KANSAS—The Essenkay Sales Co., of Kansas, Topeka, Kansas.
Atchison, Kansas.

KENTUCKY—The Essenkay Sales Co., of Kentucky, 1148 South Fourth Avenue, Louisville, Kentucky.

LOUISIANA—The Essenkay Sales Co., of Louisiana, 849 Baronne Street, New Orleans, Louisiana.

MASSACHUSETTS and RHODE ISLAND—The Essenkay Sales Co., of Massachusetts and Rhode Island, Motor Mart, Park Square, Boston, Mass.

MICHIGAN—The Essenkay Sales Co., of Detroit, 809 Woodward Avenue, Detroit, Michigan.

MINNESOTA—The Essenkay Sales Co., of Minnesota, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

MISSISSIPPI—The Essenkay Sales Co., of Mississippi, Clarksdale, Mississippi.

MISSOURI—The Essenkay Sales Co., of Missouri, 221-223 Admiral Blvd., Kansas City, Missouri.
3029 Locust Street, St. Louis, Missouri.

MONTANA—The Essenkay Sales Co., of Montana, Helena, Montana.

NEW HAMPSHIRE—The Essenkay Sales Co., of New Hampshire, 725 Union Street, Manchester, New Hampshire.

NEW MEXICO—The Essenkay Sales Co., of New Mexico, Watrous, New Mexico.

NEW YORK—The Essenkay Sales Co., of New York City, 246 West 59th Street, New York City, New York.
Matheson Automobile Sales Co., 726 Main Street, Buffalo.

NEVADA—The Essenkay Sales Co., of Nevada, Goldfield, Nevada.

NORTH CAROLINA—The Essenkay Sales Co., of North Carolina, 4 North Pack Square, Asheville, North Carolina.

OKLAHOMA—The Essenkay Sales Co., of Oklahoma, 5th and Broadway, Muskogee, Oklahoma.

OREGON—The Essenkay Sales Co., of Oregon, Portland, Oregon.

SOUTH CAROLINA—The Essenkay Sales Co., of South Carolina, Charleston, South Carolina.

SOUTH DAKOTA—The Essenkay Sales Co., of South Dakota, Aberdeen, South Dakota.

TENNESSEE—The Essenkay Sales Co., of Tennessee, Madison and Manassas Sts., Memphis, Tennessee.

UTAH—The Essenkay Sales Co., of Utah, 14 East Third Street, Salt Lake City, Utah.

VERMONT—The Essenkay Sales Co., of Vermont, Percival & Silsby, St. Johnsbury, Vermont.

VIRGINIA—The Essenkay Sales Co., of Virginia, Newport News, Virginia.

WASHINGTON and IDAHO—The Essenkay Sales Co., of Washington and Idaho, Sunnyside, Wash.

WYOMING—The Essenkay Sales Co., of Wyoming, 1410 Garfield, Laramie, Wyoming.

### FOREIGN AGENCIES

ALBERTA—The Essenkay Sales Co., of Alberta, Calgary, Alta., Canada.

BRITISH COLUMBIA—The Essenkay Sales Co., of British Columbia, Victoria, B. C., Canada.

ONTARIO—The Essenkay Ontario Agency, 47 Banks Street, Ottawa, Ont., Canada.

SASKATCHEWAN—The Essenkay Sales Co., of Saskatchewan, Battleford, Sask., Canada.

MEXICO—The Mexicana Essenkay Sales Co., Ltd., Mexico City, Mex.

**A Reminder**

**Write the Essenkay General Agent in your state for local agency, now.**

Essenkay
"ENDS TIRE TROUBLES"

THE ESSENKAY COMPANY 1089 Essenkay Bldg. 2120 Michigan Ave. Chicago, Ill.

**CAR OWNER'S COUPON**

The Essenkay Co., 1089 Essenkay Bldg., 2120 Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

I am anxious to have all the facts. Please send me your illustrated booklet, The Remarkable Story of Essenkay.

Name_____

St. and No._____

Size of tires_____ City_____

My car is a_____ State_____

# No-Rim-Cut Tires—10% Oversize

## Brains—the Vital Element

**We use in tires about the same materials as the best of other makers use.**

**The difference in tires is due mainly to men—to their standards, their methods; to experience and ability; and, above all, to incentive.**

**So for 13 years our main object has been to gather around us the ablest men.**

**To supply those men with criterions—to leave them unhampered—to allow them vast leeway.**

**Then to offer those men the utmost incentive to outdo rival makers.**

**We started out by employing the ablest men we could find. Then we send men every year to great technical schools to pick the ablest graduates.**

**Thus we have built up, in the course of years, this brilliant organization.**

**We left these men unfettered by expense, unrestricted by rules or opinions.**

**And we made them partners in the concern when their results deserved it.**

**That's the main reason why Goodyear tires have come to outsell all others.**

## 134 of These Men Are Now Partners

There are 49 stockholders now at work in our factories, watching quality in tires. 33 others are in charge of departments.

Every branch manager, the whole country over, is a stockholder in the concern.

More than nine-tenths of the Goodyear stock is owned by the active men in the concern.

All the men who do most toward Goodyear advancement share in the Goodyear profits.

### What These Men Brought About

Years ago these men built a tire-testing machine, on which comparative mileage could be actually metered.

Four tires at a time are thus constantly worn out, under all sorts of road conditions.

Here they have compared 40 formulas for treads—some 200 separate fabrics.

Here they have compared all the various methods used in making tires. Here they have compared rival tires with our own.

Nothing was settled by guesswork—nothing adopted because it was cheap.

Their object has been to make the best tire in existence. For none but that tire could hold topmost place.

So, by these exact methods—by endless comparisons—they learned how to build the best possible tire.

### Rim-Cutting Ended Oversize Adopted

These men in time found a way to end rim-cutting—a way now controlled by our patents.

This ending of rim-cutting has, on the average, cut tire bills 23 per cent. For statistics show that 23 per cent of ruined old-type tires are rim-cut.

Then they made these tires—No-Rim-Cut tires—10 per cent over the rated size.

That means 10 per cent more air—10 per cent added carrying capacity. And that, with the average car, adds 25 per cent to the tire mileage.

To the perfected tires they added these two features, thus practically doubling the service.

### Profit and Service

Others built machines for wrapping tires, which insured an even tension. Others built machines to cut the cost, by large-scale operation.

Others have stood for modest capitalization, and for a minimum profit. Our profit last year on No-Rim-Cut tires was 8½ per cent.

Others in the selling end have created good will, by giving right service, by telling the truth, by fairness in every deal.

As time went on, all these things combined gave us rulership of Tiredom.

### The Result to Date

The demand for these tires, as men found them out, has grown like an avalanche.

The demand has multiplied 12 times over since the year 1909. It has trebled in the past 12 months. It doubles now once in eight months.

Over 100,000 new cars this year go out from the factories equipped with these tires. They are used under contract by 127 car makers.

About every third car now has Goodyear tires. And our output is now 100,000 tires monthly.

That's a three-year result—since motor car owners began to wake up to these tires.

Now 200,000 users, or more, are telling other men about them. As a result, in the first six months of 1912 we sold 485,983 automobile tires.

Go see these tires at our nearest branch, or with any Goodyear dealer. A glance will show you what they mean to you, and you will join these converts.

**The Goodyear Tire Book—based on 13 years of tire making—is filled with facts you should know. Ask us to mail it to you.**

**Goodyear pneumatic tires are guaranteed when filled with air at the recommended pressure.**
**When filled with any substitute for air our guarantee is withdrawn.**

GOODYEAR
AKRON, OHIO

**No-Rim-Cut Tires**

*With or Without Non-Skid Treads*

**THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO**

**Branches and Agencies in 103 Principal Cities**
**More Service Stations Than Any Other Tire**

**We Make All Kinds of Rubber Tires, Tire Accessories and Repair Outfits**
**Main Canadian Office, Toronto, Ont.—Canadian Factory, Bowmanville, Ont.**

(763)

*25 h. p.—fully equipped*

# The Detroiter—a Final Result—$850

OUT of the fire of experience was forged the Detroiter—one year ago. It is the result of a high ambition, long and resolutely pursued, and wonderfully achieved. Men who have spent their best years in the making of good automobiles determined to create a better car than the moderate priced field had ever known. They planned it long, watchfully, alert with energy—a car conservative of all that had been *proved* good. They named it the Detroiter, and the year's record shows they did their work well.

## A Standard Car

No startling innovations are found in the Detroiter—no experiments are being tried out on the buyer. Only those standard and tested features that are of *known* value are embodied in this car. **And every one of these features that is fundamental** is found here.

## The Reason Behind

The builders had mainly in mind the remedying of four great faults: (1), insufficient power; (2), weakness in rear axle construction; (3), insufficient braking surface; (4), incorrect spring suspension.

The Detroiter long stroke, ball bearing motor delivers tremendous power at all speeds.

The Detroiter full floating rear axle, with nickel-titanium driving pinion and five pitch long and short addendum teeth, would drive a car of double the weight and power.

The Detroiter braking surface is abnormal. Service brake 14 inches in diameter; emergency brake, 10 inches. Both enclosed.

The Detroiter platform spring in rear, because of its three-point triangular suspension, cuts off a third or more of road shock to the passengers.

## Striking in Appearance

Beautiful in line and color—completely enamel- and nickel-trimmed, upholstered in a fine quality of machine buffed leather—the Detroiter stands a finished product of art as well as of mechanical perfection.

## Always New

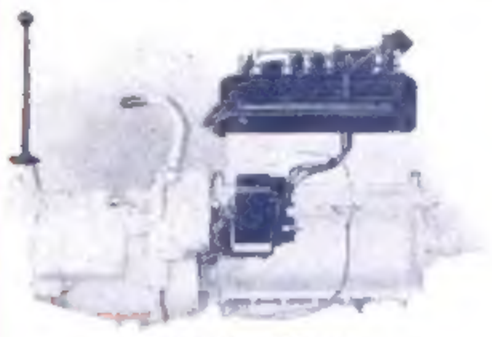
While all its features are tested by experience, the Detroiter embraces the very latest standard practice. The car you buy *now* was not designed a year ago, nor six months ago. It is not a *season* car at all. No improvements are withheld from one season to the beginning of the next. Instead—the cars are put through the factory in lots of 1,000, and every improvement and refinement sanctioned for the Detroiter is immediately incorporated in the next 1,000 lot. Therefore the car you buy is an up-to-the-minute car.

## Big in Value—Low in Price

In the Detroiter you find those features which you would reasonably expect only in very expensive cars. Think of all you would like to have in your ideal automobile—*even at the highest price*. Then note the Detroiter's points and see what you buy—not for $2,000, nor for $1,500, nor even for $1,000—but for $850—Eight Hundred and Fifty Dollars of actual car value.

## Nine of the Big Features

1. **Ball bearing throughout**
2. **Long stroke, high power motor, unit power plant fully enclosed**
3. **Full floating rear axle**
4. **Left hand drive, center control**
5. **Extraordinary braking surface**
6. **Multiple disc clutch running in oil**
7. **Extra capacity tubular radiator**
8. **Enclosed valves all on one side**
9. **Platform rear spring**



**Right Side of Motor.**
**Long stroke, ball bearing, delivering tremendous power at all speeds.**

**Fuller Details** Only hints of the true quality of the Detroiter can be given here. There is a catalog that tells more, and proves more. A copy will interest you and it will be mailed without charge, promptly, at your request.

**THE BRIGGS-DETROITER CO., 501 Holbrook Avenue, Detroit, Mich.**

Claude S. Briggs, President and General Manager; John A. Boyle, Vice-President; E. D. Moessner, Secretary and Treasurer; W. S. Lee, Engineer.

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Kansas City, Mo.: England Bros. Motor Co.
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Syracuse, N. Y.: Brighton Garage.
Valley City, N. D.: Mason Auto Co.
Webster, S. D.: Tyner Garage Co.
Winnipeg, Man.: Breen Motor Co.
400 other dealers throughout the country.

**Rear Axle, Full Floating.**
**Would drive a car of double the weight and power.**

# RUBBERSET
TRADE MARK
# TOOTH BRUSH

Habit has made you careless of the dangers that lurk in a bristle-shedding tooth brush; of the harm that a single Bristle can do when swallowed or lodged in the gums or throat.

You possibly brushed your teeth with a veritable nest of loose bristles this very morning, when you should have been using a RUBBERSET.

Why chance the dangers, now that all risks of loosened bristles are eliminated by the RUBBERSET TOOTH BRUSH?

The RUBBERSET making is the only positive, absolutely lasting method of fastening bristles into a brush so that not a single bristle can escape. It is a marvelous invention. The construction is as different from the way in which all other tooth brushes are made, as two processes possibly can be.

The bristles in the RUBBERSET TOOTH BRUSH are first dipped in soft, pure Para rubber. This rubber is then vulcanized on superheated electric tables to a flint-like hardness, and when so vulcanized, is absolutely impervious to liquids, chemicals or age. Each bristle is guaranteed to hold in this base forever. It is for this reason that the

## RUBBERSET TOOTH BRUSH is the *safety* tooth brush

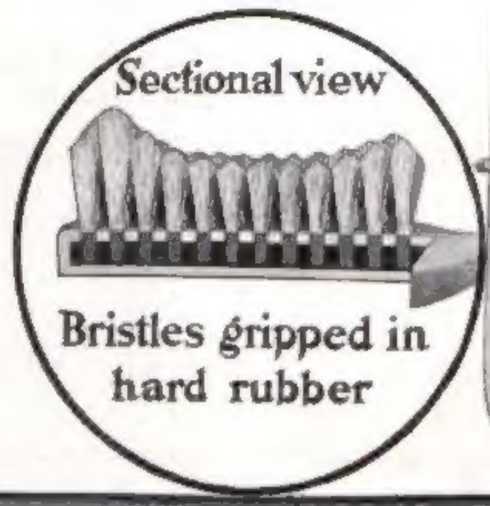
Knowing well these facts, how can you possibly deny yourself a RUBBERSET TOOTH BRUSH? Why risk the dangers of loose bristles when you can buy a RUBBERSET TOOTH BRUSH for the price you pay for the ordinary tooth brush?

Every RUBBERSET TOOTH BRUSH is made of the finest quality of imported bristles. The handle is made of Alberite ivory and correctly shaped. The shaping of the tufts is most precise and scientific, insuring not alone the cleansing of the teeth but of the crevices between the teeth as well. Each RUBBERSET TOOTH BRUSH is sterilized and packed in an individual dust-proof carton.

Resolve today to clear out that tooth-brush rack in the bath room. Give each member of the family a new RUBBERSET TOOTH BRUSH. There is a style for the baby, girl and boy, and for each adult, with a special identification mark on the handle of each brush.

Every dealer sells RUBBERSET TOOTH BRUSHES. Some dealers sell out so quickly that they are inclined to force the slow-moving brushes on the purchaser. Ignore all attempts at substitution or to influence you away from the RUBBERSET TOOTH BRUSH.

If you are unable to buy a RUBBERSET TOOTH BRUSH from your regular dealer send us his name and we will see that you are promptly supplied.




**RUBBERSET COMPANY** Factories: NEWARK, N. J.

R. & G. H. T. Co., Props.

***Makers of RUBBERSET Shaving Brushes, RUBBERSET Nail Brushes, RUBBERSET Complexion Brushes, RUBBERSET Hone Brushes, RUBBERSET Paint Brushes and other famous RUBBERSET products***